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DISRAELI

A Biography in Six Instalments — I

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Two Generations

IN the year 1290, on All Saints' Day, King Edward I expelled the Jews from England. There, up till that date, they had been tolerated, but those were the days of the Crusades, and the people were demanding a Crusade at home. About sixteen thousand Jews left the country. The king insisted on their being allowed to go in peace, without molestation, and his word was obeyed in the main. The sole exception was one master-mariner who disembarked his passengers on a sea bound sandbank, bade them, "Cry out for Moses!" and then raised his anchor. A few dozen Jews were thus drowned, but the mariner was hanged.

Those of the exiled who escaped waves and sailors, found an asylum in France. But not for long. In 1306 King Philip the Fair, being pressed for money, decided to confiscate their goods and thrust them back towards Spain. There they experienced two centuries of peace, but after that the fagots were kindled, and it seemed as if this unhappy race, unable to migrate further, was at last about to disappear. But the persecutions were badly regulated. Just when Spain was barring her door to the Jews, the republics of Venice and Amsterdam, and France once more, offered them a welcome. Even in England the Reformation, through the reading of the Bible, was giving rise to a curiosity in their regard which was almost sympathetic. The Puritans were

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assuming Jewish names and searching for the Lost Tribes. In 1649 a petition for the return of the people of Israel was presented by Lord Fairfax. Cromwell showed himself in favor, the decision was confirmed by Charles II, and in this way, towards the close of the seventeenth century, a small community of Portuguese and Spanish Jews was reestablished in London. Many of their families, such as the Villa Reals, the Medinas, the Laras, had been ennobled in the time of the Saracen kingdoms. They looked down on the Polish and Lithuanian Jews, who were then streaming westwards before the rising of the Cossacks, and refused to admit any such uncouth persons into their synagogue.

In 1748 this Jewish society in London saw the advent of a young Italian, Benjamin Israëli or d'Israëli, who, springing from Cento in Ferrara, had first of all sought his fortune in Venice and believed that he could succeed better in a newer and more prosperous land. His beginnings were difficult. He speculated, lost, and seemed to be ruined; but having married as his second wife a woman who brought him the blood of the Villa Reals and an appropriate dowry, he entered the Stock Exchange and amassed a very satisfactory fortune.

Outside of business, Mr. d'Israëli never mixed with other Jews. Not from designing motives; for he was simple, good hearted, and above all things fearful of giving offence. But his wife kept them at arm's length. She was a Christian, and her fortune and beauty would have assured here in London the very finest social standing. It irked her that she was born a Jewess and that through her marriage she had to bear a name which was almost symbolic. In vain did her husband strive to appease her with gifts,—she remained mortified, embittered, and scornful. To please her (and in any case from natural indifference as well), he never went to the synagogue, but his name was inscribed in the membership of the Portuguese community, and, ever generous and prudent, he would occasionally make an offering of a few guineas to the God of Israel.

Benjamin and Sarah d'Israëli had an only son, Isaac. He astonished them. They hoped for a great man of business; their son was pale and shy, never went for a walk without a book in his hand, and showed a surprizing distaste for every form of action. This indolence roused the sarcastic spirit of Mrs. d'Israëli. The father smoothed out the quarrels by giving presents to mother and son. In his eyes, an unhappy child was a child who

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wanted a toy. When this child of his ran away from home one day and was found lying stretched on a tomb, he embraced him and gave him a pony.

At the age of thirteen, the youth produced a poem. Despite his benevolence and his optimism, Mr. d'Israëli took fright. He had an engraving of Hogarth's at home, representing a poet dying of starvation in a garret.

For some time Benjamin d'Israëli cherished some small hope, but when he knew the subject of the great poem on which his son was working, to wit, "Against Commerce, which is the Corruption of Mankind," he abandoned the idea of finding him employment in his business, and decided to allow him to live according to his own tastes.

Thereupon Isaac d'Israëli adopted a mode of life which went on unchanged until his dying day. He spent his days in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, a delicious spot where, in those days, never more than five or six readers were to be seen. There he covered with notes the sheets of paper with which his pockets were always stuffed. In the beginning the goal of this labor was the writing of a history of English Literature. But all at once d'Israëli found himself overwhelmed by a rising tide of paper slips and resigned himself to the humble but diverting function of a compiler. Under the title of *Curiosities of Literature*, he published a collection of anecdotes which enjoyed great success and decided his career. At the age of thirty-five he married a gentle and simple-hearted woman, belonging like himself to an Italian-Jewish family. He asked nothing more than to love her faithfully provided that she took all domestic concerns from his shoulders and allowed him to devote his life to reading and taking notes. He was esteemed in the world of letters, where he could count distinguished friends. He was pleasing by virtue of his remarkable gentleness and his total lack of vanity. Byron used to read d'Israëli's little collections with pleasure, finding stories about the lives of great men, about their misfortunes or their egoism, which calmed certain of his own apprehensions. And the name of Byron in its turn was held in veneration in the household. In matters of religion, Isaac d'Israëli was a Voltairean, in matters of politics, a conservative, but any form of government was good in his eyes if it allowed a man of moderate fortune to go on making, without being disturbed, a collection of literary anecdotes.

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Schools

The eldest son of Isaac d'Israëli, like his grandfather, was named Benjamin. Before him a daughter had been born, Sarah. From infancy the greatest intimacy prevailed between brother and sister. Mr. d'Israëli's rôle as a father was confined to an occasional playful pinching of his son's ear, with all a bookworm's awkwardness. Mrs. d'Israëli, a person by nature easily astonished and confused, listened with respectful alarm to her precocious children's conversation, unintelligible to her, and tried without success to make their hair curl. They adored her, and told her not a word of what was nearest to their hearts. For their father they had a great admiration, believing him to be a very great writer and loving his charming features, but they had realized that it was useless to expect him to occupy himself with their concerns.

Every Sunday the whole family went on foot to visit the d'Israëli grandparents, an interminable and wearisome walk, at the end of which would be found the sour old grandmother, who pinched the childrens' cheeks, passed acid judgments on their manners, and never offered them a cake. But to make up for that there was the grandfather, who gave them pieces of money, played the mandolin to them, and told them of Italy. Little Ben adored these stories, and especially the ones which happened in Venice. He liked to imagine that city where the houses were a lacework of stone, and the roofs were covered with gold. Grandpapa said that the family had lived for a long time in Italy; and further back, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, they had had their home in Spain. With Italy was blended the memory of the Turks, with Spain that of the Moors. When Ben thought of his grandpapa's mandolin and macaroni, he also conjured up turbans, vests embroidered with gay colors, lands of luxury and sunshine. Sometimes he lay down beneath a tree in that Italianate garden, and dreamed. He fashioned strange and brilliant scenes, and against their background he would meet beings of perfect beauty, a young English knight whom he rescued from death, a princess to whom he vowed himself. They were all three lost in a forest. Night was falling, and his companions were afraid. Then Ben took command, for it was always he who directed, always he who was victorious, in this dreaming of his.

He was sent to school very young, first to a Miss Roper's, then to the charge of the Rev. John Potticany, a respectable household

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where a clergyman's daughter "was in charge of morals and the linen". There a surprizing fact was revealed to him: he was not of the same religion or the same race as his companions. This was difficult to understand. Yet Ben's house, that red-brick house (Grecian portico, three steps, small railing alongside the pavement) was certainly an English house. His father, with his black velvet skull-cap, his pink and carefully shaven face, his correct and pleasing speech, was an English writer. Ben had learned to read in English books, the songs that had cradled his sleep were English songs, but here, in this school, he was made to feel that he was not like the others. He was a Jew, and his companions, with one exception, were not Jews. How mysterious it was! The Jews, they were the people the Bible speaks of, who crossed the Red Sea, lived in captivity in Babylon, and built the Temple of Jerusalem. Whatever had he to do with them? In the morning, when the whole class knelt in common prayer, Ben and the other little Jew, whose name was Sergius, had to step to one side and remain standing. Once a week a rabbi came to teach them to read Hebrew, an incomprehensible tongue which was written backwards, with characters like the heads of nails. The young D'Israëli knew that these practices held him apart from a mysterious communion, and that in the eyes of his master and of the other pupils, they had a slightly comic character. This pained him. He was proud. He would have liked to be admired in everything. When they played at horses, he was never willing to be the harnessed one. But the pain came especially from the fact that he did not like Sergius. It was hateful to be thus linked to an inferior being. The boys to whom Ben attached himself had flaxen hair and blue eyes.

In the evening, in their study, Sarah and Ben used often to talk of this strange problem of the Jews and the Christians. Why were they seemingly reproached with an origin that had been none of their choosing and over which they were powerless? When they asked their father for explanations, Isaac d'Israëli, the Voltairean philosopher, shrugged his shoulders. It was all meaningless. Superstitions. He, for his part, felt no shame in being a Jew. On the contrary, he spoke with pride of the history of his race. But he held it utterly ridiculous to maintain, in an age of reason, practices and beliefs which had been adapted to the needs of a tribe of Arab nomads several thousands of years earlier. Like his own father, and to give him pleasure, he remained in-

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scribed at the synagogue and paid his dues. But he believed in no dogma and practised no rite.

In spite of this attitude, and perhaps because of it, he learned one day in 1813 that the London Jews, proud of his literary celebrity, had just nominated him as Warden of their Congregation. His indignation was aroused, and forthwith he wrote them a violent letter.

The consistory condemned the President-*malgré-lui* to a fine of forty pounds. Isaac d'Israëli refused to pay. He was left in peace for three years, and after that the Jewish community demanded payment of the fine. In the interval the grandfather had died, having retained his sunny serenity in spite of an odious wife and a heart-breaking son, to the age of ninety. With him had vanished the only link, and that a frail one, still binding this family to active Judaism. Mr. d'Israëli replied to the consistory, requesting that henceforward his name should be deleted from the list of the faithful. This man, with all his easy-going character, was capable of turning ferocious when his tranquillity was threatened.

Although he had ceased to be a Jew, he had not become a Christian, and in this intermediate state he was quite at ease. One of his friends, however, Sharon Turner the historian, pointed out to him that it would be advantageous to the children if they conformed with the religion of the English majority. To sons especially, if unbaptized, many careers would be closed, since Jews, like Catholics too, were deprived of certain civil rights. Mr. d'Israëli had a great esteem for Turner, who had been the first to explore the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of the British Museum. Moreover, the handsome and dry grandmother, faithful to her youthful grudges, was pressing him to liberate her grandchildren from a connection which had caused her so much suffering. Isaac d'Israëli let himself be persuaded. Catechisms and prayer-books made their appearance in the house, and one after another the children were led off to St Andrew's Church, and there baptized.

Benjamin was then thirteen. It was desirable to make his change of religion coincide with a change of school. Where was he to be sent? His father thought of Eton, his mother was afraid he might be unhappy there. It was certain that Eton's welcome to the young Jew so newly converted would not be very reassuring. Ben was ready to tempt fortune, but prudence carried the day in

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the paternal councils. It happened that Mr. d'Israëli often met in the booksellers' shops with a certain Rev. Dr. Eli Cogan, who bought rare editions and had the name of being the only nonconformist minister to know Greek. A man who read so much could not be otherwise than perfect, and it was decided that to him Ben should be entrusted.

Dr. Cogan's school was an old ivy clad house. Round the bare class rooms lined with oaken benches, hung large pictures which proclaimed: "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." Three-score and ten pupils, a curious and critical throng, crowded round the newcomer. He was aggressively well-dressed. His costume, too carefully arranged, his dull and olive complexion, and his attractive but foreign features were all astonishing. His new companions gazed at him with a slightly jeering interest. He faced up to them with boldness and gave back look for look.

The first classes exposed the qualities and defects of his education. The school was very strong in Latin and Greek, much stronger than Ben. But when it came to invention or to writing, several boys discovered that he could open out to them a new world of thoughts and feelings. His sayings and phrases were passed from mouth to mouth. His companions copied out his verses to show them to their sisters or their cousins. A kind of modernist coterie grew up around him. Although he hated violent movement, his temperament yielded to his ambition and methodically he trained himself to succeed in games and sports. His popularity was great, and he had rapidly acquired a position of supremacy. This intoxicated him. When he went out for a walk alone, he liked now to imagine himself as Prime Minister or the commander of an army. How delightful that must be!

In order to consolidate his power, he organized theatrical performances, in violation of the school rules. D'Israëli was director, stage-manager, leading actor. The weeks went by. He felt the enjoyment of this new life, and of his power. He was perfectly happy.

So much so that he did not see a storm gathering. Success was giving him joys which he ingenuously supposed were shared by others. He was not quick enough to conceal his scorn for any slow-wittedness. Despite the baptismal water, he could smell the fagot. The most violent of his enemies were the school monitors, who until the advent of this boy with the black curls, had ruled with undivided authority. They denounced to the Rev. Dr.

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Cogan the director of the theatrical company and the clandestine rehearsals.

The Rev. Dr. Cogan was most indignant, and came into the class to deliver a discourse on these new and scandalous ways of conduct: "Never in this family which we here make up," he said, "never have I seen anything comparable. No doubt it is a foreign and seditious spirit, one incapable of acquiring the spirit of this school, which has conceived such plans." The opposition gleefully snatched at this phrase. In the succeeding play hour, one group sniggered as it passed beside young d'Israëli. Someone hissed. He turned round and said calmly: "Who hissed?" The biggest of the monitors came forward and said: "We've been led long enough by a foreigner." D'Israëli landed him a blow of his fist straight in the face. A circle was formed round the boxers. D'Israëli was smaller and less strong, but swift and very quick on his feet. He fought with much science and with ferocious courage. Soon he drew blood from the other, and the school, dumbfounded, saw its legal chief beginning to lose his senses. At last he collapsed. A stupefied silence greeted this fall of a dynasty.

Perhaps the pupils of the Rev. Dr. Cogan would have been less surprized if they had known that for three years the victor had secretly been taking lessons in boxing.

Brummell and Saint Ignatius

Dr. Cogan requested Mr. Isaac d'Israëli to take away his son as soon as possible. Ben was restored to home, to his own room, to the unvarying indulgence of his own people. Never had a child felt himself more alone, nor more the master of his own life. His father was more benevolent but less real than ever. His mother, long since outstripped, admired beatifically from afar. It was only with Sarah that he could discuss the future.

He was fifteen years old, and facts had proved that school was dangerous for him; would he find at the University, if he went there, the same prejudices, the same hatreds? What was to be done? But first of all, what did he want? With the turmoil of the little schoolboy world, the memories of his intrigues, his triumphs, his miniature wars, had come glimpses, as through scattering clouds, of clear and vivid landscapes; and with that he could descry the distant shapes of vast ambition, just as one discovers on drawing nearer to a town the lofty towers soaring above it. Life, it seemed to him, would be intolerable if he were

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not the greatest among men: not one of the greatest, but quite definitely the greatest. He had his revenge to take, and he felt capable of taking it. But who would explain life to him? Along which road should he turn his steps?

From the pitiless self-examination to which he gave himself over during the weeks that followed his return, the first conclusion was that he was completely ignorant. It seemed necessary to reconstruct his genius, starting with the foundations. He mapped out a vast plan of work and allowed himself a year of retirement to reconstruct his studies.

Every morning his father would watch him with a tender and skeptical eye, going into the library and coming out with an armful of books. Every evening the diary of his reading was covered with notes: "Friday, June 2nd: Lucian. Terence — the *Adelphi*, which promises to be an interesting play. *Henriade* . . . Virgil, 2nd book of the *Georgics*, which begins with a splendid invocation to Bacchus; it, however, all vanishes in a sleepy lecture on grafting boughs and lopping trees. Prepared Greek . . . Grammar, &c." And another day: "I have a prejudice against Demosthenes, and though his speeches are replete with Virtue, Patriotism and Courage, history tells me that he was a Villain, a Partizan, and a Poltroon!"

Through every room of the house wandered this tall boy in his slippers, carrying piles of dictionaries. In vain did the methodical Mr. d'Israëli beseech him to adopt a fixed place for working: "Above all, my dear boy, keep your papers in order." A strange lad this: he soiled books and he considered Virgil frivolous. Had the erudite skeptic engendered an erudite mystic? A strange mystic too: nothing naive, nothing spontaneous drew him toward such doctrines. One might have said that reason made him flee from reason. And this was vexing to Mr. d'Israëli.

Notwithstanding his horror of all action, he judged it necessary to intervene. He was anxious to direct his son to simpler and more practical ends. A friend of his, Mr. Maples, a solicitor, offered to take Benjamin with him as his secretary. Maples had a daughter, and the parents had formed plans. But Benjamin shied at the prospect of being buried in lawyer's chambers. "The Bar: pooh! law and bad tricks till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer, and to be a great lawyer, I must give up my chance of being a great man." —

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"Beware" said Mr. d'Israëli "of endeavoring to become a great man in a hurry, my dear boy. . . . In this age every one is striving to make an immense fortune and, what is more terrific, at the same time a speedy one. . . . Oh, my son, it is for you and your companions that I fear." He added that he regretted to see his son forming so exacting an ambition, because his birth and his race closed many avenues to him. But even admitting that Benjamin was right to have desires of a loftier destiny, why should he not begin by watching mankind from the admirable observatory which a solicitor's study provides? There would be nothing to prevent him later on from turning in another direction.

Benjamin was struck by that last argument. It was true that he had no knowledge of men, and that he desired to gain that knowledge. His reading had taught him that many great minds have failed because they have wanted to think alone and disdained the study of the mass of men. It was essential, on the contrary, to mix with the herd, to enter into its feelings, and humor its weaknesses. The myth of Jupiter disguising himself as a beast in order to succeed in his terrestrial enterprises, seemed to him a good symbol. He yielded.

A solicitor's office. In the chambers at Frederick's Place, in Old Jewry, he saw a procession of statesmen, bankers, merchants pass by. In the evenings he continued his reading in the paternal library. Sometimes he received an invitation from his chief, and at his house met young women and young girls. He was very pleasing. He had soft, liquid eyes, a chiseled nose, a sensitive mouth, and a skin of extraordinary pallor. In company with women, and in speaking of women, he forced himself to be cynical. It was a complex cynicism, made up of the fear of being duped, of unavowed timidity, of lack of imagination, and of a system. Brummell was in fashion, with his irritating affectation and his paradoxical insolence. He offered the example of a man of quite humble birth, the grandson of a confectioner, who had checkmated all the snobs of London simply by his own disdainful conceit. The insolence of the Great, that of the Powerful, that of the Pedants, had all been known. But in the dandy was personified a pure insolence, gratuitous and drawing its strength only from itself. Illustrious examples had proved that this method could be successful, and in a world of middle class lawyers, the youthful d'Israëli wished to make the attempt.

Frequently his father took him to dine with the publisher John

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Murray, where he would meet with well-known writers and listen to conversations which gave him great delight. There he saw Samuel Rogers, and Tom Moore, Byron's friend, who had arrived from Italy where he had met the poet.

While observing the others, he was at the same time inspecting himself with a critical eye. He saw that certain of his father's friends found amusement in his precocity, in the liveliness of his repartees, and that others were shocked by his impertinence. As he could not be sincere from fear of being ridiculous, he enlivened his conversation with endless pleasantry, and when he tried to hold back his sarcasms, the memory of the insults he had received at school seemed like an evil demon possessing him. Impudence was preferable to servility.

Already the chambers in Frederick's Place were beginning to prove wearisome. The young girl who was intended for him had told him herself: "No. . . you have too much genius for Frederick's Place: it will never do." He was in a hurry to escape.

A holiday trip in Germany precipitated the decision. In company with his father he saw the small Courts of Germany, those brilliant and happy societies, those charming theatres where the Grand Duke himself would conduct the orchestra from his box. They were well received. Military bands played during meals. Old Mr. d'Israëli, with his pink complexion and white hair, was taken for an English general. His son was secretly flattered by the mistake. The world was too beautiful and too varied for any one to spend his youth in turning over the pages of briefs. As they came down the magical waters of the Rhine, under those mysterious hills from which the ivy clad towers gazed down, he decided that on his return he would turn his back on the whole abracadabra.

Business

During the last months of his career at Frederick's Place, d'Israëli had seen several clients of the firm make rapid fortunes by speculation in South American mines.

The Spanish and Portuguese colonies, — Mexico, Bolivia, Peru, and Brazil,— were then almost all in revolt and were being supported by the English minister, Canning, in the name of liberal principles. English financiers were obtaining mining concessions out there; and the English public, rejoicing at being able to serve its doctrines and its pocket at the same time, rushed for stock,

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which soared wildly. Along with another clerk older than himself, d'Israëli, who believed the rise to be foolhardy, resolved to speculate for a fall. The two young men staked to begin with on a small holding of shares, and then, as they were losing, on a larger. The rise continued, and they found themselves with an adverse balance of about a thousand pounds. Impulsively they decided to swing their batteries round and gamble now on the rise.

These operations had brought d'Israëli into touch with John Diston Powles, one of the financiers who controlled the South American stock market. Powles was greatly surprized by the intelligence of this youth of twenty, and showed his interest in him. D'Israëli, for his part, was happy at the chance of penetrating into high finance, an occult power whose mystery had always enchanted him. As a beginning, Powles entrusted him with the compilation and printing of a small booklet on the American mining companies for the use of the general public. D'Israëli had the profoundest ignorance of mining questions, but the fullest confidence in himself. He obtained his information, wrote in a few days a small and very readable volume, incredibly grave in tone, and induced the publisher Murray, his father's friend, to issue it at the expense of Powles.

Murray in his turn was struck by the self-possession and the persausive powers of this handsome lad, whom he had seen but hardly noticed at his dinners, and in a short time he was surprized to find himself talking with him in great intimacy of the future of his firm. The house of Murray already published an important review, the "Quarterly", but Murray was wondering if it would not be to his interest to found a daily newspaper on the model of the "Times". D'Israëli was afire. To have a newspaper, — this was exactly what the young d'Israëli could most hope for. There lay power, power in an oblique form. Certainly, a great conservative journal must be established. The capital would be made up amongst three: Murray, Powles, and d'Israëli himself. How would the third pay his share? He did not think of that. Money would turn up. What was still needed? An editor? D'Israëli had an idea: Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, should be engaged.

Stormed and overwhelmed, Murray could not offer a long resistance. An agreement was drawn up by which the establishment of a great daily paper was agreed upon, the capital to belong, as regards one half, to Murray, one quarter to Powles, one quarter

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to d'Israëli. The last named at once set off for Scotland on his mission. In the stage-coach he read Froissart, felt perfectly happy, and reflected contentedly that "adventures come to the adventurous".

No sooner had he arrived in Edinburgh, than he sent his credentials to Lockhart, who occupied a small house near Abbotsford, his father-in-law's magnificent property. He was invited to call on the following day. The writer was dumbfounded when he saw this child come in, for when he read the name of d'Israëli he had naturally thought of the father, whom he had formerly met in London. His welcome was icy.

D'Israëli felt his courage failing him. But such was the working of his temperament that the more he was intimidated, the more detached did he appear. He sat down with a majestic deliberation which added ten years to his age, and began with perfect coolness to develop what he called John Murray's project.

On his lips everything grew immense. In the person of Powles the partnership was supported by "the whole of the City", "all the mining interests," "the whole of America." Murray was bringing in politicians of the highest importance, — in a word, the new journal, which he proposed to call "The Representative" was "the most considerable enterprise of the day". Lockhart was astonished by this fire of genius and on the following day he presented the young emissary to his father-in-law.

Sir Walter Scott was at this time one of the most illustrious men in the world. Caravans of Americans made the Abbotsford pilgrimage. He treated them with impressive kindliness, and took them to walk in his beautiful grounds, or brought them to fish for salmon in the Tweed, his dogs running at his heels. He himself had a taste for business. He approved the project but insisted on a seat in Parliament for his son-in-law. It was essential that the editor of a great newspaper should be a member of Parliament. Benjamin promised the seat.

D'Israëli came back, bringing with him the acceptance of Lockhart, who was to direct both the "Quarterly Review" and the newspaper for twenty-five hundred pounds a year. At last, he believed, everything was going splendidly, and that nothing stood in the way of the appearance of the paper, when suddenly there burst upon the head of the triumphant Benjamin the most terrific of storms.

He was not familiar with the inner workings of the firm of Mur-

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ray. He had neglected to have them described to him or to investigate them for himself and had not in the least imagined that the entry of a man so important as Lockhart was bound to cause some stir there. But John Wilson Croker, an author and politician of talent, Secetary to the Admiralty, and a prominent contributor to the "Quarterly", but a man of surly temper and malevolent spirit (Macaulay said of Croker that he detested him as much as cold boiled veal), turned up in a fury when he learned of the projects which had been formed behind his back by his publisher with a twenty-year-old whippersnapper. He made a violent scene with Murray, who laid the blame on d'Israëli and accused him of having revealed, by his chattering, plans which ought to have remained secret. Almost on the same day there came a crash in American stocks on the Stock Exchange. The first inspiration of the two young clerks had been good, but premature. Now that they had banked on the rise, there came the fall, like a thunderbolt. In a few days the famous Powles was totally ruined. D'Israëli and his friend Evans lost the enormous sum of seven thousand sterling.

The hapless d'Israëli thus became incapable of participating, financially at least, in the founding of the newspaper. At the age of twenty he found himself saddled with debts so heavy that he might well wonder how he would ever pay them. Simultaneously he lost his friends, his credit, and his place. For two months he had been living in an atmosphere of success and eulogy. Murray, Scott, Lockhart, and his father had all treated him as an infant prodigy. He thought he was adored. He was ready enough to think so, the result no doubt of a childhood spent amid a family both affectionate and prone to admire. Abruptly all was forgotten. He seemed to be eyed with wrath and contempt; disaster had succeeded to triumph, and without any transition.

This world was more difficult to handle than he had supposed.

He came home in deep gloom and utterly discouraged. It seemed to him that the very springs of his being were snapped. His father, who in any case was unaware of the most serious aspect of the adventure, the seven thousand pounds of debts, assured him that at his age it was absurd to say, as he was saying, that life was a lost game. For several days on end Benjamin was powerless to do anything but brood over his repulse. But after a week of rest and meditation and attempts to understand where he had played his hand wrongly, he was surprized to feel all at

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once a great desire to write, and more precisely, to write a novel. This first experience of the world, this battle and downfall, made a drama which he suddenly longed to depict, and his desire was to create a hero under whose name he could explain himself to himself.

The mask which he adopted was transparent. His hero, Vivian Grey, like himself, was the son of an abstracted man of letters, always shut up with his books. Like himself, he was expelled from a school. Like himself, he was consumed by ardent political ambitions, and paced his room excitedly in his longings to be a great orator. Having thus modeled his hero after his own image, d'Israëli, not without lucid severity, made him run on the rocks, the victim of intrigue and his own blundering, and sent him off, bruised and wounded, to travel in foreign lands in an attempt to forget.

The book was finished in four months, before the author was twenty-one, and unknown to his family.

The d'Israëlis were neighbors of a certain barrister, Mr. Austen, whose wife, a cultivated, witty and very pretty woman, was an artist, a good musician, and had a taste in literature which was highly esteemed. For a long time she had been interested in Benjamin. When she called on Mrs. d'Israëli, she liked to find this handsome youth who, one day, would be lying on the drawing-room carpet amidst piles of books, and the next, would come down from his room with boxing gloves still tied over his lace cuffs.

He confided to her that he was working on a novel; and when he had finished it, she offered to read his manuscript and, if she thought it successfully carried out, to submit it to her friend Colburn, who was then the most enterprizing publisher in London. D'Israëli sent the manuscript to his fair neighbor, and next day received an enthusiastic letter. It was agreed that in order to excite Colburn's curiosity she would submit the novel without the author's name.

Colburn was a master in the arts of publicity and immediately saw the possibilities of this anonymous satire. In all the newspapers and all the reviews, short paragraphs announced the forthcoming publication of a society novel from the pen of an author who, for obvious reasons, could not disclose his identity. With the public prepared by this campaign, the success of *Vivian Grey* was great. Keys were sold giving the names of the living personages

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who, it was said, had served as models. Several eminent men were named as possible authors of the book. It was the sole topic in every drawing-room. D'Israëli and his pretty accomplice were enchanted.

But suddenly, through a subordinate's indiscretion, the secret was revealed. Great was the wrath of the fashionable when they discovered that the unknown author whose talent and knowledge of English society they had been extolling for a month was a young man of twenty, and did not even belong to the fashionable world. The genuine originals were furious. Murray took it into his head that the Marquis of Carabas played a part alongside Vivian Grey which had a close resemblance to his own, and quarreled brutally with all the d'Israëli family. Those who had been amused by the book had feelings of remorse. One critic remarked that "the class of the author was a little betrayed by his frequent recurrence to topics about which the mere man of fashion knows nothing and cares less." Another denounced "the shameless bluff which had allowed the launching of the book". A third made lengthy fun of the "comic pretentiousness with which the author affects a distinction which he does not possess".

When d'Israëli read this cruel judgment, he let the journal drop and fell into a melancholy reverie. He saw himself as ridiculous, and that was what he dreaded more than anything in the world. Ridiculous. . . . Nothing was left for him now but to die. . . . He tried to laugh. He could only smile, very bitterly.

But for a year he had been passing through emotions that were too extreme, and his nervous strength was giving way. The Austens, seeing that he was greatly cast down, proposed to stage the closing chapters of *Vivian Grey* in real life and to take him to Italy. He accepted with delight.

A month later he was gliding by moonlight on the waters of the Grand Canal. Floods of silvery light bathed the Moresco façades, a faint snatch of serenade drifted down through the soft air, the Austrian military band played on the square before St Mark's, three immense flags floated from the tops of the brightly painted masts. D'Israëli was delighted to find that the floor of his bedroom was of marble, the curtains of crimson satin, the chairs brightly gilt, the ceilings by Tintoretto, and that the hotel itself was the former palace of the Barberini, a family which more than once had provided a Doge for the Republic.

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Retreat

His travels had calmed his spirit, but the body remained unhealed. Continual headaches made work almost impossible, and the doctors spoke of an inflammation of the membranes of the brain. His father had just decided to leave London and had purchased a large country house at Bradenham, amongst the woods of Buckinghamshire. There the young invalid sought his retreat. In this unfamiliar hall, seated in front of the lofty fireplace, among the furniture and countless cases of books, he drew up with his sister Sarah a lucid inventory of the position.

Twice he had been beaten. The world which he had wanted to grasp with both hands had slipped through his fingers. He was adding one more phantom "to that kingdom of shadows engendered by fatal precocity". But why? If he accepted defeat, he wanted at least to extract the lesson from defeat.

First of all, he had been affected, haughty, self-centred and vain, in life as in his writings. — Yes, but was that a real offence? "Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." Byron was more so than he, and Byron had triumphed. — Yes, but Byron was Byron. In a great poet and in noble blood, arrogance is more easily condoned. — Poor reasoning. The humbler the origins, the more necessary is arrogance.

A graver error was that he had wanted to take life by short cuts, to take success by storm. His father had been right in telling him that one could not become a great man in a day. Brilliant as his genius was, he recognized that he had been only a child at the moment when he had wished to act as a chief.

Passing from the moral to the financial inventory, things were even less resplendent. *Vivian Grey* had brought in two hundred pounds, but d'Israëli had used the money to repay Murray for the pamphlets on the mines, for which Powles, a ruined man, had not been able to pay. He did not owe this sum, but being penniless he had the elegance to be magnificent. The Stock Exchange debts had been partly squared from the savings of his associate, the clerk Evans, but mainly by loans raised from the moneylenders. The latter dogged his heels whenever he passed through London. He was not afraid of them; on the contrary, he enjoyed visiting them, entering with his youthful features shining with assumed innocence, and beginning the conversation with incredible blunders, and then abruptly slipping away from them with some masterly parrying. He was really grateful to his debts for the ex-

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citement they brought into a somewhat monotonous life. Moreover, he was determined to pay them off, to the last penny. But how? He had no idea, but he had no doubts of his succeeding.

When he came to London, he now saw some of his friends. By correspondence he had made the acquaintance of a young writer of his own age, Edward Lytton Bulwer, who shortly after *Vivian Grey* had made an even more brilliant début with his novel, *Pelham*. Bulwer, like d'Israëli, lived and wrote as a dandy. He had a very beautiful wife, kept up a magnificent style without any money, and entertained his friends in his fine house in Hertford Street.

D'Israëli was a guest, and came in green velvet trousers, with a canary waistcoat, buckle shoes, and lace cuffs. His appearance at first proved disquieting, but on leaving the table the guests remarked to each other that the wittiest talker at the luncheon-party was the man in the yellow waistcoat.

In the Bulwer household he also took a few lessons in the life of a married man of letters. Bulwer had been an ardent lover when betrothed; he had become a disagreeable husband who turned angry whenever his wife penetrated the writing stronghold. The charming Mrs. Bulwer was poor and the household lived on the novelist's earnings. He had therefore to produce a great deal and work beyond his strength. Moreover, he was nervous and irritable, especially with his wife. Benjamin d'Israëli, a romantic but methodical man, noted that love marriages can easily endanger love.

For his own part, in the country, he worked. Dividing his time between the woods and his room, he had composed two satirical tales in the manner of Swift or of Lucian and a fashionable novel, *The Young Duke*. This title had somewhat startled Mr. d'Israëli, who said to Sarah: "*The Young Duke?* But what does Ben know of Dukes?" Sarah had brushed her father aside. The truth was that Ben was totally ignorant of dukes, but he found pleasure in describing receptions of royal splendor, regiments of footmen liveried in scarlet and silver, tables laden with gold plate, rivers of diamonds on the necks of women, ancestral sapphires and rubies darting their sombre fires, exquisite dishes, carriages laden with oranges and pineapples arriving from the hothouses of the young Duke.

Colburn bought *The Young Duke* for five hundred pounds, which appeased the money-lenders for a time. Its success was

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not very striking. But Sarah wrote: "One reading has repaid me for months of suspense, and that is saying everything if you knew how much my heart is wrapt up in your fame. . . . Wherever we go, *The Young Duke* is before us, and its praises for ever resounding. But I know you care nothing for family commendation." And it was indeed one of Benjamin's recent discoveries, that family glory has small absolute value; but failing anything else, he could put up with it.

Sometimes he went to the Houses of Parliment and listened to the speakers. His judgments were not indulgent. Coming out from the galleries, excited and bemused, he sought to imagine what his own eloquence would one day be like, his irresistible arguments, the luminous exposition of detail, and especially the tone, a tone of sarcasm and harshness which would scorch like the simoon, flashes of wit which would gleam suddenly like the stroke of a sword, floods of humor which would drown and dissolve the sticky and pasty speeches of those gentlemen from the backwoods. And at the last would come the irresistible peroration, amid the prolonged applause of every party.

He came to himself once more in a busy street. Horses were trotting gaily on the causeway. The passers-by brushed past him, indifferent; to all these Englishmen, d'Israëli would have been no more than the foreign name of an unknown person.

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SHOULD THE NEGRO BE ENCOURAGED TO CULTURAL EQUALITY?

YES, says Mr. Alain Locke. White prejudice has branded Negroes as inferior and denied them political, economic, and social equality. Negro genius has turned, therefore, to the arts. Their culture is already widely acclaimed; but if this progress is to be permanent, White America can not continue to accept the Negro's gifts while denying the person of the giver. This means recognition of talented Negroes for free contacts with Whites as mutual advantage may dictate. Denied this, Negro genius faces the alternative of expatriation or racial strife.

NO, says Mr. Lothrop Stoddard. Mr. Locke's plea is a veiled assault on the color line, — a tradition which asserts that our America is and shall remain a White America. The color line means, not necessarily that the Negro is racially inferior, but certainly that he is racially different. Abolish this line and we destroy the racial traits which give us unity, solidarity, security as a nation. In pride of race, the Negro should espouse a biracial system, creating his own social satisfactions.

I — THE HIGH COST OF PREJUDICE

ALAIN LOCKE

THE Negro question is too often put forward merely as the Negro question. It is just as much, and even more seriously, the question of democracy. The position of the Negro in American society is its one great outstanding anomaly. Instead of being solely the plight of an oppressed minority facing prejudice and proscription, it is the predicament of an obsessed majority confronted with increasing social dilemma and self-contradiction. No reasonable person expects a society to reform itself for the sake of abstract consistency; but nevertheless I believe there would be a profound change of social attitude toward the Negro if we were more generally aware of the high cost of prejudice. Enlightened self-interest would then operate to forestall the inevitable consequences of social short-sightedness. And if, instead of pleading by sentiment and Fourth of July rhetoric at the bar of democratic theory, the intelligent Negro would put his case in terms of the common-sense practicalities of the concrete situation; if instead of being the great suppliant at the feet of the nation, he would become the great critic and challenging analyst of our institutions, he would then confront America with

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this dilemma of its own making and balance for self-interested judgment the alternatives of recognition and non-recognition.

Indeed, just as in the matter of the Negro's physical freedom the delay of gradual manumission forced the issue of summary emancipation, so in the matter of his larger freedom the denial of cultural recognition where it has been earned will sooner or later precipitate the more embarrassing issue of mass recognition on demand. There is a compound interest in such matters that an enlightened society ought not force subsequent generations to pay. Prejudice, moreover, as a wholesale generalization of social inferiority and cultural incapacity, — even granting that it was ever true or warrantable, — becomes, as a matter of course, more contrary to fact with every decade, — yes, with every day. The dilemmas of non-recognition become correspondingly deeper. Apart from the injustice and reactionary unwisdom, there is tragic irony and imminent social farce in the acceptance by "White America" of the Negro's cultural gifts while at the same time withholding cultural recognition, — the reward that all genius merits and even requires.

The orthodox social mind on this race issue suffers from the pathetic delusion that it can negate what it denies. It can, I admit, retard, but only at general social or net loss. In most cases it is putting itself in a more and more untenable position. Indeed, in the sweeping generalizations about the Negro's "place in society", by predicating wholesale the incapacity of the Negro group for higher cultural development, the issues of recognition have been sharpened and the ultimate dilemma brought closer. If, for instance, the general question had never been raised, Negro genius and talent could have been explained away as the exception (which it probably is for all groups) and expropriated without question by the dominant group. As it is, the Negro has been publicly dared, in prejudice so to speak, to produce the exceptional. Ethnic arrogance has blatantly called the world to referee the question. Negro genius has thus been made the champion of a staked issue and when it wins recognition (and who doubts the eventual recognition of genius?) it must have it not merely in its own right, but in the full force of its group representativeness and as the vindication of the controversy.

Mass proof of the Negro's capacities will slowly and eventually come, but by the circumstances of this general challenge, American opinion must meet the issue and recant its position much in

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advance of any such general solution. That is why, I believe, the question of cultural recognition must be met and conceded by this present generation. In advance of the patiently plodding millions, the question raised can and must be settled in terms of the representative vindication of the exceptional few. For the asserted inferiority of the Negro does not pivot on the average man, — black or white, — and can not be settled by mass comparisons; as a challenge it must be fought out in terms of the exceptional man and the highest values of civilization. It is the price of prejudice that it should be.

This explains why, with only a little more than two generations of physical freedom, — as far as the masses go, — with his political freedom temporarily checked and frustrated, with educational and economic self-emancipation just beginning to gather mass headway and momentum, the Negro's talent and energy are turning with such force to the field of cultural competition. As his ambition, blocked or thwarted elsewhere, comes to this relatively free and unblockable avenue, it becomes apparent that what normally comes last in a people's development may very likely come first with the American Negro. Instead of being the by-product of his leisure and the fruit of his material success, his cultural development seems about to become a special channel of test and proof, an accepted vehicle of recognition.

In fact, the denial of equality, through the hard discipline it inflicts, has just this tendency to spur on and build up a moral and spiritual superiority. With the rush of long suppressed ambition and the urge of special motives, Negro talent to-day is pouring into its one free outlet in an endeavor to compete and qualify in terms of the highest acknowledged values of the White man's civilization, — in art and science, in creative and inventive contribution, — and through making such contributions, to demonstrate cultural capacity more effectively than it could be demonstrated by a high general average in the mere assimilation of American ways and standards. Cultural recognition, we may be sure, will not be prematurely conceded; it will be granted only when it is demonstrably inevitable; but to my way of thinking, by virtue of these peculiar conditions, it is less remote than political or economic equality, because less dependent upon the condition of the masses. In the light of the present attainment of the Negro of the younger generation, in cultural and artistic ex-

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pression especially, and in the prospective social enlightenment of our talented tenth, I should say that cultural recognition of the Negro was imminent.

The continuance of the present attitude toward the Negro is in fact possible only as long as it is possible to take as most representative of the Negro his worst rather than his best. His greatest disadvantage is not that of inequality of condition but inequality of comparison. For successful peoples are rated, and rate themselves, in terms of their best. Racial and national prestige is, after all, the product of the exceptional few. So when Negro life begins to produce poets, artists, thinkers and to make creative contributions that must be recognized not only as outstanding but as nationally representative, the old attitudes become untenable. In American music and poetry and drama it is impossible to name the foremost talents without including some Negroes; and the promise of the rapid developments of this aspect of Negro achievement, especially as centered in the younger New York group, make the same very probable in the next few years for fiction and the fine arts generally. A Roland Hayes, a Paul Robeson, a Countee Cullen, a Langston Hughes or a Weldon Johnson shift the burden of proof from 'Rastus Jones and the general average; and the crux of the matter becomes the question of what position and recognition must be accorded the cultured and culture producing Negro in American society.

The greatest ground for hope in the situation is that by these developments on the upper levels of Negro life, the representative classes are appealed to, not so much in terms of something for the Negro, — something to be granted for his special interest, — but in terms of common interest and mutual gain. As has been repeatedly said recently, — and as is now being gradually realized in the current developments of cultural expression, — the Negro comes bearing gifts, and assumes for the first time the rôle of a contributor to joint and universal interests. It becomes then not solely a matter of recognizing the Negro, but more the question whether America can afford not to recognize in him those qualities upon which we must increasingly put a premium. Representative Negro opinion prefers to have the question put and settled upon this basis, prefers to point out that the typical contemporary demands of Negro life are, as it is aptly stated, "not for alms, but for opportunity." The Negro of to-day would rather have the competitive and rigidly selective democracy of the square deal

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and equal opportunity than the unearned philanthropic democracy of paper rights and class legislation.

The force of this sane and inevitable position may at first affect only a few, — indeed, only the most enlightened and liberal sectors of our society, — but fortunately in such matters the few are yet the arbiters, and already the most enlightened and liberal elements are reaching out toward these exponents of Negro culture in warm and unreserved recognition not only of the product but of the individuals who are producing it. They, at least, may be expected to appreciate that mass recognition is not immediately in question, that it is a case of putting the premium upon the capable few, and thus of accelerating the "leveling up" processes in American society. In a recent discussion of this subject, John Haynes Holmes very aptly says: "The logic of social equality is a social system absolutely fluid, in which each man rises or falls according to his own specific gravity of character or merit. This will give you not all men of a certain type at a fixed level, but some men of every type at all levels." It is this sort of social and cultural equality which contemporary Negro life merits and is demanding. It is this which in the light of the most recent trends of social attitude, Negro life seems in a fair way to gain. And it is this which is necessary if we are to maintain in American life that most essential of all democratic conditions, — an open career for talent.

The cultural recognition of the Negro, I admit, has its costs. But so also has non-recognition, and the situation should be pragmatically balanced in terms of these two costs. It merely fogs the issue when the creed of the slavocracy is sentimentally extended to classes and sections and situations that have no practical reason for holding to it, beyond the fact that it is the traditional way to think and feel. Even in circles that are so representative and stable that they should have no hysteria on the subject of race amalgamation, "no social equality," — in short, "White Supremacy," — is held to be the one reservation every typical White man is supposed to make and every typical Negro is expected to concede.

Cultural recognition, on the other hand, means the removal of wholesale social proscription and, therefore, the conscious scrapping of the mood and creed of "White Supremacy". It means an open society instead of a closed ethnic shop. For what? For making possible free and unbiased contacts between the races on the

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selective basis of common interests and mutual consent, in contrast with what prevails at present, — dictated relations of inequality based on caste psychology and class exploitation. It is predicated on new sorts of social contact, — less intimate in fact, however, than those it means to supplant. Indeed, instead of leaving society open at the bottom, as it now is, for the economic and sex exploitation of the weaker and less desirable elements of Negro life, it means the opening of society at the top for equal and self-respecting intercourse as warranted by mutual gain and common interests.

Before rejecting this new scheme of interracial contacts, let us take stock of the actual situation and the cost of the old traditional scheme of the relationship of black and white. The traditional opponent of social equality for the Negro, — the typical Negrophobe, — claims that race prejudice is primarily the instinct of race-preservation and its chief arm of maintenance. The logic of his attitude is just this: that person to person relations are the danger of White society. It is the very same man, however, whose social régime and life most depend upon close personal relations with Negroes, — in familiar and household relations at that, — and whose chief delight is to be instantly and widely familiar with Negroes provided he can protect sentimentally his caste pride and personal egotism, to which, as a matter of fact, such relations are the chief sustaining foil. It is this type of man who in open or clandestine relations, by the sex exploitation of the socially and economically unprotected Negro woman, has bred a social dilution which threatens at its weakest point the race integrity he boasts of maintaining and upholding.

In the light of this active contradiction of its own social creed by its own social practice, White orthodoxy on the race question becomes not a consistent creed of race superiority and inner conviction, but the social self-defense of a bad conscience, the hysterical ruse of a self-defeatist vice. It fumes about keeping society closed at the top and insists on keeping it viciously open at the bottom. It claims to eliminate social contact between the races, but actually promotes race mixing. Under conditions and habits such as these contradictions have bred, a rabidly "White America" can not refuse to recognize the Negro and long remain White. For it is pride rather than prejudice that keeps social groups intact; and normally with the Negro there would be more sentimental and practical motives for group cohesion under condi-

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tions of social recognition than under those of social proscription, and less intermarriage under free association than miscegenation under forced social subserviency. The enlightened New South may be expected to see this. They already do. For these reasons as well as in the interest of general community reform and progress, they are gradually seeing the necessity for helping re-establish the group morale of the Negro.

Since we started out to be pragmatists rather than sentimentalists in the matter, let us see frankly if enlightened self-interest dictates the social recognition of the culturally advancing type of Negro. Let us remember that this is a complete reversal of the yet very prevalent the-Negro-is-all-right-in-his-place philosophy. Let us remember also that there is no way of putting a social premium upon a product and at the same time putting a social discount upon its active producers. Either they must be recognized in their particular persons as the accredited exponents of culture, or their output and its quality will be below par. The man who contributes to culture must fully participate in its best and most stimulating aspects. Negro genius to-day isn't to be expected to come in from the kitchen to entertain. Negro genius of the new generation consciously confronts only two alternatives, — front door recognition or voluntary expatriation. But let us admit, except, in a few most enlightened quarters, the existence of the old reactionary attitudes. Let us concede the dominant majority the power they temporarily have to withhold this sort of recognition and, by so doing, to retard considerably the development of the better elements of Negro life.

Black effort has gone forward and will still go forward almost as fast under the spur of non-recognition as under the wand of encouragement, — with a different course and temper, to be sure. Some genius will continue to be snuffed out, as in the past; considerably more will again be diverted to controversy and agitation and wastefully consumed in social friction. But some, in spite of everything, will break through to recognition. Genius is the most fluid social capital. Ideas are not subject to embargoes. Negro genius, — as witness Roland Hayes and Henry Tanner, — will bid for recognition abroad and will receive it. And in the self-involved dilemma of having repudiated at home, even as racially representative, what in the universal eye will stand as nationally representative, American public opinion can eventually do only one thing, — gracefully capitulate. Whitman and Poe

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underwent the same experience, — so it isn't at bottom a race question.

But contemporary America does not wish to leave it to Europe to recognize American genius. And consequently the instant recognition of genius at home is to-day a very vital question for an America that realizes her cultural poverty in the midst of her material richness. For American self-esteem can not successfully subsist another generation upon the glitter of purely materialistic developments, upon the vaingloriousness of a gigantic civilization of utilities. With the quest for culture rapidly succeeding the quest for the dollar, America is not in a position to be restrictive or discriminatory in the field of cultural productiveness; and a group bearing cultural gifts can not be denied recognition, — even a Negro group. The cultural flowering of Negro talent, the attempt of the present generation to capitalize the race's spiritual creativeness, therefore comes most opportunely and takes a strategic position in the front alignments of contemporary American endeavor.

Apart, however, from this broad question that creative genius is the hardest and costliest thing to refuse to recognize, in a suppressed minority group it is the most dangerous thing to deny it free play and recognition. The balked intelligence of such a group, thrown back upon the repressed masses, invariably comes forward within another generation's time in the uglier form of radical leadership. Behind it rally the aroused masses and their harsh demands. As with the Jewish intellectuals of Russia, subverted social light may readily become revolutionary fire. I am not an alarmist; but I can see danger ahead in this persistent American lumping of the best with the worst in Negro life. Race war? Not exactly. Class war, more likely, — with the Negro group temper profoundly changed from its present patient amiability to social desperation, having in its ultimate disillusionment discovered that it has so little to lose.

Both as an American and as a Negro, I would so much prefer to see the black masses going gradually forward under the leadership of a recognized and representative and responsible élite than see a frustrated group of malcontents later hurl these masses at society in doubtful but desperate strife. The only way out of mob psychology and mass hysteria, — and they threaten now not from one side but from both, — is through the building up of the representative elements of Negro life; and this involves not merely the

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Negro effort to improve and qualify, but the Caucasian will and vision to reward and recognize by putting at social premium not the worst, but the best.

For the present it seems that the interest in the cultural expression of Negro life is genuine, and that it heralds an almost revolutionary revaluation of the Negro. But that still remains to be seen definitely. Certainly this interest is rapidly spreading from the first accepted point of vital human contact in music and folk-lore to poetry, drama, fiction, and art very generally. Moreover, in enlightened circles the interest in the Negro's art is stimulating interest in the artist personally. Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson, several of the younger poets have achieved, in addition to reputation, distinct personal popularity and success. Especially among the younger liberal and radical groups, and also to an extent in serious collegiate and youth movement groups, the work of the younger Negro artists is being taken as the new basis of approach for the sympathetic study and understanding of the Negro; and the dour, abstract-problem approach of the older generation is being laid aside. Occasionally direct efforts are made by such groups to cultivate person to person acquaintanceship with members of the more representative classes of the race.

Culturally significant beyond all this comes the eager adoption of Negro themes and material as a serious problem of artistic interpretation, even in the literature of the New South: Du Bose Heyward's *Porgy*, Julia Peterkin's *Green Thursday*, Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, — to mention some outstanding examples. This moving out of Negro currents into the main stream of contemporary art is a cultural recognition more significant even than the acceptance of the Negro artist, for it occurs as a reciprocal effect of the enlargement of vision which he has brought about. Moreover, it is achieved upon the basis of universality, a basis that must ultimately be achieved in all things; but one that may yet be, except in art, several generations' dip below our present horizons. So within the last few years this question has become something more than academic; we are actually confronted with a liberal array of Negro talent in active cultural expression and an almost parallel emergence of the disposition to recognize it.

It is to be hoped that general American opinion can be persuaded to follow its most enlightened segment in this direction of progressive recognition of the Negro. Beyond the fact that it is

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not in the interests of democracy itself to allow an illiterate, unprogressive White man the conviction that he is better than the best Negro, it ought to be apparent that the most effective leverage upon the undesirable in the race situation is through the moral pressure that will come by recognizing the desirable. Otherwise even the sincerest criticism and the best of advice is spurned as unwarrantable persecution. If public opinion does change in this regard, and we hope it may, it will have discovered a new philosophy for pivoting a rapid and favorable shift in the social adjustment of the two races. By recognizing the talent and the representative types among Negroes, an easing and vindicating satisfaction can be carried down into the Negro masses, as well as the most quickening and stimulating sort of inspiration that could be given them. Their élite would then become symbols in advance of expected justice and of a peaceful eventual solution. They would be literally an investment in democracy.

The cutting edge of prejudice will thus have been safely blunted if American public opinion begins to scrap its unfair wholesale generalizations, and gives recognition where it is due. Besides affording a stimulus to Negro genius and increasing the general fund of common culture, much that is socially threatening for the future may be forestalled. For no prejudice is more fraught with social danger than that which outlives its causes and adds social insult to social injury. Negro effort, beginning to move under its own momentum, has reached a point where the vital question is not how much progress the Negro has made or is capable of making, but rather, how much of it will achieve recognition and be socially accredited. A pivotal adjustment of social attitudes is called for; and American society will have no more tactful and advantageous opportunity offered it than comes by way of the present generation's overture of a possible cultural recognition of Negro talent in its own intrinsic rights of accomplishment. Not only great satisfaction, but great social incentive can be created for the masses in the recognition of the outstanding few, — as group representative, however, and not with the reservations to which Negro talent of a previous generation had to submit, namely, of being regarded quite as a prodigy, a biological sport.

For the younger Negro artists and leaders of to-day are proudly race-conscious, and their work is in many cases frankly based on a conscious interpretation of their race life. They have, so to speak,

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two audiences, and are in many cases strained to know upon which to concentrate. As artists, it would be best for them to face America and humanity at large. Otherwise, two alternatives, each entailing heavy and general social loss, would confront the talented Negro: either to march off to foreign fields and repeat for the whole American situation what has already tragically happened in the South, where the best and sturdiest have moved off and left an inert and almost leaderless mass to constitute a still heavier social drag and danger; or else to turn in narrowed and vindictive vision to the only course that will give him a chance and swing the hammer of mass action behind the cutting edge of genius.

II — THE IMPASSE AT THE COLOR-LINE

LOTHROP STODDARD

NOTHING is more dangerous than illusions. The Negro has been the unfortunate victim of illusions ever since the Civil War. After emancipation, Northern White zealots promised the Negro full political and social equality, and led him to hope for the abolition of the color-line and racial amalgamation with White America.

All this has proved a dream. More than half a century after emancipation, the color-line (that oldest of American social policies) remains in full force. The Negro continues to be a distinct racial element. In the South, where dwells the bulk of the race, a social system based upon the color-line is firmly established. In every phase of Southern life the races are clearly segregated.

And to this system the Negroes have, on the whole, adjusted themselves. A full-fledged Negro society has been evolved, with

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its own middle and professional classes. This has afforded social satisfactions and has enabled gifted individuals to attain reward and leadership within their own racial group. Generally speaking, Southern Negrodom tacitly accepts this biracial arrangement as part of the natural order of things. Most Negroes seek to better their condition along existing lines, rather than to assail the biracial principle as intolerable and untenable.

Yet a minority remains actively dissatisfied. The strength of this minority is in the North. For this there are good reasons. The Northern Negroes have always been in an unfortunate situation. Until the recent mass migration from the South, the Northern Negroes were too few in numbers to evolve a real society like that of their Southern brethren and hence were unable to enjoy the social satisfactions and individual opportunities afforded by Southern conditions. The Northern Negroes, therefore, continued to pin their faith on the illusory hope of social equality and amalgamation.

Until recent years the Northern Negroes had little to encourage their aspirations. They remained a very small element scattered widely through our Northern cities and towns. But for more than a decade the mass influx from the South, together with a lesser immigrant influx from the West Indies, has vastly increased their numbers and has quickened them to a new ferment. Also, changed economic conditions have brought them a larger measure of material well-being. An educated class has arisen, some of whose members display literary and artistic talent. This Negro intelligentsia rejects the biracial system of the South, inveighs against the color-line, and threatens our social order with their embittered enmity unless White America admits them to full equality, with its logical implication, — racial amalgamation.

Of this insurgent Negro intelligentsia, Alain Locke, — the writer of the preceding paper, — is a good example. Mr. Locke's line of argument is not novel; it is the thesis to-day expounded by the entire group which he typifies. In many Negro minds a new hope is being born, — a hope more alluring than any which has arisen since the ill founded aspirations of half a century ago. Therefore, for the Negro's own sake, as well as in the interests of social peace, he ought to be told, — tolerantly yet unequivocally, — that this new hope is a delusion, which, if persisted in, will lead to unnecessary disappointments and misfortunes.

For let there be no mistake: White America will not abolish the

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color-line, will not admit the Negro to social equality, will not open the door to racial amalgamation. That is the meat of the matter. If this spells trouble, then trouble there must be. But the best way to minimize the trouble is to speak frankly at the start, thus checking the spread of false hopes and limiting the resultant bitterness of disillusion.

How many Negroes are to-day deluding themselves becomes plain when we consider Mr. Locke's thesis. First and foremost, he bases his thesis upon the premise of "inferiority". The White man's attitude towards the Negro, says Mr. Locke, is fundamentally due to a belief that the Negro is inferior. If, now, the 10,500,000 Negroes in America can produce a few outstanding geniuses in the arts and sciences, this numerically minute élite can settle the question in advance of the patiently plodding millions. The Negro race, having demonstrated that it can produce some really gifted individuals, thereby conclusively disproves the charge of racial inferiority. The basic reason for our present attitude toward the Negro thus becomes nonsense, and the only thing left for open minded White Americans to do is, — "gracefully capitulate." Such, in a nutshell, is Mr. Locke's basic argument, the rest of his paper being chiefly a drawing of conclusions from the premise above laid down.

In answer to which I, to use a legal phrase, demur. Now a demurrer means, in every-day language: *What of it?* And I, being a New England Yankee, exercise my ancestral prerogative by answering with a question, and say: "What of it?" And I do so because Mr. Locke has not gone deep enough. He has not delved to the root of the matter. He has based his argument on something which is not fundamental, but which is of secondary importance.

The *basic* reason for White America's attitude and policy toward the Negro is, — not a belief in the Negro's inferiority, — but the *fact* of his *difference*. True, most Whites to-day believe the Negro to be their inferior. Yet this belief is, in itself, no mere arbitrary prejudice. On the contrary, it springs largely from realization of racial difference and all that that connotes. White Americans feel that to incorporate the many millions of this widely differing stock into our racial life would profoundly change our national character, temperament, and ideals. And since these matters are supremely cherished, we do not propose to jeopardize them, either for ourselves or for unborn generations who have an indefeasible right to their racial heritage.

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Here, at last, we are getting down to bed-rock realities. For, surely, no sane person can deny that the Negro *does* differ from the White man. Furthermore, our knowledge of these differences, whose existence is self-evident from ordinary observation and common sense, is being steadily deepened by the discoveries of modern science, especially in the fields of biology, psychology, and sociology. To-day, as never before, we possess a clear appreciation of racial realities. We are, therefore, in a much better position to deal wisely and constructively with the problem of racial relations.

Even a general knowledge of historical and scientific facts suffices to show the need for a racial basis to our national life, — as it has been, and as we intend that it shall be. We know that *our* America is a *White* America. "America," in the traditional sense of the word, was founded by White men, who evolved institutions, ideals, and cultural manifestations which were spontaneous expressions of their racial temperament and tendencies. And the overwhelming weight of both historical and scientific evidence shows that only so long as the American people remains White will its institutions, ideals, and culture continue to fit the temperament of its inhabitants, — and hence continue to endure.

Therefore, if we desire to perpetuate *our* America, we White Americans must absolutely refuse to countenance the spread through our stock of racial strains so different and so numerous that they would undermine our ethnic foundations. In other words, we are dealing, not with opinions concerning relative racial merits or demerits, but with an imperative urge of self-preservation. And self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Let us probe yet more deeply into the matter. Even if we entirely disregard the weight of scientific evidence which clearly tends to show that crosses between White and Negro are biologically undesirable, we must be guided by one fact which has been scientifically determined beyond all doubt, — the fact that such crosses produce highly disruptive effects. And similar disruptive effects are produced by crosses between Whites and members of non-White races other than Negroes.

A moment's reflection will reveal why this is so. The great racial divisions of mankind are very old and well established. Each race, despite wide internal variation, forms a generalized type possessing a complex pattern of closely linked physical, mental, and temperamental characteristics, which have evolved through

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long ages of natural selection that have eliminated disharmonic variations and have produced a relatively smooth working psychophysical whole.

Now the interbreeding of such widely differentiated racial types disrupts both patterns and produces hybrid offspring who are more or less disharmonic. Again, the subsequent interbreeding of these first hybrids disrupts still further, breaks apart more and more of the linked characteristics, and ends in a population which displays an almost infinite range of variation instead of the relatively restricted, harmonious range which occurred in the original racial types. To be sure, some of these new variants may theoretically be desirable, as others are undesirable. But one thing is certain: stability and harmony are hopelessly gone, and in their place reign bewildering variety and uncertainty.

The effect of such biological changes on every phase of national life is surely obvious. The results are clearly shown in the chronic political and social instability of Mexico and the Caribbean republics, whose populations are largely hybrid mixtures of Whites, Negroes, and Indians in varying proportions. And the example of our neighbors to the southward has been enough to convince most Americans that such hybridization in the United States must be prevented; since none of the difficulties involved in maintaining White race integrity can outweigh the disruption which hybridization would certainly entail.

Thus, national self-preservation, rather than considerations of relative race values, underlies our traditional policy of White integrity, usually known as the color-line. A good proof of this is the way persons with a clear perception of race values indorse the marriage ban against all non-White races. Well-informed Americans do not usually consider the Chinese or Japanese as "inferiors". Yet these same persons are almost as unitedly opposed to intermarriage between Whites and Mongolians as they are to intermarriage between Whites and Negroes. The basic reason for this general marriage tabu is that most Americans realize that, in either case, such racial chances would ensue that *our* America would be foredoomed to pass away.

Every sensible Negro ought to realize that White America, — North as well as South, — is unalterably opposed to race amalgamation. And the reason why this opposition is unalterable is that it is based, not upon the doctrine of White race superiority, but upon the unchangeable fact of race difference. Furthermore, as

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above stated, what applies to the Negro applies to other non-White racial stocks. Therefore, even if the Negro race does produce a number of distinctly talented individuals, and even if the Negro group in America should make such economic and cultural progress that present ideas about its relative inferiority should be definitely disproved, the situation would be basically unchanged. The Negro would still be racially so different that White America would continue to feel that it must preserve its racial identity, which it regards as an infinitely precious heritage.

I have stressed the underlying racial factor precisely because Mr. Locke makes it a capital issue. To him, "cultural equality" means a complete reversal of our traditional attitude and policy toward the Negro, the abolition of the color-line, "the conscious scrapping of the mood and creed of 'White Supremacy'." To be sure, Mr. Locke tries to sugar the pill. For the present, he demands that we receive only such Negroes as measure up to a certain level of culture and good manners, in other words, those who are *Salonfähig*, to use an expressive German term. Again, he rather cleverly juggles his words in different parts of his paper, sometimes restricting himself to a plea for "cultural recognition", — obviously something very different from his larger demands. Lastly, Mr. Locke puts forward the singular argument that if the Negro élite be granted social equality, this will hinder racial mixture on the lower levels. As if, forsooth, concessions on the principle of White race integrity by the White race leaders would not be tantamount to a surrender of the racial citadel itself!

Such dialectics should deceive no one. Here are the plain facts of the case: Since the Negroes form nearly one-tenth of the population of the United States, we are *statistically* light mulattos. In the last analysis, the only thing which keeps us from being *biologically* mulattos is the color-line. Therefore, once the principle of the color-line is abandoned, White America is doomed, and a mulatto America stands on the threshold. Under Mr. Locke's formula it might take several generations. Yet it would be inevitable in the long run.

Such is the road which Mr. Locke would have us travel. But it can not be too promptly or emphatically stated that athwart that road we plant the sign: *No Thoroughfare!* White America intends at all costs to remain White, and every attack on the color-line will merely cause it to be applied more strictly and will hinder any

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feasible adjustment of race relations based upon a recognition of existing realities.

Another point should be clearly understood. If Mr. Locke's arguments do not convince us, still less do his threats intimidate us. For Mr. Locke does threaten in no uncertain voice. He tells us that unless we accede to his demands, the insurgent Negro intelligentsia which he represents will either quit the country or will remain here as apostles of race war and social revolution. That is not a pleasant prospect, but it will not make us "capitulate", — gracefully or otherwise. For we White Americans are quite ready to risk possible ills from racial strife or revolutionary agitation, rather than endure the certain ills that would ensue from the loss of our race identity.

The intransigent demands of Mr. Locke and his fellows might at first sight seem to leave us in hopeless dilemma. However, the problem does not seem so insoluble when we consider separately the terms "cultural recognition" and "social equality". Each of these terms means something definite, clearly recognizable as such. But Mr. Locke has arbitrarily coupled them together in the term "cultural equality", — one of those high sounding phrases which needs a deal of defining, since it is susceptible of diverse interpretations. Set off by itself, "cultural equality" means about as much as "the blessed word Mesopotamia". To Mr. Locke it obviously connotes social equality and racial amalgamation. To other persons, however, it might signify a fair reception and cordial appreciation by the White public of the works and performances of Negro talent, — with no logical implication of a marriage license, a dancing partner, or a family invitation to Sunday dinner.

Every cultured Negro should ask himself one searching question: *What does he really want?* And if he thus ponders the matter, can he fail to realize that to demand social equality is about the worst way to attain cultural recognition from the American public? As already stated, White America simply will not jeopardize its race integrity. That possibility being ruled out, can not intelligent Negroes see that in so far as their race puts forth cultural fruits, these will receive recognition much more quickly and sympathetically from a friendly White America than from a White America angered by threats and alarmed by attacks upon its cherished ideals? Can sincere Negro poets, litterateurs, painters, and singers really believe that their art will be fairly appreciated

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in an atmosphere chilled by aversion and poisoned by hatred? Let them remember the reception of German art during the passions of war time!

No, if it be cultural recognition and appreciation that they really want, let talented Negroes get after the insurgent intelligentsia which seeks to use art as a battering-ram to smash the color-line. Art was intended for no such purpose, and if it is used that way, Negro talent will be blighted and perverted in the vain attempt.

Fortunately, many intelligent Negroes realize all this. The attitude of the insurgent intelligentsia voiced by Mr. Locke, — however eloquent and militant, — does not represent the whole of American Negrodom. Another school of thought exists, typified by the late Booker Washington and to-day represented by Dr. Moton and other influential leaders, who frankly recognize the White attitude and who believe that the American Negro's hope for the future lies in an amicable understanding between the moderate, sensible minds of both races, who should gradually evolve a workable system of racial adjustment. Men like Dr. Moton neither threaten nor cajole. They believe in their race and they are satisfied to develop their special attributes within the medium of their own group life. Finally, they realize that cultural recognition for Negro talent will grow spontaneously in the genial atmosphere of friendly understanding, but will merely be retarded by imperious demands and bitter hostility.

The polemics of the militant Negro intelligentsia of our Northern cities should not blind us to the genuine progress toward racial adjustment which has already been made, especially in the South, and which promises even better for the future. Over thirty years ago, Booker Washington blazed the trail for the forward looking members of his race when he uttered the memorable phrase: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

Thanks largely to Booker Washington's frank facing of realities and insistence upon good interracial relations, Southern Negrodom has evolved a group life of its own, with the encouragement and support of the best elements of the White South. Perhaps the most hopeful aspect of the present situation is the well known Commission on Interracial Cooperation, composed of representative Whites and Negroes. This organization functions throughout the South in a constant endeavor to remedy abuses, allay friction, and promote good relations between the races. The solid results

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attained by the Commission are due to its practical, level headed spirit. The system of racial segregation is tacitly accepted by both sides as axiomatic, their joint efforts being directed to a bettering of conditions within the bounds of the existing social order.

The basis of interracial cooperation has been so soundly laid that it seems as though the time were ripe for a further step. Why should not the best minds of both races attempt to arrive at a frank understanding about the fundamentals of racial relations and try to formulate a definite policy which will have their mutual assent and support?

To the writer, such an attempt seems highly desirable, — even urgently necessary. Furthermore, it seems to me that the only policy which will have a real chance of success is that which may best be termed biracialism, — a parallel evolution of White and Negro race lives, biologically distinct, yet linked by mutual interests and cooperating for common ends. To enlist the support of the best elements of both races for an equitable biracial system, mutual concessions will be needed. Yet, provided the two groups agree on the basic principle of racial separation, such a system can be worked out with substantial fairness to both.

The specific details of the biracial program and the wider implications of the biracial principle so far transcend the scope and space limits of this paper that I will refer the reader to my recent book, *Re-Forging America*, wherein I have analyzed the racial situation at length. Here let me present a short survey of the general thesis involved.

First of all, let us see what biracialism is *not*. Biracialism is not discrimination; it is separation. Biracialism does not imply relative "superiority" or "inferiority"; it is based on the self-evident fact of difference. Those Negroes who believe in their race should not object on principle to an arrangement which would permit the American Negro to remain himself and develop his special aptitudes. The formula of difference surely offers a common ground on which Negroes and Whites can meet without loss of self-respect and without raising controversial issues of merit or demerit in regard to which individuals of either race may entertain varying opinions.

Furthermore, biracialism is not caste. The two systems should be sharply distinguished from one another. Caste stratifies the population in horizontal layers, thereby preventing individuals from rising in the social and economic scale. Under slavery, the

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Negroes were a lower caste. On the other hand, Southern Negrodom to-day enjoys a rudimentary form of biracialism, under which individuals can rise to high economic and social levels. Unlike caste, therefore, biracialism draws one vertical line through society, from top to bottom, and then allows individuals to rise as high as their talents will take them, on their side of the line.

To attain a stable adjustment of race relations based on the biracial principle will admittedly be a long and arduous task. Yet this need not discourage our best endeavors. Racial adjustment should be visualized, not as a program but as a process, evolving normally as the joint product of the wisdom, foresight, and common sense of the best elements on both sides.

Viewed from the standpoint of abstract theory, biracialism is not a perfect "solution". Even at best, it will not entirely eliminate race-friction, and a dissatisfied Negro minority will probably persist. Yet, fairly applied, biracialism should reduce race-friction to a minimum, and thus exorcise the dread spectre of race war which to-day looms, a sinister possibility, upon the horizon of the future.

Surely, intelligent Negroes should come more and more to realize that an adjustment of race relations along the lines above indicated offers them far greater hope than desperate plottings of race war or social catastrophe. The "cultural equality" urged by Alain Locke is a vain dream. But cultural recognition of Negro talent and achievement is not a dream. It already exists. And it will be extended more fully and more spontaneously precisely in the measure that a sane and stable policy of race relations based on existing realities not on theories, however pleasant, is evolved.

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MY GOLFING LUCK

A. A. MILNE

Forum Table Talk

I AM the world's unluckiest golfer. Yes, I know what you are going to say, but I don't mean what you mean. Of the ordinary bad luck which comes to us all at times, I do not complain. It is the "rub of the green". When my best drive is caught by cover, or fielded smartly by mid-on with his foot; when I elect to run a bunker ten yards away and am most unfortunately held up by blown sand (or, as I generally call it, dashed sand); when I arrive at last on the green, and my only hope of winning the hole is that my opponent shall pick up a worm which he ought to have brushed away, or brush away one which he ought to have picked up, — and there are no worms out this morning; on all these occasions I take my ill luck with a shrug of the shoulders and something as nearly like a smile as I can manage. After all, golf would be a very dull game if it were entirely a matter of skill.

It is in another way altogether that I am singled out by Fate. Once I have driven off the first tee, she is no more unkind to me than to the others. By that time she had done her worst. But sometimes it is as much as I can do to get on the first tee at all, so relentless is her persecution of me. Surely no other golfer is so obstructed.

For instance. On a certain Wednesday I was to play a couple of rounds with a friend called X. Perhaps I had better say at once that this is not his real name. His real name, which is slightly longer, is in the possession of my solicitor. On Tuesday afternoon I rang him up on the telephone to remind him of our engagement and, in the course of a little chat before we hung our receivers up, I said that I had just been lunching with Y, and he said that he had just been bitten by a mosquito. Not that it mattered to the other in the least, but one must have one's two pennyworth.

Wednesday dawned, as it has a habit of doing, but never did it dawn so beautifully as now: the beginning of one of those lovely days of early autumn than which nothing is more lovely. That I was to spend the whole of this beautiful day playing golf, not working, was almost too good to be believed. I sang as I climbed into my knickerbockers. I was still singing as I arranged the

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tassels of my garters. . . . And, as I went down to breakfast, the telephone bell began to sing. I knew at once, of course. With all the experience I have had, I knew. I merely wondered whether it was X himself who was dead or one of his friends.

"Hallo! I say, you remember the mosquito." (Which mosquito?) "Well, my leg is about three times its ordinary size." ("Does that matter?" I thought coldly). "I can hardly move it . . . Doctor . . . amputate . . . in bed for a year. . . ." He babbled on, but I was not listening. I was wondering whom to ring up. It is a funny thing, but somehow I can not write in knickerbockers. Once I have put them on, I find it impossible to work. I must play golf.

I decided to ring up Z. Z is almost as keen a golfer as myself. No such trifle as a lack of symmetry in his legs would keep him from his game. I cut off X as he was getting to the middle of his third operation and got on to Z. Z, — bless him, — would play.

We drove down. We arrived. With each succeeding minute the morning became more lovely. As we walked over to the caddie master I was almost crying with happiness. Never was there day more beautiful. All this mosquito business had made us late, and there were no caddies left, but did I mind? Not a bit! On a morning like this, I thought to myself as I stepped on the first tee, I couldn't mind anything.

The moment that Z stepped on the first tee I knew that I was mistaken. You will never believe it, but I swear it is true. Z stepped on the wrong bit of the first tee, uttered one loud yell, — and collapsed on the grass with a broken ankle.

You say that I might have left him there and played a few holes by myself? I did. But it was necessary to give instructions for him to be removed before others came after me. I forget the exact rule about loose bodies on the tee, but a fussy player might easily have objected. So I had to go back and tell the secretary and one way and another I was delayed a good deal. And, of course, it spoiled my day entirely.

But I was not surprized. I am the world's unluckiest golfer.

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CHICAGO, HANDS UP!

"Scarface Al" Capone

A Forum Investigation by KATE SARGENT

LAST Spring Mrs. Sargent motored quietly to Chicago and began an investigation of the city, the city's criminals, and the city's mind. It was not the first time that she had been entrusted with such a mission, for it was she who wrote the articles on Catholicism and politics in Massachusetts which appeared in THE FORUM *exactly two years ago.*

The object of her investigation is not merely to establish the facts, but to go beneath them and see why they are what they are. Her articles are, therefore, in a sense a "psychoanalysis of Chicago". They are based on Shakespeare's idea that there is not a good or bad thing in the world, but thinking makes it so, and reveal the state of mind of an entire community. Her second article will deal with the career of Mayor Thompson, familiarly known as "Big Bill", and will be illustrated with colored scissor-cuts by Margaret Bensley Bruère.

LIFE," said Balzac, "can not go on without much forgetting". Two generations ago a baby girl named Medora Gale was born in what was then a suburb of Chicago. To-day the great City Hall of that metropolis stands two blocks from her birthplace, and her son is Mayor for the third time.

After his first two terms, which ended in 1923, William Hale Thompson left office thoroughly discredited. The city was deeply in debt. A pro-German war record had not been lived down. City officials were indicted for theft and fraud. The schools were riddled with politics. Trucks laden with contraband rum rolled daily through the streets, protected by police. Machine-guns in the hands of gangsters dealt wholesale murder. Public utilities were disorganized, the football of political athletes. Gang control held the city in a powerful grip, and something like thirty million dollars a year was being collected in graft.

Last April, after four years of conscientious administration by Mayor William E. Dever, Chicago went to the polls a million strong and called back to the helm the pilot who had steered the civic craft into this maelstrom. Why?

Politics, like life, can not go on without much forgetting. And, if we are to accept Freud, all forgetting goes by certain rules,

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never by chance. It may be hypnosis, it may be the subconscious mind trying to rid itself of unpleasant impressions.

What strange blight of memory seized upon Chicago last Spring? A little of both processes, no doubt. Certainly the hypnosis was apparent, induced by the mesmeric passes of "Big Bill"; no less certainly, there were abundant unpleasant impressions to irk the subconscious civic mind. Chicago, in the eyes of the outsider, was a perilous place to visit. Popular belief had a machine-gun on every corner, a holdup and robbery on every dark street at night.

"You exaggerate!" cried Chicago to the world and in the same breath called back to leadership the man who ran on a frank platform of non-enforcement and promised a "wide open town". Was it indifference? Was it the blindness that can not detect the beam in its own eye? Or was it hypnosis?

To the new arrival, Chicago appears first as a gigantic city with many rare beauties: its lake front, which it discovered at the time of the World's Fair; its immense park system and fine edifices; the Wrigley Building on North Michigan Boulevard, illumined at night by searchlights throwing its stately whiteness into salience against the sky; the great Tribune Tower rising in solitary splendor; the Art Institute and the Field Museum in Grant Park; and the magnificent new Stadium to the south of them. From experience with other cities, one expects a pattern to develop out of the confusion, a theme out of all that sonorous polyphony. No pattern develops. There is no sense of stability, of an orderly guiding power, of a common motive. The city has grown so fast that it keeps bursting out of its institutions, as an overgrown boy out of his clothes. It is still suffering from growing pains, an adolescent with the physical stature of a man, but with voice still changing and a nature still subject to hysteria.

Such a subject, in psychopathology, is known as "suggestible". He is easily led; his judgment, immature, is easily beclouded; his emotions swiftly played upon. It is at this stage of growth, say criminologists, that youth is most susceptible to influence, both good and evil. Crime is essentially a problem of youth; the seeds are planted in adolescence and must be destroyed, or they will inevitably sprout, during that period. Chicago will not reach its hundredth birthday as a city until 1933. And like the boy or girl with a fête ahead, its mind is on celebration and adornment, not at all on character building. "Am I growing up a good child or a bad child?" is the least of its concerns. It is far more engrossed

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with the all-absorbing question, "Shall I grow up to be big and strong, or will the little boy next door be taller than I am?"

Upon this youthful entity, overgrown, wilful, emotional, descended the arbitrary restriction of the eighteenth amendment. Perhaps no city in the country has resented it as Chicago resents it. It was inevitable that self-seeking exploiters should play upon this resentment. Out of the kaleidoscope of politics, crime, neurotic religion, colossal industry, and pleasure seeking, materialize the two most picturesque figures in Illinois. One is Big Bill, ex-ranchman, demagogue, charlatan, past grand master in the noble art of the showman. The other is "Scarface Al" Capone, most conspicuous of the surviving gangsters, dictator of Cicero, that much advertised suburb on the west. Their two names are on everybody's lips; but whereas the Mayor basks in the spotlight, Capone keeps purposefully out of it. There are, or have been, too many people gunning for him. One may live long in Chicago and never see him. He is consequently as legendary a figure as Robin Hood. Several residences are his: one, it is said, on the aristocratic North Side; one in Brooklyn, whence he first emerged as a factor in Chicago's underworld; and several hangouts in Cicero, which has long been the gangster's bailiwick.

When Mayor Thompson had been in office about six weeks he said to me: "Crime in Chicago has been reduced fifty per cent since inauguration. The reason for that is, I have appointed a thief-catcher as chief of police." The Thief-Catcher is Chief Michael J. Hughes, long known as an able officer. His sobriquet is "Go-Get-'Em Mike".

It is true that several big roundups apparently solved many of the crime mysteries of the newspapers. One raid in which eighteen persons were arrested, three of them girls, was said to clear up at least two murders and a hundred holdups. For some time after election, newspaper accounts of robberies and murders fell off. In significant contrast to this was the experience of THE FORUM's correspondent when, with an old newspaper friend from the East, now working on a Chicago journal, she emerged from his office building.

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"Would you like a drink?" he inquired hospitably. "That place across the street or that one two doors away; this shop on the left or the spaghetti joint half a block down, and that café next door to it, — we can get liquor at any of them."

It was no exceptional district, — these conditions prevailed all over the city. In brief, if the free and independent citizens may have their gambling, their liquor and vice resorts in peace and quiet, the murders and holdups will cease. As far as individual killings and robberies are concerned, Chicago's crime record is not much worse than that of any other large city. It is the bootleg wars and the use of machine-guns by gangsters in their feuds with each other, on the one hand, and the failure to convict in the courts, on the other, that have given Chicago its sinister reputation. Within the past four or five years many notorious gang leaders, several police officers and an assistant State's Attorney have been shot and killed in the streets with absolute impunity. Several persons were tried for murder in these cases and acquitted. Ex-Mayor Dever told me that within a period of four years, forty-five policemen were killed. In the six years ending last Spring, 1795 murders were committed in Cook County for which sentence of death was executed upon but twenty-four.

There is only one explanation: gang control in politics.

The growth of the gangs in Chicago is a startling chapter of American life. In his book, *The Gang*, Professor Frederic M. Thrasher of the University of Chicago outlines more than thirteen hundred of these groups and lays the foundation for an understanding of present conditions. Congested living explains the gang in any large city, but Chicago's problem is aggravated by its peculiar situation and the many different nationalities that it harbors. More than thirty-two nationalities are represented, and in some of them various subdivisions, whose members do not even understand each other's dialects. Again, Chicago is an absolute railway terminus. The population is shifting, and for the criminal there are countless opportunities for hiding and making getaways, both from the city and from the country.

Gangland has its own picturesque nomenclature. The three great divisions are known as the "North Side Jungles", the "South Side Badlands", and the "West Side Wilderness". Group names include such proud titles as the Buckets-of-Blood, the Dirty Sheiks and Wailing Shebas (with girl members), the Deadshots, Beaners, Royal Eclipse, Murderers, Twigglies, Wolves, Onions,

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Torpedoes, and so on. Bum Park, the Slave Market, Bughouse Square identify certain localities. These gangs and districts are fertile soil for the propagation of crime. The compulsory education law in Illinois permits a boy to leave school at fourteen but does not permit him to work until he is sixteen, without a working certificate or special employment conditions. The legal restrictions make it difficult to get jobs, and the two intermediate years are spent in desultory work and in roving the streets.

Gangs form spontaneously and often develop into clubs, loosely organized but with infinite possibilities as political units. As such, they engage the attention of politicians and are often protected. When a member gets into trouble, he knows where to go to get it hushed up. Soon a vicious alliance has been built up beween crime, both organized and unorganized, and politics. One district in the Badlands, known as Canaryville, turns out so many "bad eggs" that it is known as the Canaryville School of Gunmen. The division of labor among these groups, Dr. Thrasher says, has been carried so far "that a specialized gang of beer runners does not even have to do its own bombing or killing, but may employ a still more specialized group for that purpose."

With the advent of prohibition the bootleg gang quickly developed. It was not a spontaneous growth but was evolved out of gangs already operating. It started on the South Side, where one Jim Colosimo rose into prominence as proprietor of a restaurant and a chain of gambling houses. Colosimo was threatened by a secret society of his fellow-countrymen, and imported a body guard in the person of Johnny Torrio, destined to become a conspicuous figure in Chicago's underworld. Torrio went to Chicago from New York in 1920. Soon after his advent the threat against Colosimo was made good. He was shot to death in the door of his café, and Torrio fell heir to his terrain. He in turn gathered together a coterie of choice spirits, and here Scarface Al makes his appearance on the scene. He was imported from Brooklyn to be Torrio's personal bodyguard. Two almost parallel cicatrices on the cheek gave him his *nom de guerre*. The story ran that he had received them in a knife fight on Coney Island,

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but Capone maintains that they are the result of overseas service in the famous Lost Battalion during the World War.

There also arose to view the striking figure of Dion, or Dean, O'Banion, aristocrat (as attested by the spelling of his name) from North Side gangland. O'Banion had begun his career as a hijacker and made money. He refused a lieutenancy under Torrio, having somewhat different ideas of profit and ethics. He did not, for example, exploit women, but stuck to whisky as a stock in trade. Torrio's specialty was beer. The two had a working agreement by which each furnished his own commodity for the other. There was no interference, but brotherly cooperation. Huge sums were paid for protection. Rum trucks lumbered through the streets with policemen in uniform sitting beside the drivers. The only trouble was when hijackers, often accompanied in their turn by police, attacked the contraband.

The amity between Torrio and O'Banion, however, did not last. The former felt the need of developing his own liquor supply and reached out his tentacles to the west side. He enlisted the aid of the notorious Genna brothers, six in number, and together they showed their compatriots how to distil rubbing alcohol and wood-alcohol. From Chicago they spread over into Cicero, a town peopled largely by aliens and harboring several large industrial plants. When Torrio decided to invade it, he made a deal with certain candidates, promising to help swing the approaching town election in return for full protection from the law. The deal was consummated. Cicero became, and still is, a centre of law violation. Torrio established three gambling houses, a chain of breweries, and made fortunes for himself and his associates. They began to produce and sell whisky for three dollars a gallon, as against O'Banion's eight dollars. O'Banion, receiving higher prices, paid larger sums to the police. Bad blood resulted. The two issued mutual warnings. O'Banion withdrew all contact with the South Side and took his cronies with him to the North Side, his old stamping ground. There he set up a florist's shop as a screen for his more lucrative pursuits.

Fabulous fortunes were made by these leaders. They began to ride in Rolls-Royces, to dress like dandies. Their women wore the richest of furs and jewels. The most expensive apartments became their homes. One gangster, accidentally killed, died a millionaire; and two leaders of a certain beer gang paid income taxes of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each.

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These fortunes spurred to emulation, and rival gangs sprang up. One night a curtained car filled with Torrio henchmen fired on two of the Gennas on Halsted Street. No one was hurt at that time, — it was only a warning. A difficult peace was maintained through the efforts of one Mike Merlo, who was friendly to both the Torrio and O'Banion camps. This man died, and the smoldering resentment of the West Siders burst into flame. The very day after Merlo's death, as O'Banion stood in his flower shop arranging wreaths and baskets for the funeral, three armed men walked in and shot him dead. At the time, — this was about three years ago, — O'Banion's funeral was called the most costly and spectacular ever seen in Chicago. Thousands of dollars' worth of flowers were drawn in automobiles in the cortege. Prominent public officials marched cheek by jowl with gangsters to the grave.

O'Banion was succeeded by one Hymie Weiss, who took up the feud. He opened an office over the florist's shop and commanded the North Siders in their guerrilla warfare with Torrio, Capone, and the Gennas. It was generally felt throughout the city that O'Banion's death would be avenged. Two of the Gennas were killed soon after, — Angelo and Mike. On Angelo's dead body was found a bill of lading for a carload of whisky. His funeral surpassed even that of O'Banion. He was buried in a solid silver casket with gold name plate and, although denied final offices by his church, was followed to the grave by scores of civic officials, — a State Senator, two State Representatives, the city sealer, an alderman, and others. It was said that one hundred thousand dollars was spent upon the funeral, exclusive of the flowers.

Several attempts to kill Torrio failed; but he was at last wounded and, being then out on bail under Federal indictment, he sought refuge in jail. After serving a year's sentence he packed up and quit the country, with a large fortune, leaving the field to his rivals and subordinates. From this time onward Capone became increasingly powerful. He also was the target for many attacks, but seemed to bear a charmed life. One secret for this may have been his sedan with bulletproof glass, which once saved his life when his chauffeur was riddled with shot. For many months Scarface Al never went out without a powerful bodyguard of twelve. Four walked in front, two on each side, and four in the rear, among them the well known huskies, Pete Piso and Bohunk Johnny. Always, in the hands of the rear-guard, might be seen an inconspicuous draped object. This was one of the

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famous Thompson machine-guns, just being kept ready for emergencies.

Those machine-guns! How they were procured no one knows but the gangsters, and they won't tell. Capone has admitted they were hard to get but has intimated they can sometimes be obtained from bank guards. Colonel W. H. Thompson, of New York, the inventor, is quoted as saying that eleven of the guns have been traced to illicit hands in Chicago, the only city in the world where gangsters have secured them.

Capone had a narrow escape when eleven closed cars drove in single file past the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero and raked the building with a steady round of fire. After this demonstration he had half-inch steel shutters put on the windows of his room. Another time, an attempt was made to dynamite the inn but was frustrated when an employee found sixteen sticks of the explosive, linked each to each by two-inch fuses, placed under the building.

Many fell in the gang feuds without causing much flurry; but there was a furor when a young assistant State's Attorney named William McSwiggin was found in Cicero, in a car with two members of the notorious Spike O'Donnell gang, all shot to death. Official investigation publicly absolved the young prosecutor from the ugly suspicions that arose. It was said he had been searching for a stolen bullet-proof vest which the gangsters were helping him to trace, but many were dissatisfied with this explanation and still feel that the murder has never been properly accounted for. At the inquest one man testified he had paid McSwiggin eight thousand dollars for protection, and Capone had made a similar claim.

In his jaunts abroad, Hymie Weiss also had a strong bodyguard, but his time came at last. One day, with a somewhat reduced escort, he was entering his headquarters, just across the street from the Holy Name Cathedral. An upper window in a neighboring building opened softly, and from the aperture came a rain of machine-gun bullets. Weiss fell instantly. Two of his companions made a dash for safety and were shot down on the steps of the cathedral. The avengers, remembering Torrio's recovery, this

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time took extra precautions. As Weiss lay sprawled upon the pavement another machine-gun, behind the curtains of a closed car slowly passing, poured a stream of lead into his dead body.

This carnage was followed by a truce. As the gangsters themselves admitted, there was business enough for all. Weiss was succeeded by Vincent Drucci, called "The Schemer", who was shot by police in a street riot just before the last election. His funeral was marked by military honors. A squad from the Second Infantry of the Regular Army at Fort Sheridan was in attendance, together with comrades of the American Legion. It is worthy of note that the pro-Thompson newspapers published pictures of the Schemer in golf costume and called for prosecution of the officer who had done the shooting. The Dever papers printed pictures of Drucci from the Rogue's Gallery.

His death left Capone the outstanding figure in gangland. He operates many interests in Chicago, Cicero, and other suburbs. One of these, Forest View, is popularly known as "Caponeville". It has a piquant history. An unincorporated village until after the War, it was then pitched upon by a young officer with the aim of making it an American Legion community. He had it incorporated and the local offices were filled by war veterans. One night a gang of Capone henchmen invaded the town, bullied and threatened the authorities, hauled the founder from his bed to the town hall, and beat him until he promised to quit. The Legionnaires moved out, and the gangsters moved in. At the village election in 1920, fifty-eight voters were registered, of whom forty-four gave their residences as Maple Inn and The Stockade, resorts run by Al Capone. One of his most notorious dives for some years was "The Four Deuces", in Chicago's Loop, so nicknamed because the street number was 2222. Under his alias of Al Brown, Capone at one time conducted an innocent looking antique furniture business and sought to obtain life insurance, but was refused as a bad risk.

In Cicero he has various hangouts. Although he gave up living at the Hawthorne Inn after the McSwiggin murder, he continued to operate it. He also ran a roadhouse in Stickney, near by. His chief interests, however, became centred in his race tracks, one for horses, one for dogs, on the outskirts of Cicero. The dog races were in full swing following the last election, but the chief sport was betting, not racing. Although admonitions against gambling were posted (legislation to make betting legal in

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Illinois was then pending), the booths operated openly, with police standing by. The instant a race was over a general stampede took place from the grandstand, and lines of youths and young girls formed at the various stalls to collect. Scarface Al is exceedingly popular there. Ask why, and the answer is, "He takes care of his own." Hundreds, in some capacity or other, feed at his crib. He is to be seen at the races, usually on the grandstand with a crony or two, a sort of relaxed bodyguard. Let any one make inquiry about him, and the whole place is on the alert. The bodyguard stiffens, police are evasive, Capone melts into the throng.

Although his career reads like a penny dreadful, he is still under thirty. Local reaction to the exploits of a young and daring personality is one of tolerance not unmingled with adulation. Witness the arrest of Martin Durkin, bootlegger, wanted in Chicago for the murder of a policeman. He had fled the city, returned by night to visit his sweetheart, escaped again, married in another city (another girl), and was finally arrested by Federal officers and taken back to Chicago, where local authorities claimed him. At the railroad station there was an extraordinary scene. The crowd was inflamed against Durkin's captors. "We're *FOR* you, Marty!" it yelled and later hissed the police in motion pictures of the event, until Mayor Dever forbade the films.

A dispassionate native who knew his Chicago summed up the popular attitude on reading of an attempted store holdup on the South Side. The clerk, it was recorded, had knocked out the bandit by hurling a can of corn at his head.

"They'll arrest that clerk," declared our prophet with a yawn, "and let the robber go."

Such is Chicago, — the Chicago that, viewed from below, seems to be dominated by the sinister figure of Scarface Al Capone. At the time when this was written, the gangs were enjoying an armistice. The machine-guns were at rest, rum trucks plying merrily, the city "wide open", bootleggers and bookmakers prospering in peaceful industry, and the Mayor valiantly defending his flock from the British lion and ordering the Mississippi back into its proper bounds.

Part II, "Chicago, Hands Down," will appear in November

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SCIENCE AND THE NEW ERA

EDWARD MURRAY EAST

FUNDAMENTALISM is primarily due to an exaggerated egoism, in the opinion of the famous Harvard biologist who in this number follows up last month's debate on the relations of science and religion and also Mr. I. A. Richards's paper on the God of Dostoevsky which appeared in July. A better world and more genuine morality would, he says, follow the frank abandonment of worn-out modes of thought and establishment of a new religion consonant with modern scientific views of the universe.

IN our most cherished beliefs, from the earliest ages to the present, there is a great deal to justify the opinion of the cynic that man is to be distinguished from the apes not by his lack of a tail but by his megalomania. Since becoming the dominant animal on the surface of this cosmic atom, he has never, until recently, had the slightest doubt concerning his supreme importance in the general scheme of things. This conviction is discoverable in every reaction, but nowhere is it revealed so clearly as in religious creeds and social folkways. One may take them as they come, Egyptians, Greeks, Teutons, Americans; the central urge is the same. Even the humble worshiper of Nature, who deified the clouds and the trees, allowed delusions of grandeur to crop out in his personal dealings with the rest of the world.

Of all creedal histories illustrating the vainglory of the species, few serve better than that of the Nordics. These doughty tribes had raised up a rough and violent crew of supernal hero-gods with whom they hoped to enjoy a post mortem fellowship, fighting, feasting, and possibly philandering, in the great hall of Gladsheim, — a faith which proved quite satisfactory as long as the promised reward was sufficiently alluring. Unfortunately, with the passing of time, customs changed. The valiant tribes of the North Sea border became urbane and civilized. They craved more seemly returns for gentlemanly conduct, a less vehement paradise where the weary might sometimes be at rest. Nothing could have fallen out better. The Hebrews had a theology precisely of the type required, based upon belief in a single god who made them the special object of his solicitude; and since it seemed probable that a single god would be easier to placate than a whole group of gods having different attributes, they forthwith gave up the old and took on the new convictions with considerable promptness and a reasonable degree of thoroughness. They figured that no

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god having a modicum of culture and good taste could possibly retain a Semitic tribe as his special favorite. Given the opportunity, he would abrogate the earlier privileges and make them the Chosen People. And to-day the Jews retaliate by proclaiming the Nordic race a myth.

This god had existed for infinite time, and at an early period had brought into being a host of celestial spirits who made the heavens ring with continuous paeans of praise for their creator; but subsequently he seems to have had no creative urge until about six thousand years ago. At this time, within the space of six days, he molded the earth, designed and formed the various animals and plants, and created man.

Here and there some vagueness attaches to this procedure, but there is no vagueness about the importance of the earth or of man. The sun, the moon, and the stars were created to give light upon the earth. Man, both male and female, was created in god's own image out of the dust of the earth, and was given dominion over the other less estimable creations. He was told to be fruitful and multiply, to replenish the earth and subdue it.

This animated statue of Yahweh was so pleasing a product that the sculptor promised to occupy himself forever after with the minutest details of his conduct. He even selected certain of the creatures to act as his amanuenses and to compile his wishes into a complete and comprehensive guide to proper behavior. This was necessary, because man, who in some ways was lower than the angels, was in one way much higher. As a special favor, Yahweh had permitted him to choose his own line of conduct, a boon which seems to have been denied to the celestial band, although there is some difference of opinion on this matter. At any rate, each was to have a short period of earthly existence during which he must strictly obey the divine laws as thus laid down. Occasionally the rules were suspended and dispensations granted to particularly commendable individuals, but this was done only in rare instances and could not be counted upon in every case of need. The reward for exemplary behavior was infinite pleasurable existence as a member of the heavenly choir; the punishment for willfulness and obstinacy was a coextensive existence in a place of perpetual torment.

Yahweh was a strange god, a god of battles, a god of torture, a god unwilling to forgive his erring creatures without an oblation of blood. He connived with his favorites at trickery, thieving, and

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murder. He pursued those he disliked with relentless hatred. He avowed himself a just god and dispensed injustice. He preached love and stirred up hatred. Strangest of all, an immutable god characterized by these distressing habits, he nevertheless took on a wholly different personality some two thousand years ago and became Jesus of Nazareth, the humble, the loving, the sympathetic Shepherd of Men.

Softening Dogma

This creed, extraordinary alike for the savagery, the ignorance, and the egotism which organized and built it up, not only has been the faith of our ancestors for numerous generations, it is believed implicitly by the majority of the white race to-day. Upon it is founded the greater part of our social system with its multitude of conventions and customs. Many of those who read this statement, with beliefs influenced by gentler ethical teachings and by more or less familiarity with science and philosophy, will deny that it is true. Nevertheless, I think that it is strictly in accordance with the facts. Proof may be found in the recent newspaper questionnaire on the subject carried on throughout the United States. The crudity of the doctrine as outlined here has been subdued by special interpretation, the savagery and injustice have been glossed over, emphasis has been laid upon matters which are to some extent more reasonable; but, even so, the faith of the unintelligent and the unenlightened, who still make up the vast majority of this as of other generations, is substantially that which we have described. And even the enlightened and intelligent have great difficulty in divesting their minds of notions having the same general character, simply because such ideas so thoroughly pervade their habitual courses of thought that conscious rationalization is inhibited.

Notwithstanding this situation, an avalanche of scientific discovery has brought about the possibility of emancipating mankind from the thraldom of such primitive folk-lore. The conception of a little geocentric universe created as a private preserve for the Hominidae, has been replaced by something infinitely more grand and glorious. We have to conceive of a universe incredibly vast, with thousands upon thousands of suns accompanied by their satellites, each moving swiftly on its course with the utmost uniformity and precision, each isolated and apparently independent, yet all parts of a harmonious whole, kept in

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their places by the mutual influence of one upon another. And in this complex of complexes all matter is undergoing endless change. Slowly but surely there is continuous transformation, evolution. All that which we know as inorganic matter, all that which we know as life, has been built up from simple elementary substance and passes again to simple elementary substance. Thus has the earth, a minute attendant of one of the younger and less important stars, come into being. Thus has man, and all other types of life, evolved. He is an infinitesimal part of the great scheme, like all the rest; governed by natural law, like all the rest.

This is the magnificent generalization which the combined facts of astronomy, of chemistry, of physics, of geology, of biology, have given us. This is the generalization, accepted by every scholar, which the organized forces of stupidity and ignorance have the impertinence to call an unsupported hypothesis, and against which they set as unquestionable truth the mythology of the ancient Hebrews. This is what empty minded bigots have prevented being taught in three of these United States, and what they would like to prevent being taught in the other forty-five. Why? Because they are confirmed egotists, who, though they sense but dimly its implications and have no knowledge of its factual basis, are ridden by a haunting fear lest the whole thing be true. They can not bear to think of accepting a reduced cosmic rating for their egos, of modifying their ideas of personal immortality, or of relinquishing belief in free will.

And after all, the most illogical and ignorant individuals differ from the most intelligent and best informed only in degree. We all have unjustifiable prejudices on sociological questions. Suffrage, democracy, communism, prohibition, birth control, the inheritance of acquired characters, and a thousand other problems are discussed not so much on a basis of evidence pertinent to the case as upon a basis of emotional reactions influenced by the mores learned in early youth. At luncheon not long ago I found myself sitting beside an intelligent, serious minded woman who said she was interested in heredity, and who asked if any evidence existed tending to show hereditary differences in mental capacity. I outlined the data which have led geneticists to agree that such is indeed the case. She listened attentively, and then remarked: "But I do not accept this evidence as showing congenital differences in intelligence." Somewhat at a loss I said, "What evidence would you accept as critical proof?" Smiling a little, as if in

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humorous appreciation of the situation, she replied simply, "None."

We stand then at the dawn of a new era. A single century of fruitful investigation has made it impossible for thinking men to believe the theses contained in Fundamentalist doctrine. Comparatively few at present do a great deal of sustained and concentrated thinking, it is true; but the number is growing year by year; and a still greater proportion is capable of drawing essentially logical conclusions if the truth is placed unreservedly before them. I do not share the fear so often expressed that the current Fundamentalist activity is the sign of a universal and rapid intellectual retrogression. The Fundamentalists are simply fighting tenaciously for a lost cause, as people so often do. Their forces undergo constant depletion with the spread of education; and the apostates do not recant. Science, on the contrary, never loses a convert. Perhaps this is the reason why the Fundamentalists are as medieval in the violence of their denunciation of opponents as they are in the quality of their logic.

At the same time one should not be deceived into believing that there are no difficulties in the present position. The change in point of view has been abrupt, and it is always difficult to adjust to sudden change. The older men of to-day were saturated with orthodox doctrine in their youth, and though this doctrine is now an insult to their intelligence, the early teaching has left an impression which it is almost impossible to eradicate. The old faith, variously modernized, liberalized, and stripped of its barbarities to fit our individual emotional requirements, held out certain hopes very dear to the human heart. Even eternal fires were not to be despised if one could retain personal immortality, especially as there was always a lingering confidence in final pity and redemption. The new faith, imperfectly understood, its possibilities more or less untested, has seemed to offer nothing to replace what has been lost. Psychologically, therefore, emotional souls are afloat in a rudderless boat.

In a recently issued biography of Darwin, Gamaliel Bradford has painted a vivid picture of the doubts that assail the timid when endeavoring to adapt themselves to the new conceptions. One finds here a keen, even a humorous, appreciation of the absurdities of the older views, a penetrating analysis of the effect that belief in the comparative insignificance and immateriality of this life has had in retarding progress in political justice and

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social ethics; yet a future dominated by Truth, whatever it may happen to be, is viewed with hopeless pessimism.

Conklin, one of America's foremost biologists, predicts a new religion based upon accepted knowledge that will certainly be no worse than that of the past, and may be infinitely better. "In the past, religion has dealt largely with the individual and his relation to God; its chief concern was the salvation of individual souls and their preparation for a future life; it has been largely *egocentric*. The religion of the future must deal more and more with the salvation of society; it must be *ethnocentric*."

But, says Bradford, "I confess that I am myself perfectly, enormously egocentric, and these *ethno* considerations appeal to me very little. In so far as the good of the race is identified with my personal comfort and well-being, I am interested in it. But my ego cries out for God simply for itself, and if it is to be wiped out like a dewdrop in the sun, words can not express my utter indifference to the well-being of the race, of the world, of the universe." And he brings his essay to a close with the despairing cry: "It was Darwin, the gentle, the kindly, the human, who could not bear the sight of blood, who raged against the cruelty of vivisection and slavery, who detested suffering in men or animals, it was Darwin who at least typified the rigorous logic that wrecked the universe for me and for millions of others."

The Phantom Universe

Truly, as said this alleged wrecker of a phantom universe, happy in the midst of the wreckage in spite of constant ill health, "what an inexplicable frame of mind is belief." If Bradford's attitude is typical of the other millions, a new religion is sorely needed.

Though our intense longing for personal immortality is unquestionably the chief obstacle to general acceptance of a biophysical conception of the universe, it is difficult to believe that it is an essential either for happiness or for high ethical standards. Let us ponder the matter a little. Presumably nothing is gained by putting M. Bergeret's ironical query: "Why do men cling to the hope of an eternal after-life, when they do not know what to do with the one they have?" But is it not pertinent to ask the philosophical question: Why do those who were not here in 1850 worry because they will not be here in 1950? A common answer is: "We grant that it is illogical to think of personality's having a

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beginning without having an ending; but having developed individual consciousness, it is inevitable that we desire to retain it. Without such expectation, life is vain and hopeless." One may question whether the latter part of the reply is true. Such hopes are not inevitable. They are the result of early training and can be eliminated with the passing of that training.

Every student of comparative religions knows that numerous peoples have believed devoutly in doctrines carrying no such ideas. Gautama taught that there are three base cravings that dishonor human life, the desire to satisfy the senses, the desire for personal immortality, and the desire for worldly prosperity. According to him, there can be no peace and happiness unless men lose themselves in something greater than themselves. And there was an echo of Gautama in the simple precepts of Christ. These two, the greatest of religious teachers, suffered the fate of all such and had their creeds elaborated and distorted beyond recognition; but they were sufficiently in advance of their times to be in harmony with much of the philosophy that characterizes our modern thought, and one can hardly doubt that both would have welcomed truth whatever its implications. Are sincere followers of their teachings less happy than the rest of mankind? Perhaps there are no strict adherents of true Christian teaching left whom one may ask if they are happy, since Pauline theology has wholly replaced the lessons of Christ. But even the sadly retrograde Buddhism of the present day marks its followers with a calmness and self-restraint almost unknown among Occidentals. Nor can it be said that our own scholars, who are so frowned upon as contemptible materialists, are less well-balanced than their fellows. In spite of the fact that they have as yet no well defined policy of constructive social effort in which to submerge the supposedly irrepressible egocentric instinct, statistically they show a much more stable nervous organization than the general population.

As to ethical standards, there is a very different outlook. Indifference to this brief and trivial life made the established Church an abettor of every really important injustice the world has known. Charity was taught and practised as part of the Good Life by which one laid up treasure in Heaven, but it was a pitifully superficial charity which left the causes of human misery untouched. Progressive movements seeking to bring about political freedom, to eliminate slavery, to encourage public education, — in fact, all the great reforms designed broadly to promote public

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welfare, — found the Church cold and unconcerned. The history of political and social advance from Locke, Montesquieu, and Paine to the present day is the history of rationalism. And the one reason that there is such a history to write is progress in science.

Many of the social panaceas offered to a sick world during our single century of widespread inductive judgment have been ill considered and impractical. A smaller number have been quack remedies, as bad as the disease they proposed to cure. But no one can deny that there has been extraordinary progress in putting the social sciences on a scientific basis and in producing practical results. Mistakes have been made in the past and will be made in the future; but the aim of all these doctors, foolish as well as wise, is worthy. Their whole desire is to make the world a better place to live in.

The Way to the Good Life

No sound criticism can be made of such an ideal, and this ideal is strictly compatible with the most advanced scientific thought. It is certainly true that this queer old world has its objectionable features. Hardships will continue under the best of schemes conceivable. We will all have our hours of pessimism. But this is not necessarily to be deplored. Hard knocks have their value, pessimism its place. The only haven of one hundred per cent optimism is the lunatic asylum, as one of our sages has observed. Wise men are more critical of values, more dubious of social nostrums. Yet the supposedly valid criticisms that have been raised against what one may call the religion of science have all been instances of misunderstanding, or of half-knowledge, which is worse. They are the product of litterateurs who have had but a perfunctory acquaintance with biological theory and have been obsessed with the idea of conflict. Two of the most eminent and most influential, Tolstoi and Nietzsche, were even mentally unstable. The conclusions they drew out of their limited store of science were monstrous. And they had many imitators and followers.

Their deductions were not only unnecessary, they were unsound. It is true that the two poles of life are love and hunger. If there had not been a struggle for existence, we should never have arrived; were it not for the sexual instinct, we should never have survived. There will always be struggle, there will always be love. But is this truth a cause for horror and despair? Not at all! Those

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who are familiar with the works of that penetrating yet sympathetic student of sexual psychology, Havelock Ellis, will recall that he finds the human mating instinct to have a value quite distinct from that it holds for the lower orders:

"The sexual impulse is not, as some have imagined, the sole root of the most massive human emotions, the most brilliant human aptitudes, — of sympathy, of art, of religion. In the complex human organism, where all the parts are so many-fibred and so closely interwoven, no great manifestation can be reduced to one single source. But it largely enters into and molds all of these emotions and aptitudes, and that by virtue of its two most peculiar characteristics: it is, in the first place, the deepest and most volcanic of human impulses, and, in the second place, — unlike the only other human impulse with which it can be compared, the nutritive impulse, — it can, to a large extent, be transformed into a new force capable of the strangest and most varied uses."

In like manner the survival instinct can be productive of good. In spite of what Ellis says, it also is capable of a sublimation, a transformation, corresponding closely to that of sex. Self-preservation is the oldest and strongest urge. It has caused ferocious personal struggles and vast massed conflicts. It has pitted brother against brother, and country against country. It is the basis of fraud and deception, of all sorts of knavery. But this need not be so. It will not be so if man is taught to rely upon his brains rather than his emotions a little more frequently than he has in the past. Cooperation can take the place of struggle. The welfare of the individual can be promoted, and promoted easily and smoothly, by uniting for the welfare of the race.

Nothing has been accomplished by war, or by those economic conflicts that have outdone all war in brutality and malevolence, which could not have been achieved better in some other way. And now the way has been opened. Overpopulation can be avoided. Our numbers can be kept at a figure where distress and misery are at the ebb, where sunshine, good cheer, and happiness are at the flood. They can be raised to the point where there is efficient production and distribution of the material comforts of life; they can be kept small enough to give each individual the opportunity to make living a real joy without a killing competition for place, small enough to allow success to crown the efforts of preventive medicine in bringing about a lower disease rate and a lower death rate, small enough to give every boy and girl all the

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education and preparation for life that he, — or she, — is capable of assimilating, small enough to permit some leisure to cultivate science and the arts. A reasonable practice of eugenic measures, guided into proper channels by genetic knowledge, can be utilized to nullify any possible ill effects which might arise as the tyrannous rule of natural selection is gradually overridden and annulled. When man does this, then indeed will he be the captain of his fate. No longer will he be tossed about on the waves of chance by the blind forces of age old instincts. There will be more happiness and contentment, the world will be a fitter place in which to live.

Exit the Mystic

Why do I enlarge upon this subject in a manner which, it must be confessed, partakes of what Elbert Hubbard called a preachment? The reason is simple. The reign of mysticism is over, even though the mystics do not yet realize it. It can never return to power. There is ample intellectual foundation for a new confession of faith and for a new social structure. It is capable of giving us both an emotional inspiration and a practical procedure for enriching human life. The one thing lacking is a general scattering of this store of knowledge. Increase has far outrun diffusion, and diffusion must be thorough in this democratic age before there can be sound and satisfactory application.

Naturally there can be no widespread appreciation of all science. The field is vast, and the harvest has been abundant. The most one should expect in the case of astronomy, geology, chemistry, and physics is a reasonable dissemination of their broad generalizations regarding the structure of the universe and the composition of matter. Biology, on the other hand, must advertise its wares far and wide. Its more important conceptions must become household knowledge. The keystone of the new social structure, the pivotal factor of advancing civilization, the guide of the new religion, is biology; for man is an animal, and his characteristics, his requirements, his reactions, can be recorded and studied quite as carefully and precisely as those of any other animal. Biology is the Science of Life. And it is the Science of Life that must be pondered so continuously, so conscientiously, so reverently, if an Art of Living is ever to be developed.

No established fact in anthropology, anatomy, embryology, physiology, or any other of the grand divisions of the subject

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can be regarded as meaningless or even superfluous in connection with the task that is set before us. Nevertheless there are two outstanding beacons, two lighthouses of first magnitude, that will probably do more toward steering society into safe channels than any others. I speak of psychology and of genetics, the study of the nature, function, and phenomena of the mind, and the investigation of heredity, variation and evolution. On a solid foundation of psychology and genetics, students of social science can synthesize safely and soundly. And in due time, perhaps our aldermen, our members of Congress, our presidents, and others to whom we let subcontracts for the actual work of social construction, will become aware of their findings and will labor with more intelligence and efficiency than heretofore.

"Science," says George Moore, "is a good old barn-door fowl; build her a hen-roost, and she will lay you eggs, and golden eggs. Give your money to science, for there is an evil side to every other kind of almsgiving. Science will alleviate the wants of the world more wisely than the kindest heart that ever beat under the robe of a Sister of Mercy; the hands of science are the mercifulest in the end, and it is science that will redeem man's hope of Paradise."

Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich

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A FUGITIVE SEEKS SANCTUARY

A Character Pursued by Psychologists

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

OH, dear readers, pray move over a bit and let me slip in among these pleasant pages! I am a desperate fugitive, and that dreadful sound is the far-off baying of the bloodhounds which are even now upon my track. They bin trailin' me ever since I killed that feller back in No'th Ca'lina. I was bo'rdin' then, you rec'lect, with ole Mis' Pifer. She sure was a rough housekeeper, an' thar was three flies in my coffee that mornin'. That kinder got me on the raw, an' when I run acrost that Saunders feller what tuck my gal erway frum me, — well, you all know the rest.

Oh, do forgive me for this primitive outburst! I fear my naturalism will often startle you, but I just can't help it. I'm made that way at present, and when you know who I am, you will understand that it is my very nature to be all things to all men. Wal then, erbout thet little mix-up back in No'th Ca'lina. I lit out after I'd unloaded my ole forty-five inter the Saunders feller, but the sheriff found a piece of ole shoe lace o' mine, and jest one sniff er that string was enough to put them dogs hot on my trail, an' seems like I jest *kain't* throw 'em off!

That is the reason I am here. I've eaten raw onions, turned my coat wrong side out, and walked backwards through running water, but still those brutes pursue. Now I am going to try an entirely new device, one I believe never even attempted in fiction before. I am going to plunge deep down into THE FORUM, pull its buff and brown covers over my head, and bury myself among its periods and exclamation points. Shall I escape the bloodhounds thus, or will they nose me out among the commas? Wal, I give you all fa'r warnin' I'm er des'pret character, an' ef them dogs come a-sniffin' round me here, I'm just natcher'ly goin' ter take an' bust they brains out with a semicolon!

Yes, expressed more politely, that is my grim determination, dear readers. Ah, let me call you dear for one little moment more! For in the next few lines I intend to disclose my identity, — give myself away, in fact, — and when you once know who I am, you and the Editor may, yourselves, fling me forth to the bloodhounds.

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Who am I, then? I am literally the most despicable thing that can possibly be imagined. I am a blind futility. Morons are intellectual giants compared to me. I am hypocrisy itself. I cheat, I murder (rec'lect I'm wanted right this minute fer shooting up that Saunders feller), I steal. I am a bootlegger, of course (made real good money that time I had me a little pop-corn stand down to the Beach, — believe me the corn I sold had plenty o' pop to it!). I am a swindler, a fallen woman, or one who did not fall merely because she was propped up by revolting social conventions. In short, I am everything low and degraded that can possibly be depicted in this most sordid of all worlds; and this I am because I am human nature as it appears in present day fiction.

You have met me frequently enough upon the printed page, but will you tolerate me face to face? If you will, while I am hiding here, I may not only elude the bloodhounds but may also give some explanation of my present unhappy state. Why do authors so furiously hate me? If I am true to life, am I not a human being and therefore their blood brother? I have a little theory of my own why it is fashionable for me to be so depraved in fiction just now; but I should be glad of an outside opinion as well, if I survive this present adventure, — which seems likely, as in spite of all my various disasters, I appear to be a tough spirit which continues to function. They may hang me in one story, but there I am in the next! I shall be most grateful if any reader has some light to throw upon this matter, if he will kindly communicate with me at the following address which will always reach me:

Human Nature,
Running Wild,
Fiction

Heavens, how very weary I am of all this wickedness! (Darn them bloodhounds! I kin hear 'em gitting closer right this minute! That ole shoe lace'll be the death of me yit.) Yes, sin for me has lost all its savor. I've been made to drink so freely of stolen waters that they are no longer sweet. I'm fed up, too, on corn licker and dope. I'm sick to death of pulling my ole forty-five on my best friend. I'd much rather love my own wife than the other feller's and I'm so bored with shooting craps that I'd welcome a game of old maid. I wish, too, that I might keep a nice little store on Main Street without leading a double life of some kind. I'd like to sit in my shirt sleeves on my own front porch and put my stocking

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feet up on the rail, but it just can't be done, at least not in fiction nowadays. No matter how honest those gray socks may look, they are really a high sign that I'm "selling it" in the cellar.

Also I am very tired of feeding the pigs. Not that I have anything against pigs. They are simple, honest creatures, and, unlike myself, are not leading a double life; but they take a lot of food, and my authors are forever prodding me out of bed on cold mornings to slop the hawgs. If there's a nice sunrise going on, I'm never permitted to see it. I'm far too busy dragging myself to the pigpen with a pail of clabber. And the food they make *me* eat! Pies so old that they've turned blue, slabs of bacon swimming in grease, sodden soda biscuits. Heavens, why don't they let me throw that to the pigs and have their nice clabber in exchange! (Rec-lect them three flies in my coffee back at Mis' Pifer's!)

I'm completely exhausted with bad food and bad ways. I long to be converted and live like a Christian. I've done it often enough in real life, but it's not permitted in fiction any more. I can't even go to church without every reader's knowing at once that I only do it from a desire to impress the neighbors. Why the neighbors should be such fools as to be impressed by it I can't think, when the author makes it so abundantly clear that any show of religion can only be disgusting hypocrisy. For this see Chapter One, toward the end of the first paragraph, — also Chapters Four, Seven, Nine, Thirteen, Twenty-two, Forty-six, and in fact all the way to the end.

Not being allowed to reform, I continue to function in my wicked way through all the backwoods and small towns from Nevada to New York State. You must have noticed, I am sure, that I am especially depraved in the backwoods, just at present; but even if I escape to the Back Bay my wickedness follows me, and by the very way I walk across the Boston Common, it is plain to see what a hypocrite I am. True, I did pick up that baby who had tumbled down, but I dried his tears only to curry favor with the distinguished citizen, — himself a hypocrite in his own way, — who was, I knew, regarding me through the purple glass windows of his house on Main, — no, I mean Beacon, — Street.

Then, too, how *things* do for me nowadays! Remember what a give away those gray socks were, and even now that old shoe string will probably be the death of me. And then that lamp that cost just six dollars, — that *was* a bad business, and kept me out of becoming selectman. Recall also the affair of the black necktie.

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That was the time I was a minister of the Gospel out Hot Dog way. I was almost idolized by my people and was apparently saving souls hand over fist. But in the second chapter the author began to harp upon a black necktie I always wore. At once, for all its black piety, the reader began to suspect that tie, and, — well, you recall the rest, how it all came out in the last chapter, that I was really selling dope and had ruined most of the neighbors, and that tie that looked so respectable and went to all the funerals, was really the place

Where I kept the dope
That ruined the neighbors
That made the story
That pleased the editor
And stuffed the reader.

Not only things, lamps, socks, and neckties do for me, but I am entirely at the mercy of circumstances as well. Think of the blind futility of it all. I go on from one miserable affair to another, just because I can't help it. I rebel against that most of all. In the hands of the present writers I am a spineless jellyfish. That was one thing I liked about the old-time authors: they had some respect for human nature and knew perfectly well that I could help myself, if I chose to stiffen up my backbone and bite granite a little. In those days you didn't get patted on the head and told, "Well, of course it's a bad business, but being the poor creature you are, you can't help yourself." No, sir! When you sinned in the pages of the old-timer, you got drowned in a barrel of ink and walloped with all the words in the dictionary. And the author and I were better friends for it. If I've got to misbehave through three hundred pages of a novel, or five thousand words of a short story, I like my author to know I'm doing it of my own wicked will, and not because I'm the weak kneed victim of circumstances.

Thar now, see how it is right this minute. If it hadn't bin fer them three flies in the coffee back at Mis' Pifer's I wouldn't er gone out an' pulled my forty-five on the Saunders feller, an' them bloodhounds wouldn't be trailin' me. But don't blame Mis' Pifer, *she* couldn't help it, the poor woman! 'Cause 'course the flies was there. And don't blame them neither, *they* couldn't help it, the poor insects, 'cause 'course the coffee was there. So thar it goes, round an' round, an' nobody ain't ter blame fer nothin' no more.

Personally if I must commit murder let it be from free will rather than three flies.

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Oh, heavens! Can't we characters get together and start a rebellion? Let us show our authors that we have more backbone than they suspect and, asserting ourselves, kick over the traces, and say, "Look here! You know perfectly well I wouldn't do any fool thing like that! Three flies, indeed! That's no cause for murder. If I've got to kill that Saunders fellow, — though Heaven knows in real life I would have shaken him by the hand for ridding me of that girl, — give me a real reason for it. Think again, author! Add a little more ink to your gray matter and stir up your brains a bit."

When we find ourselves being pen-lashed into actions completely contrary to our natures, can't we dig into the print and balk? Oh, brothers, — and sisters too, for that matter, — buck up! Fling your arms around a capital letter, — a big D with a dash after it is a bully thing to hitch to, — brace both feet against the periods and, hanging on to the hyphens, see if we can't save ourselves from this degradation.

Every character will have his own particular aversion. For myself I now declare that I will not permit any author to drive, drag, or cajole me back to the town where I was born. Let him try it, and I'll pull my old forty-five on *him!* They've taken me there just once too often, and I warn every other character against returning to his birthplace with any of the present day authors. If you do you'll find they've just ruined your home for you. If you remember its shady walks and sea breezes, they will only let you see tin cans and cesspools and will intimate that the walks were indeed exceedingly shady. If you recall, also, its sunshine, you can be sure your author has turned all that to moonshine.

No, authors, never again will I go home with you! Nor will I ever tote another pail of clabber to the pigpen. O brothers, can't we be firm at least in this?

> Breathes there a hero with soul so dead
> Who never to his author said,
> "Hey now! Slop yer own hawgs!"

Really, if we practise a little buckjumping, and occasionally unhorse our writers, we shall be rendering them a great service. At the same time that we release ourselves we shall be freeing them also, for, — whisper, — this is a secret, but I have decided to confide it to THE FORUM, — the authors are even more at the mercy of the psychologists than *we* are at *theirs*. Haw! Haw! Haw!

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That thing tickles me right much. Excuse me, there I go being primitive again! But I'm sure you understand by this time that I simply can't help myself. What I mean to say is that it affords me a good deal of amusement to see how trustingly the authors trot, trot after the psychologists. Let one of the latter pipe a new tune, — or an old one for that matter, so long as it is dressed up in new phraseology, — and immediately the authors pen-prod me into dancing to it.

Five years ago I footed it through all the plots to the tune of psychoanalysis. Most of the writers, — not all, thank heaven! a few of them did a little independent thinking, — swallowed that bait, hook, line, and sinker. They never doubted the truth of it. Much of it was so unpleasant, it *must* be true! (Surely you've noticed that for most authors nowadays truth is only to be found in unpleasant things.) I was full then of suppressed desires, and my dreams. . . . That's to indicate how bad they were. If I was a lady character, for instance, and dreamed of an Irish potato, it did not just mean, as it would have done in the good old days, that I had eaten too freely of potato salad. Oh no! It meant that I was secretly and disgracefully in love with a man named Murphy. Of course, Mr. Murphy was the husband of another lady, my best friend in fact, so the censor would not let him by in his own flesh and blood self. Therefore he had to slip past in the borrowed skin of that vegetable which is sometimes called a murphy. It was all very complicated.

Nowadays I no longer suppress my desires, — reckon that feller I shot back in No'th Ca'lina wished I would! I don't suppress anything. I just can't. I'm so primitive. The authors are dressing me up now in naturalism, whose pedigree is by Behaviorist out of Realism. Five years hence they'll have a new psychological slant on me, and while I admit I dread it, still it can hardly be worse than what I have already reacted to. I think I could stand psychology if it would stay still. If, for instance, I were allowed to suppress my desires forever and ever, amen. But no, it turns over under my feet all the time. I'd just got used to the fact that I mustn't pull my old forty-five except in my dreams, — and even then it must appear as the pistil of a sweet-scented flower to placate the censor, — when along come the naturalists, and *Bang!* Thar goes the Saunders feller into the next world, here come the bloodhounds on my trail, and whar that censor has done went I kain't tell you. Wouldn't you think the authors

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would get hold of the fact that psychology that's new this season may be old clothes by next year and not dress me up so solemnly in each fresh fashion?

What am I, then, — human nature, — really? I don't know, nobody knows, — least of all the writers who won't look with their own eyes, but must peer at me through the green and blue goggles of the latest psychology.

> *They* know not much what I am like
> Nor what he is, my Avatar.

It's my private belief that Paul Bunyan comes nearer hitting the truth about me than all the realists in the world. No, it's *Paul* I'm speaking of, not his brother John Bunyan. John stayed at home. Paul was the Bunyan boy who immigrated to America and, growing up with a new world, got a fresh slant on life.

Whatever I am, I am too big to be caught in one little box of theories. For a time I oblige the psychologists by jumping Jack as they pull the strings, then I smash the works and move on vastly to fresh habits. Am I perhaps a mad king? Anyway, —

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me.

The Smart Alecks, they bark too, and heavens, how weary I am of the tongueing of the Clever Claras!

> Leery, Leery Laughter
> Looking through my eyes,
> Who are you? Who are you?
> Clever, witty, wise?
> If you're witty come within,
> I'll be glad to call you kin;
> If you're wise with Wisdom's art,
> Instruct my brain, instruct my heart.
> But if you're clever go your way.
> Smart Alecks bore me every day,
> And nothing gives me drearier pains
> Than scrambled thinking served with brains.

And how very done and finished, earnest with their own importance, are all the Smart Alecks and the Clever Claras. Try as they will they'll never cage me in their neat little brainpans. This is a mad and extravagant world, and should be met with a certain exuberance, and a reckless gaiety. Traveling thus one may arrive, as for example:

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She rode a cock horse into Heaven to-day, —
Oh look away, look away!
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
Harum and scarum wherever she goes,
What in the *world* will Parson say!
And who would suppose, suppose,
That her silly cock horse, with his billygoat nose,
And mouthful of whimsical hay,
Would suddenly bolt from the orthodox course,
To jump right over old Banbury Cross,
And rearing and running with terrible neigh,
Should gallop her straight into Heaven's highway, —
O *marvelous* horse, cock horse!

We poor characters will never arrive anywhere as long as our creators hitch their wagons to the psychologists' apron string. They'd much better hitch to a cock horse!

Well, I'm glad I escaped my author long enough for this little chat. Now, however, having overheard some of my remarks, he is jabbing his pen into me in a very mean way, which is to indicate that the interlude must come to a close and the story rise to a climax. Oh, all right then, — here goes for the climax.

The bloodhounds are at the door! *Dang them dogs!*

BIFF! ; ; ; ; BANG!? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! – – — – – – – –

Thar now! I done just like I said I would! I brained them dogs with a handful er semicolons and jabbed they hearts out with a exclamation point. Any author'll think twice 'fore he turns his pets loose on *me* ergin! But the scuffle made right much of a mess, so if you'll hand me out a few more o' them little dots, I'll kiver it all up nice, like the writers do when they want the reader to think the whole business is worse 'n it really is.....

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HOBGOBLINS OF THE FLESH

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

WHY is the flesh heir to ills, and from whom did it inherit them? When did disease begin, — and why and how? Was there ever a happy time when bacteria "minded their own business", and infection was unknown? So far the Forum Medical Series has described the methods whereby modern science deals with disease. In this supplementary article, Mr. Bradley dips backward into the prehistoric past of our race and far beyond it, in quest of the fatal time and place when disease first began its battle with life.

ONE Neolithic morning a skin clad shaman of France sharpened a crude flint knife. Beside him on a carpet of moss lay a woman, her moans rising above the chatter of a mountain brook nearby. The spirit of evil had long been a prisoner within her, and the man of God was preparing to set it free. Calm in his holy conviction, the priest began his work. Slowly, unheeding the shrieks and writhings of the afflicted woman, he cut through the scalp cruelly and deeply into the skull. Slowly, ever so slowly, the flint bored and cracked out a large circular piece of bone. Gradually, as the devils escaped through the gaping wound, the woman ceased her struggles. Her cries gave way to the low chanting of the priest. A bandage of rough cloth soaked in cold water stemmed the rising hemorrhage and completed the gruesome task. The first surgical operation was finished, — a human skull had been trepanned. Man had drawn sword against disease.

To the student of fossil creatures, the origin of disease is a fascinating subject for speculation. Was there ever flesh without sickness? If so, when and why did sickness creep in? Back in the dusk of the Pre-Cambrian Eras, when the earth began to write history in the rocks, hordes of creatures must have existed. For some reason, perhaps because they had not yet developed hard skeletons, perhaps because of destructive earth movements, there is little trace of them in the rocks. A few, however, have left a dim record of their lives in fossils. The study of these brings out a most significant fact. There was no disease. Bacteria were present but they apparently minded their own business and derived an honest living from lifeless substance. Higher organisms, such as worms and crustaceans, disclose none of the defects which mar their descendants.

Our knowledge of these remote times is limited. So far as we know, it was a world happy in its negativity, a world of waste

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and water. No trees, no grasses, no birds, — only the squirming sea slime and the endless lapping of the waves. No beauty and no eyes to see beauty. No music and no ears to hear music. No Pindar and no pyorrhea! Here was a Garden of Eden for the protoplasm. When did the serpent creep in and failure begin? We do not know, but the serpent brought his poison, and disease crept stealthily into the pores of the living jelly.

Diseaseless Days

In Cambrian days, when the sea mud became the tomb of many creatures, disease was yet unborn. Germs, — bacteria, — still had a social conscience. Infection was unknown. Although this protoplasmic Eden probably existed longer than man has been on earth, it was but a page in the book of life. The flesh revealed its weakness before the Paleozoic Era was half completed. Clams and brachiopods were poisoned by certain waters. Their shells thickened or they became dwarfs. Corals succumbed at the slightest chill. Life has always had a stern time with environment.

But this was not disease as disease is conceived to-day. Disease characteristically is not a struggle of the living with the lifeless, but of the living with the living. A plant attacks an animal or another plant, an animal attacks a plant or another animal. Marauding cells attack law-abiding cells. Such is disease. Maladies began when parasitism began, — when one organism found life easier at the expense of another. No doubt the roots of parasitism go down far beneath the surface where it was first discovered. Protoplasm has always sought the easier way.

The shadow of future catastrophe was cast by the Devonian snail which, tired of wrestling for sustenance in a world of uncertainties, found easy living attached to the anal vent of a crinoid. Easy-going creatures have often developed such easy-going relationships. Among organisms of the present day can be found many examples of partnership, mild dependence, and intimate cooperation, — barnacles that live on whales, little fishes that spend their lives in the body-cavities of sea-anemones, intimate intergrowth of alga and fungus to form a lichen. But relationships of this type are always fraught with danger. One member of the firm may take unfair advantage and, living at the expense of its associate, become a thoroughgoing parasite.

Disease probably germinated in this desire of creatures to cast a common lot. Records are faulty, but they clearly show that down-

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right parasitism soon followed such associations. Familiarity bred contempt and advantage-taking. A sponge and an oyster may live together amicably and helpfully, and often do. But the sponge may become unfaithful and bore into the shell of his partner. Living becomes easier that way, and sponges are notably unscrupulous.

Before the close of the Paleozoic Era, many a partner had cheated. The lower forms were the most lawless. Bacteria, fungi, and molds added to their earlier love of dead flesh a taste for fresh meat. Worms bored into the bodies and stems of crinoids, producing lesions. Bryozoans incrusted brachiopods and strangled life. Parasitism was rife, and disease had entered the world.

Dinosaur Diseases

The medieval era of life saw the innovation of many modern ailments. During this time the force of growth ran riot, culminating in brontosaurus, — forty tons of mildly living protoplasm. Such a hulk furnished happy hunting grounds for disease. The ancient immunity was slowly undermined. Dinosaurs, mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, crocodiles, turtles suffered most of the bone ailments of modern man. The bugbear of focal infection was upon the flesh. One Cretaceous horned dinosaur survived a leg abscess capable of holding several liters of pus. A mosasaur with gout stirs the compassion of the investigator. Moodie, to whom we owe most of our knowledge of Mesozoic diseases, lists fifteen distinct ailments which harassed the reptilian hordes of that day. Tuberculosis, necroses, all sorts of hyperstoses were there. Even rheumatism and pyorrhea! No one can know the ills that dwelt in the soft parts of extinct animals, for decay has prevented any recording; but it is safe to assume that they were at least as common as the bone diseases.

After the dawn of mammalian supremacy in the Eocene Epoch, life was molded slowly to its present form. With modern bodies came modern diseases. A three toed horse from South Dakota had a badly swollen jaw which must have been caused by an infection of long duration. Nearly all varieties of modern fractures are seen in the bones of such early mammals. Even the insects of that day were strikingly modern, and the tsetse flies of the Colorado Oligocene suggest the possibility of early epidemics, such as the dreaded sleeping sickness of Africa. And finally man came into the world with the curse of disease upon his flesh.

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From the earliest traces of ancient man, the digger of fossils can detect indications that all was not well with the flesh. The Java Ape Man, earliest human thus far discovered, undoubtedly suffered from a severe disease of the thigh. The Piltdown man had some malady which altered the bones of his skull. The original Neanderthal man had a fractured ulna. From one burial mound of Neolithic man in France the bones of one hundred and twenty men were taken. Over one-third of the skulls were trepanned. Oddly enough, many of the patients had survived the operation and had lived to die from other causes. Stone Age skulls with as many as five great holes are known. All had healed. The devils of headache and insanity were apparently just as persistent in those days as in these; and although the cure prescribed ten thousand years ago has fallen into disrepute, strangely enough its practice lingers still in a few of the back eddies of human life, — in the South Sea Islands, in northern Africa, in the Andean fastness of Peru.

Trepanation was not the only method used by early man to appease an angry god or to let out an evil spirit. Very early use of the cautery to cure insanity is indicated by skulls seared with boiling oil. In many such cases, violent infections followed the operations and left unmistakable marks. Before 20,000 B.C., Paleolithic man had mutiliated his body by amputation, usually of the little finger. Tattooing and other forms of scarification were practised as commonly as marcelling and rouging to-day, and apparently for the same purpose.

Accidents of war and the chase were frequent in the Old Stone Age. Nearly all types of fractures known to-day are found among the fossil bones of prehistoric man. Many well healed breaks suggest the development of primitive surgery. On the other hand, many deformities produced in the bones by infected wounds and fractures show to what extent early man must have suffered. All sorts of bone lesions have been found. Many of these suggest syphilis, but none prove the presence of that scourge. Tuberculosis, with many other bone ailments, certainly existed among the early Egyptians. Certain mummies present strong evidence of the presence of hardening of the arteries and smallpox. Diseased conditions, whether natural or self-inflicted, prevailed throughout the early history of man.

Wherever the searcher looks among human remains, he finds copious proof of the dreadful suffering which followed both disease

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and its cure. It has always been difficult for a man to die decently of his own private ailments. In those days many patients died from operations otherwise successful.

Coming up into daylight again after our brief descent into the mine of the past we bring with us one bit of ore, — one interesting and surprizing conclusion. There are no new diseases among the extinct backboned animals. Their bones indicate that they suffered from the maladies of modern animals and men. Species may come and go, but the diseases which rack the body go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever.

In spite of its importance to the individual, disease does not control the ebb and flow of races. Before it gained a firm and lasting hold on the flesh, whole dynasties of plants and animals had come and gone, half the history of life had been written. The trilobite, lowly precursor and distant relative of the lobster, long ruled the seas at a time when the ocean was the only home of life. The period of man's dominance shrivels into insignificance when compared with the reign of the trilobite. Yet the trilobite tottered and fell. A remarkable immunity from disease blessed this creature throughout his long career. Even the last surviving genus, which strove against the inevitable, finally passed with flesh untainted. In like manner came and went the thundering saurians of the Mesozoic. Unlike the trilobite, they were sadly agitated by disease. Yet science can not point its finger to a single dinosaur that sickened to premature death. The final disappearance of this great group of land animals is one of the mysteries of evolution.

Does Disease Destroy Races?

Though the scientist is baffled before this great mystery of vanishing races, he doubts that disease was the principal agent of destruction. For in later times when disease was prevalent, recovery was the rule in race and individual. Triumphant as disease may sometimes seem, it is impotent in the face of that vital force which animates all flesh, that physical immortality which flows from one organism to another throughout time. Extinction must lie somewhere in a failure of this force.

The paleontologist, watching the rise and fall of races, sees actors and setting changed but one drama repeated. Thus, like the jaded critic, he knows the end before the final curtain. He has learned that in a changing environment the flesh must likewise change, — or perish. He has learned that flesh has usually chosen

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the ambitious mountain trail of specialization to betterment, — to better hearing, better seeing, better feeling, better adjustment to environment. He marvels at the perfection which such adjustments sometimes attain. But he is not surprized to find extinction at the summit. For nature, unlike the playwright, is partial to tragedy.

If perpetuity is the desideratum of life, then life has persistently chosen the wrong way. A race of corals which attained to a high efficiency for a vigorous life in warm, clear water, perishes when the water becomes cold or muddy. The developed strength of a corpulent, mud wallowing dinosaur becomes its fatal weakness when the swamps are drained, and this because resourcefulness exhausts itself. Organs and ways of life developed under one environment can not be changed in a day to fit entirely different conditions. Only a few organisms have remained so simple, so unstriving, so insignificant as to escape the crushing heel of extinction. The lowly shellfish lingula has endured. It dwelt in the slime of the Ordovician sea and is still in the slime of the Pacific Ocean. It is content in the slime. There it will stay, eluding death, while others strive for efficiency and perish in attainment.

And what of the future of man? Disease tortures him but will probably not eliminate him. The history of vanished races reveals his danger. His brain is the finest flower of evolution, but in its perfection lies the germ of death. He is specialized, — highly specialized, — and specialized creatures must die. Yet the play is just beginning, and before the final curtain man may learn to thwart the Nemesis of the races. If he fails to escape the common fate, it will after all be flesh that fails. And flesh is a considerable nuisance.

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ARABESQUES TUNISIENNES

PEN SKETCHES

BY

THOMAS HANDFORTH

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AU CAFÉ

Mirage of painted dreams and drugged deceits;
By day the café strewn with bundled idlers,
In the night their number doubled,
Numbed by Allah to a sugared fate.

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DANSE DU VENTRE

They are more graceful than a troop
Of antelopes separated from gazelles;
More beautiful than chalky flocks
Which are moving toward the tents.

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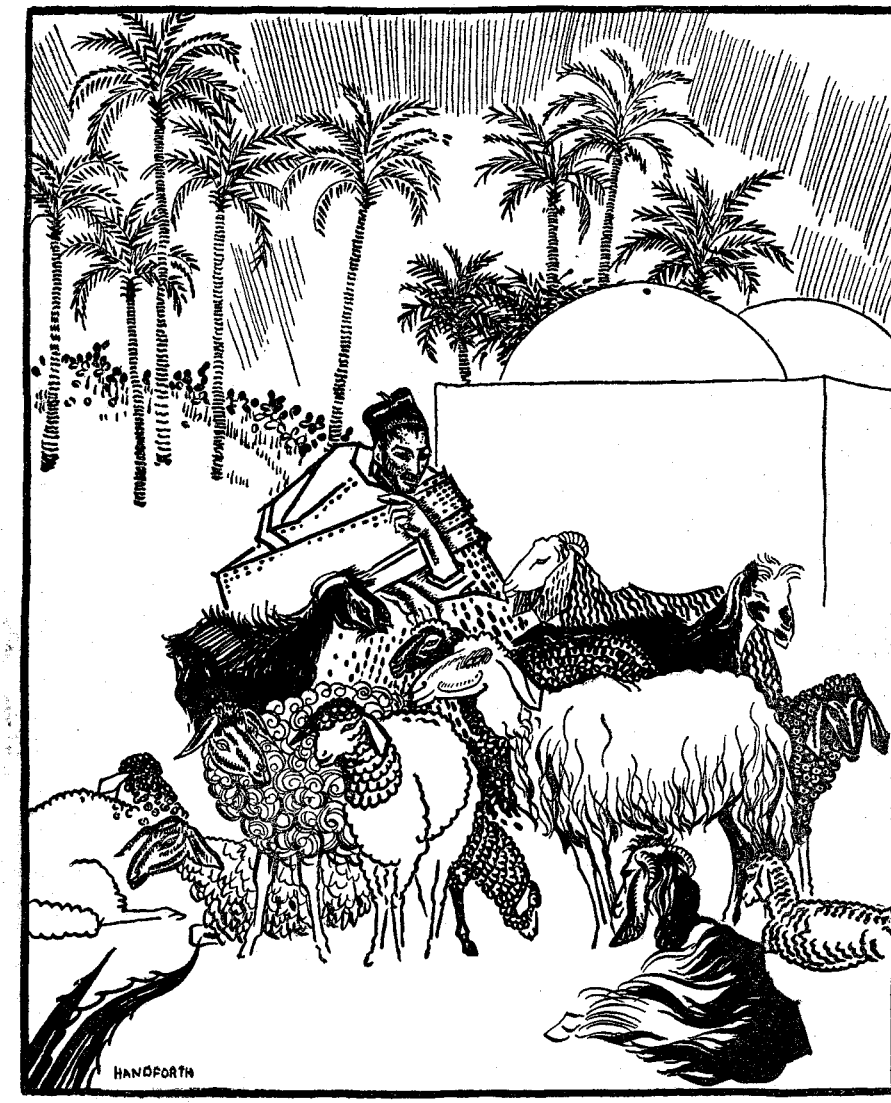

LE BERGER

When it thunders and the sky is overcast
Drive home the sheep, O watchful shepherd!
When it does thunder, — inshallah!
And the sky is overcast, I shall bring home the sheep.

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AU MARCHÉ

As the vultures on their dung heaps,
When they see carrion, fall upon it,
So the Israelites of the market place
Pillage joyously their prey.

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THE TAMING OF A WILD OAT

MELLA RUSSELL MCCALLUM

CHESTER WILLS never missed one of his sisters' squabbles if he could help it. He was listening just outside the dining room door, not precisely eavesdropping, for the girls could see him if they turned around. But he wasn't making any unnecessary noise as he stood there, a tall, snugly fleshed man of seventy, leaning slightly on a cane. His sisters considered him very handsome, but they wouldn't have told him so for anything.

The question under debate was: which cup should they give their grandnephew for his coffee? Fanny favored the cup with the Swiss scene, while May inclined to the Haviland. It was important that the matter be settled at once, for Raymond would arrive to-morrow, and there was a great deal to be done.

May Wills was waiting to wash the company china as soon as Fanny should hand it down to her. She was small and spry and pretty at sixty-five, with smooth, dark hair which she never did anything to keep dark, — of course not! She had spread several layers of newspaper on the square mahogany table, on which sat two dish pans and a small pile of red checked towels. Her soap shaker rattled impatiently.

Fanny, the middle Wills, square and leisurely and gray, was standing solidly on a deal chair in front of the open china closet, the Swiss scene cup in her hand. Griggsville people said that it was Fanny who had the personality of the sisters, and perhaps she had, but there was one advantage May held over her: away back in the past May Wills had been married for two years and naturally widowed. So no matter how much Fanny talked about life, there were things she would never know. It balanced the scales quite well between them.

"He always had his cocoa in this cup," Fanny was saying. "And now that he's grown he'll want his coffee in it."

"Haviland's more stylish." The soap shaker scuttled. "Come, let's get the dishes washed."

"How do you know Haviland's stylish now? It must be twenty years ago your Sunday school class gave you that cup. I didn't see any Haviland at the Barnes wedding last year. All English ware with posies, don't you recall?" Fanny handed down the Swiss scene grudgingly, then a pile of small plates.

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"Haviland may not be so *stylish* as it was, but it will always be in *taste*." May filled her choice with dish water and held it to the light. "Look! You can't see through the old Swiss thing that way." She had Fanny there and she knew it.

"That's perfectly true, — but I think a boy would rather drink from something more *robust*."

"Well, your cup is *robust* enough, but the picture of that shepherd and girl on it is positively *sissy*."

Just at that point Chester had to shift his bad leg. His cane tapped, and instantly the opposing armies ran up truce flags. May started to wash dishes briskly. Fanny stepped down cautiously, — she weighed a hundred and seventy, — and began to dry the dishes.

"I'm willing that he should have his coffee in the Swiss, if you'll let him have his tea in the Haviland," whispered May.

"All right," Fanny whispered back. "Did you put flowers in his room?"

"Yes, — a bowl of tulips."

"Tulips, — in a bedroom?" Fanny's voice came out strong. "You should have put jonquils."

There was a chuckle from the hall.

"Why don't you go after the mail, Chester?" called Fanny tartly.

"Train isn't in. I haven't ever missed the mail yet, have I?"

"No, — nor anything else." Fanny mounted the chair once more.

"I think you're right about the tulips, Fanny," considered May. "They are rather formal for a bedroom. A parlor flower."

Thus, with two important matters settled, they finished the china closet. And May carried out the dish pans, and while she was about it she thought she might as well set the table for dinner. Fanny was already out sweeping the front walk with the second best broom.

May laid four places. They had been setting Raymond's place for a week now, ever since he had written he was coming. Chester, who knew about bridge, called it the dummy place.

Out in the hall Chester was regretfully deciding that the fireworks were over. He took his hat down from the rack, looked at it, and then in it, as though he feared it might not be his, and clapped it firmly on his head. It always was his hat, always had been his hat, and as Fanny said, what was the sense of looking in

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it, — what did he expect to find? Which was a piece of feminine illogic to be ignored, for a woman couldn't be expected to understand why a man looks in his hat.

Chester set off quite jauntily, considering that he had a bad leg. He liked to go for the mail, liked to get away from the everlasting petticoats. Out on the street he was a personage, director in the bank, and president of the school board, — which according to some people explained why Griggsville always had such young and pretty teachers. For to tell the truth, Chester enjoyed a bit of reputation as far as ladies were concerned.

Old Mr. Withers had once seen Chester walking down a street in Boston with a beautiful dark lady who had looked as though she might be *foreign*. Old Mr. Withers had seen it with his own eyes, and although it had been thirty-five years ago, Chester had never contradicted the story. Fanny Wills sniffed about it, and said that for her part she didn't think there was much to Chester's past. But May Wills, with her more authentic knowledge of the wilder sex, pursed her lips.

As Chester turned the corner he looked back at their house. He thought it was a pretty place, although Raymond said that the bay window spoiled the colonial purity. That was what came of letting a boy study architecture. Half-way down the block he saw old Mrs. McCready out trimming her vines, and the sight made him in less need of his cane. Milly McCready had been a pretty girl once, but now she humped out in the wrong places.

"Good morning, Milly," he called. "Raymond's coming home to-morrow."

"You don't say, Chester." The old lady stood with her shears poised. "How does he happen to get a vacation in April?"

That was what Chester wanted, — a chance to explain. "Well, you see one of the members of his firm is taking him abroad next week to study churches. He can spare us just one day."

"My goodness, Chester, — how wonderful!"

Now here was a woman who was properly impressed when he spoke. "Oh, pretty fair for a youngster," he agreed.

"And is the firm paying his expenses, too?"

"Well, no, — I've got to dig down for that part. I can't say that I approve of the plan altogether, but you know what boys are."

Mrs. McCready turned back to her vines, and Chester went on. Before he reached the post-office he complained to five different

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people how he was being stuck for a European trip, — as if it wasn't enough to put a boy through school without all this foreign flummydoodle.

Back in the house with the bay window excitement was mounting steadily. Fanny panted up and down stairs and said she was as nervous as a cat. May's hand kept fluttering in the direction of her heart. It seemed as if each succeeding homecoming was more thrilling than the last. Although they agreed that there had been nothing since to equal the original homecoming, when Raymond had been brought there. Their grandnephew had not been born in Griggsville.

They had had a young brother Tom who had run away to California at sixteen, a black sheep for whom they had mourned in ignorance until twenty-two years ago. Then a letter had appeared from the widow of Tom Wills's only son, saying that she was left all alone in the world with poor health and a baby.

Then there *had* been a to-do in the house with the bay window! Long discussions had ensued about what had better be done. As if there was ever any doubt about what had better be done! And finally Chester had gone grumbling on the long, tiresome, expensive trip to California, — and had had the time of his life. And the girls had stayed grumbling, and talked about how they wouldn't have any more peace, but duty was duty. They had bought a crib, and Fanny had equipped it with pink quilts, and May with blue. And Fanny had held out for muslin sheets against canton flannel.

And at last the strangers had arrived, — and the young widow had turned out to be adorable. And the baby! Something had happened to the Wills girls the minute that baby was brought in. The same something had happened to Chester on the train. It was as if the dry rot started in three hearts had been arrested, while in its place began to grow dreams and plans.

The baby's mother had lived only a year. And that had done something else to the Willses. For the tears shed at her death had been partly for a boy named Tom, who by some mysterious cycle had come back to them.

And then the bringing up of the child! The girls had been so afraid he wouldn't be good, and Chester so afraid he would.

Beginning at the age of four, Raymond's professional future had been crowded. He had been successively a motorman, a fireman, a plumber, and an electrician. Then a kind of perpetual boy

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scout, spending his entire life in the open, building camp-fires without matches. Then an Episcopal rector with a strong brow and influence. Then commerce had called him, — he was delivering orders for a grocery that summer, — and he had decided that there were worse fates in life than running a chain of food stores.

Then somehow he had hit on architecture and stuck to it and secured this job in New York, and settled down, the girls hoped. Although Chester said they couldn't expect him not to sow any wild oats, — a boy had to sow wild oats. Fanny said she didn't see why it was necessary. May said she didn't see *why*, — but men being what they *were*. And she pursed her lips.

And now Raymond was coming home, and they would see for themselves.

When they went to bed that night May called across the hall, "I'm afraid I shan't sleep a wink."

"I don't *expect* to sleep," returned Fanny, as though there would be something disloyal about sleeping.

Chester pounded with his cane. "Can't you girls let a fellow rest?" But both the girls slept before he did.

The girls were abroad early, Fanny in starched blue, May in neat, black check. The house was in perfect order, and flanking Raymond's plate at the table stood the cup with the Swiss scene. Chester had gone to meet the train.

The bay window gave a long view down the street. Ah, there they came, Raymond a trifle shorter than his granduncle, a blond boy in a light overcoat, — and handsomer than ever.

Then Raymond was dropping his bag and rushing at them and hugging them and saying, "Am — I — glad to be — home!" And May was crying a little.

Fanny hung up Raymond's overcoat, and May hung up his hat, and they sent him off to wash while they served the breakfast. And presently the old, square table was balanced with Willses, and before each Wills sat a halved and loosened orange, Raymond's orange slightly larger than the others. And they were all deciding privately that he looked just wonderful.

"Oh, but it's good to be home," said Raymond. And then he pounced on the cup. "Well, if here isn't my old friend." They watched intently. "You know, this cup was my first lesson in sex."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Fanny. It seemed such a strange remark.

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"The girl's waiting to be kissed, you know. Poor thing, she's no closer to it than she ever was. Alpine technique must be slow."

That was witty, the girls thought, although they didn't know just why he used the musical term "technique". But Chester was guffawing, so it must be one of those masculine matters. A shadow scudded across their hearts. If only they could have kept him a little boy!

"Well, pass it when you're ready for your coffee," said Fanny.

"I'm ready right now, aunt Fanny." Raymond handed her the cup, and an engaging little-boy smile at the same time. "To tell the truth, I'm rather in need of coffee this morning."

"You must be, after that long ride on the train," put in May.

"Oh, it isn't that." Raymond looked around at them deliberately and spoke seriously. "I've decided to be very frank with you people."

There was a silence. What could he mean?

"But, of course, Raymond," fluttered May. "Why shouldn't you be frank with us?"

"Well, most men aren't, and it's what's the trouble with the world. I don't want to shock you, or anything like that, but I've changed a lot this winter. *I've learned to think!*"

The air trembled with expectation.

"I've concluded that life should be faced squarely, and that people should be honest with each other. And this is a good time to begin, — at home, like charity." His smile beamed forth. "The reason I need my coffee is because I have a bit of a hang-over this morning."

"My goodness, what's that?" demanded his aunts.

"Ask Chester, — he knows," laughed Raymond.

Chester forgot and sugared his orange a second time. He was flattered by the insinuation, but he was annoyed, too. "No use corrupting 'em, boy," he remarked airily. "What they don't know won't hurt 'em." The girls always hated that remark of Chester's.

"That's where you're wrong, Chester." Raymond had always addressed his granduncle as a contemporary. "What they don't know *will* hurt them, because it makes for misunderstanding between the sexes. So I'll explain, if Chester won't. A hang-over, my dears, is the result in varying degree of liquor taken the day before."

"Oh," said Fanny, but May's "Oh" didn't come through.

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"I don't feel sick or anything like that," went on Raymond. "But the last stuff Bonnie got in wasn't up to par."

Chester speared a twist of bacon. "I'd advise you to change the subject."

"No, he should not change the subject," spoke up Fanny. "If Raymond's been doing wrong it's right that he should tell us."

"*Wrong!*" The babyish blue eyes snapped open. "I haven't been doing wrong. I merely remarked that the last stuff Bonnie got in wasn't up to par, and it's given me a hang-over, that's all."

"And who," demanded Fanny, "is Bonnie?"

"Oh, she's a friend of mine. I spend quite a bit of time at her studio. Please pass the butter. These muffins are swell."

"Then she's an artist," said May.

"Not a painting artist. Any one can have a studio in New York. But Bonnie *is* an artist, — in the art of living."

"How old is she?" asked May.

"Oh, around thirty-five, I should say. — What are you kicking me for, Chester?"

"But Raymond," said Fanny, "what could you possibly have in common with a woman of thirty-five?"

"I can't stand flappers. In my opinion a woman isn't interesting until she's well into the thirties. Why, I'd rather talk to you and Aunt May here than any immature girl on earth."

Now that was all very flattering and fluttersome to the loving hearts of his two aunts, but it wasn't important, not just now. Fanny spoke. "Well, I must say I think it's a fine to-do if you've taken to drinking in New York City, — and with a woman."

"Good gracious, I haven't 'taken to drinking'. We've never been teetotalers, have we? What about your home-made wine, Aunt Fanny?"

"Oh, that, — a sip or so when there's company, —"

"Well, I've had a hang-over from your wine. Don't you remember last Christmas? Only you said it 'didn't agree with my stomach'. How about that bottle of Three Star Chester keeps in his room?"

"May and I have never approved of Chester's keeping a bottle in his room."

"Neither do I," said Raymond. "He ought to keep it down here on the sideboard. I wonder where the idea got started that you should hide your liquor."

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They stared at him. He sat there, apparently unconcerned, Nero buttering a muffin while Rome burned.

"Of course if a person wants to make a mystery about a thing," — the words were slightly mixed with muffin, — "it's his privilege. But believe me, it's this mystery business that's responsible for most of the sins of the world. That's what I'm trying to get at. Be honest. Don't do anything you're ashamed of and do openly what you do do. Please pass the butter."

If the elder Willses had been less upset they might have noticed something of bravado about the cheerfulness with which their darling uttered these amazing remarks. But all they saw was the tremendous earnestness. And they were so astounded, and there was suddenly so terribly much to be said, that none of them said anything. The breakfast proceeded with brittle calm.

"What do you want to do to-day, Raymond?" asked Fanny. "We want you to have a good time on your one day home."

"I don't want to do anything in particular. Go down to the post-office with Chester and visit with you girls. Maybe call on one of my old flames this evening, — unless there's a game going on. Are you still playing in the 'Times' back room, Chester? What are you kicking me again for? I guess the girls know about that game."

"We ought to by this time," said Fanny. "But I never blamed Chester for not advertising it."

At that the blaze of reformation broke forth again. "Aunt Fanny, don't you realize that when you say a thing like that, you're advocating the old double standard, which thinking people have discarded?"

"Double fiddlesticks," said Fanny. "If I did a thing I was ashamed of, I'd keep it quiet, too."

Chester was moving about uneasily in his chair. He had been playing poker in the "Times" back room for thirty years and he often jingled mysterious funds to tantalize the girls, but never before had the matter been mentioned openly in his household. What on earth was the matter with Raymond?

"I don't imagine Chester's ashamed," went on Raymond. "Why should he be? Games of chance are as old as history. They have always exercised a natural fascination over the human race, and therefore I say that this secrecy business is deplorable. Now my motto is, don't do anything you're ashamed of and do openly what you do do. I lost my good cuff links in a pot two weeks ago,

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but I intend to buy them back, of course." He glanced down at a sleeve-button that had a decidedly Woolworth glitter.

"I noticed you weren't wearing your nice links," said Fanny. "But of course I wouldn't *ask*."

"Why not? You can ask me anything, and I'll tell you frankly."

Then it was that Chester Wills shoved back from the table sharply, and limped upstairs, leaving his napkin for one of the girls to fold.

"Oh, Raymond, you've hurt his feelings," May reproached him.

"I'm sorry," muttered the boy, — and he looked sorry. "I might have known, — " But he didn't finish what he might have known.

Thus ended the strangest breakfast ever eaten in the house with the bay window.

The girls went upstairs to help Raymond get settled in his room. He had brought them each a box of candy and a pipe for Chester, and there was a new blue pin check shirt in his bag that May admired, although Fanny said that for her part she preferred the white one he was wearing. They exclaimed over his neckties, and asked him if he thought he would be warm enough with just two blankets on the bed. And Raymond looked around the low room that had always been his, with its stiff chintz drapes and hooked rugs, and again expressed his pleasure at being home.

There were some old prints on the walls, of ladies with hoops and much manner, and Raymond saluted them and called them, "My old girls." But the joke fell a little flat on his adoring aunts this morning. He sat down in a rush bottom chair and lit a cigarette. May hurried to bring him an ash tray.

On the way downstairs May whispered to Fanny, "Do you think he meant all he said?"

"I don't know," said Fanny.

For two minutes Raymond smoked moodily. "They told me it couldn't be done," he muttered. "But I was sure the old dears were intelligent enough, — " He jumped up and went down the hall and knocked on his granduncle's door.

"Come in," shouted Chester.

Raymond went in and looked around hesitatingly. Chester Wills lay sprawled in an armchair, his bad foot extended on a stool. Over in one corner stood the old, walnut secretary where a

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little boy had once drawn pictures and cut papers. In the left hand small drawer of the secretary there used to be peppermints. Raymond wondered fleetingly if there were any there now.

"I'm sorry I offended you, sir."

"You're a damned fool," said Chester. "Don't you know you can't talk that way to women?"

Raymond was silent.

"Why don't you speak up to me?" demanded Chester.

"I realize I said too much. But, — the day is past when there has to be special conversation served to ladies."

"Huh? What's that?"

"Intelligent women are facing things nowadays, Chester, and I consider my aunts very intelligent."

"Your aunts are the finest women on God's earth, — but there are certain matters we don't mention before them."

"I don't see why not."

"You don't see! *Good*, — *God!*" Chester brought his cane down twice. "Why didn't you come to me with your fine tales of drink and women and gaming? You wouldn't have shocked me. I never wanted you to be a goody-goody."

"Then what is it that does shock you, Chester?"

"For you to go upsetting them, — "

"I suppose I should have come to you, and made a secret of it, and we'd smack our lips over the flavor of forbidden fruit! Well, Chester, all I've got to say is, you've got me dead wrong. I'm not ashamed of what I do and I do openly what I do do."

"I seem to recall that remark of yours." Chester struggled to his feet, waving back Raymond's move to assist him. "Well, shall we go for the mail?" he suggested grimly.

Under the circumstances it did seem a sensible thing to do, and they set off together. And Fanny ran out with a list of groceries for them to get, but really to see if they had made up. And they hadn't, she reported to May.

What on earth *ailed* Raymond?

Dinner was as queer as breakfast had been, what with a mighty rallying of spiritual forces all around. Chester kept them waiting for ages while he sharpened the carving knife, and May poured Raymond's tea in the Haviland, and Raymond made the remark that he had always considered it such a pretty cup. And there was a salad with Russian dressing which May had learned to make from a magazine and a marvelous fluffy, fruity dessert. And Ray-

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mond told them about the opera and the Metropolitan Museum and how he intended to improve his mind in Europe.

At the mention of Europe Fanny and May turned slightly sick. If New York had undermined him, what would not Europe, — a notoriously loose place, — do?

After dinner, while May went up to take her nap, and Chester limped away on some self-imposed errand, Fanny Wills could stand it no longer. She asked Raymond to come out in the kitchen. They sat down, and Raymond lit a cigarette.

"Gee, I haven't been stealing cake, Aunt Fanny," laughed Raymond nervously.

"I want you to tell me all about your life in the city, Raymond."

"Well, — if I can. The last thing I did at the office was to help get forty bath rooms into forty apartments without using up any floor space. You know the only place they let an architect use floor space in a New York apartment is downstairs in the hall. Tenants aren't supposed to need any room to hang up their clothes or wash in."

"I want to know about this person you call Bonnie."

"Oh! It's queer, isn't it, about that word 'person'. When you use it, Aunt Fanny, it has a distinctly unpleasant flavor, and yet it's a splendid, unsentimental word. Bonnie is a delightful person."

"An unmarried lady, I presume?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know. That's another thing about New York, — no one is concerned with past history. It's personality that counts there. Bonnie may have a husband, — I dare say she did at one time, — but whether she has one now, I haven't a ghost of an idea and I'm not curious."

"How is she introduced to people?"

"As *Miss*, — Miss Helburn is her name. But that means nothing in New York."

Fanny Wills felt herself going round in circles, sensed the need of concentration. Her eyes clutched on the range, solid and polished, with red checked towels hanging above. Yet at the moment she couldn't have sworn that the range was there at all.

"Are you, — fond of her?"

"Very."

"In love with her?"

"I don't think so. That's a phrase you don't believe much in,

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after your eyes are open. She's been wonderful to me, helped me in my work and everything. I suppose you might say she's been an inspiration. But that's rather old-fashioned, too."

"And, — are you an inspiration to her also?"

Raymond got up and extinguished his cigarette under the water tap, then began to walk about with his hands in his pockets. "Good Lord, Aunt Fanny, how do I know? I suppose she must like me or she wouldn't have me around."

"What does she look like?"

"Oh, she's quite tall and slender and dark and wears jolly clothes. She's not a type at all. She has a beautiful, humorous mouth and sad eyes. A woman with experience always looks rather sad, you know."

"Of course," agreed Fanny unexpectedly. "But you've had so few years of experience yourself, Raymond. I, — I hate to have you run around with any one so old."

"I told you I couldn't endure girls. They're so vacant."

Fanny concentrated on the stove again. "I, — hope you aren't thinking of marrying her."

"Good heavens, no! She wouldn't have me anyway. She doesn't believe in marriage any more than, — "

"Go on!"

" — than I do!"

The range and all the other kitchen equipment sailed out the window, leaving Fanny Wills stranded in air. She gazed at the harmless looking boy before her. Her own voice floated in from somewhere outside.

"Why don't you believe in marriage, Raymond?"

"Oh, gee! Do you really want my views on the subject?"

"Certainly I do. I'm, — very much interested."

"Well, — to begin with, marriage has always been an economic contract for the management of property and its inheritance. Read history. It was necessary in the old days and is still for the majority of people. But I belong to the minority who are getting away from all that. We don't think it's right to put two people in prison together for life, and divorce is only a temporary remedy. Now on the Continent they more or less recognize this fact."

"This is America," came Fanny's feeble voice.

"America, — yes! Hotbed of sentimentalism! Birthplace of Pollyanna! — *Why, Aunt Fanny!*"

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For Fanny Wills had suddenly started to cry, her hands covering her face, her body shaking. "Oh, Raymond, — I don't understand you at all. You're breaking my heart!"

Then it was that a truly disturbed boy put his arms around her, and when her sobs did not cease, went down on his knees and laid his head in the lap that had always been his haven.

"I'm sorry, — I'm sorry! I wouldn't have hurt you for worlds, — but you wanted the truth! You were always so afraid I'd sow wild oats, — and I haven't, *I haven't!* I'm not ashamed of anything I do, Aunt Fanny, and I do openly what, — "

At the recurrence of that phrase Fanny's hands came down from her own face and cupped Raymond's. She gazed at him. "Oh, Raymond, we tried to do our best with you."

"But the world's changing, and a fellow hates to be a hypocrite."

They could hear May stirring in the room above. Fanny wiped her eyes and nose and gathered up the wreckage of herself and kissed him and told him to get up. "I'll try to get used to it, Raymond, — as long as you seem so sincere."

There was another question she was dying to ask but she didn't dare for fear he would say yes. Had he been making love to this Bonnie person?

"You, — you won't do anything you ought not to, will you?" she asked instead.

"I certainly shall not," he said emphatically.

May was coming downstairs now, and Fanny suddenly decided that they needed cookies and began to bustle about the pantry. Raymond lit a cigarette. May came in with her face all funny with powder, — Lord, she'd been crying, too!

"I think I'll take a walk," Raymond said.

And as he strode about the quiet streets, with the trees almost meeting overhead, and looked at the old houses in their deep, quiet yards, he told himself ruefully that perhaps there was something to be said for hypocrisy, after all.

Supper. Hot biscuits and syrup, with four Willses being gay in an atmosphere so brittle that it cracked. And after supper Chester marshaling them all down to the movies, where they sat four in a row, and old friends came over and shook hands with Raymond and congratulated him on the trip to Europe. And after the show, cookies and milk, and a concerted movement toward bed.

Raymond couldn't sleep. After a while he got up and knocked

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on Chester's door. Chester was reading, at least he held a paper in his corded hands.

He looked feeble, lying there under the electric light at the head of the bed. The ache that had kept Raymond awake became a stabbing pain.

"I came to tell you, sir, that I can't accept your money for the trip. I'm going to cancel it."

"Damn you, — go to bed!" said Chester.

And Raymond went. And felt just *terrible*, lying there, — yet a speck noble, too. For after all, he had merely expressed his profound principles.

The Summer that followed was a rather dreadful time in the house with the bay window. To the town the Willses presented a solid front, and showed Raymond's letters to their friends, letters with cute drawings of chateaux and cathedrals scattered through them. But among themselves!

Then at the end of Summer, after a dearth of mail, came a wireless:

EVELYN AND I ARRIVE GRIGGSVILLE SEPTEMBER FIFTH RAYMOND

As they read it and looked at one another, it seemed as if they were insensible to further shock. The worst had happened. The wireless could mean but one thing. Had not Raymond declared that he did not believe in marriage? And did not disbelief in marriage imply adherence to the doctrine of, —

But they didn't say *what* doctrine, not out loud. It was too dreadful, those two four-lettered words that one hurried over quickly when one ran across them in novels.

However, duty was duty, and a homecoming was a homecoming. The fifth was to-morrow, and Fanny took out the rugs, and May made chocolate cake. And it was decided that Chester might mention to old Mrs. McCready that they had invited one of Raymond's young lady friends up for a little visit.

But where should they put this *Evelyn?* Just what was the conventional thing in a case like this? The girls consulted Chester about it, for after all Chester was a man of the world. And Chester barked out, "You'll put her in the guest room, — that's where you'll put her! *And lock her in!*"

And Chester limped off to meet the train, while the girls watched from the bay window. Yes! — Three figures were

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approaching! *Merciful heaven! The person had her arm linked through Chester's!*

"You don't suppose, — " gasped May.

"It couldn't be that, — " gasped Fanny.

But it was. Raymond hugged them and introduced his wife at the same time. Such a young wife, a mere child with big, gray eyes, — awfully inexperienced looking and unsaddened. And to their eternal credit be it said, the Wills girls carried it off.

When they sat down to breakfast they gave the Haviland cup to Evelyn. As May said afterward, Evelyn was like Haviland. And it came out that Raymond hadn't intended to surprize them. He had written more than two weeks ago, explaining how he was marrying his employer's daughter, who had come over to Paris with her mother in July. The letter was that moment lying in the Griggsville post-office.

Raymond questioned his aunts privately in the kitchen after breakfast, while Evelyn was unpacking. "What did you think when you got my wireless?"

"Oh, we knew you were married, — *of course*."

Raymond lit a cigarette. "Then you didn't take me too seriously last Spring. I was afraid you did, — although I was sincere enough at the time." He spoke musingly, as one who looks back on unbelievable conduct. "I, — I guess I trained with a pretty radical bunch last Winter."

"Those, — those theories of yours, — they were just a *phase*, weren't they?" asked May.

A chuckle sounded behind them. "Sure, they were a phase. Didn't I always say so?" growled Chester. "In my day they used to call it wild oats, — only we didn't take 'em so confounded hard!"

"You weren't ever really, — *wild*, were you, Raymond?" breathed May.

The air trembled with expectation.

"No use corrupting 'em, boy. What they don't know won't hurt 'em."

Raymond grinned. And presently he and Chester went off to get the mail.

"Now we'll never know," sighed May, pursing her lips.

"Oh, well, —" said Fanny.

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The Devonshire Coast

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

THE PRODIGAL

A CLUMSY, drudging tug and a schooner like a queen
Edging down the harbor where the shrill gulls sweep,
Shattering the smooth swell, sullen grayish-green,
Heading for the fog-fringed deep . . .
Beauty and the Beast! See the schooner spread her sails, —
Dainty lissome lady in a snowy ruffled cloak, —
Dancing out to sea, — then the raucous whistle wails,
And the tug grunts back through the smoke . . .

She will meet romance, — know the music of the breeze,
Music of the mad waves, ardor of the sun,
Storm, and strife, and languor, with the red moon through the trees
Witching when the far port's won . . .
She will meet romance, — then, buffeted and spent,
Proud robes stained and tattered, when she's had her way,
Humbly will she hail the tug, — yield, in meek content,
To the grave, blunt lord of the bay!

— *Harold Willard Gleason*

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THE CRY OF THE LOON

WHERE dim poplars lean
Against the round, green moon,
From inky, watery stillness rises
The cry of the loon,
The maniac laughter of the loon.

And the leaning poplars shiver
And the pale-face, cowardly moon
Hides behind the gloaming wheat-lands
At the cry of the loon,
The wild laughter of the loon.

Shrieking echoes gibber and wane
Above the black lagoon.
Reverberating irony, —
The cry of the loon,
The empty laughter of the loon, —

Casts over all the night
Horrors that swoon
Like souls lost on the way to Hell.
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" jeers the loon, —
The death-laughter of the Loon.

— *Richard Warner Borst*

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FOR SCHOLARS

MY figures are "excited", —
So good people say,
But the sky's excited
Each time it writes a day!

God who made the Dodo
Surely loves a joke.
"Ha!" the thunder shouted
When it hewed the oak.

May makes coral-colored
Metaphors of trees;
August loves the lightning's
White hyperboles.

Tigers are a bonfire, —
Only moles are grey.
One can't take a world like this
As donkeys munch their hay.

Sunset is a burning bush, —
God is in the flame.
If my words are fierce and gay
His peacock is to blame.

— *E. Merrill Root*

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WIVES IN POLITICS

The Publicity Value of Matrimony

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"YES," said Senator Reed in opening the senatorial campaign for Harry B. Hawes in Missouri last Fall, "I am going to talk about Mrs. Hawes, too. You women *would* get into politics." And the Senator launched into a eulogy of the distinguished ancestry of the candidate's very gracious and charming wife.

Whether a logician would see any connection between the heroic efforts of Mrs. Catt or Dr. Shaw to make women into voters and the ancestry of a candidate's wife may be debatable. Whether the Senator meant to imply that women voters were under the impression they were voting for the wife of a candidate; whether the Senator meant to suggest that the terms women in politics and wives in politics are synonymous; whether, indeed, he would limit women's activities in politics to being wives of candidates, is not clear. But what is apparent from the context of his remark is that not only does he consider wives suddenly and newly come into politics but that he considers this arrival in some way due to woman suffrage.

Nor is this astute gatherer of votes the only person who would seem to believe that wives of candidates are in politics. A very casual study of the magazines and newspapers of the past four years must plant the suspicion, — if not lead to the conclusion, — that editors and publicity agents alike see the wives of candidates in a new and burning light. If this were not sufficient evidence, there are the tactics of the candidates' wives.

It was only three years ago that the wealthy wife of a candidate for the Senate refused to take any part in her husband's campaign. I well remember the question put to me by the woman leader of his party in his state, a woman with a large following and a devoted member of the organization: "And, sure, why should I work for his election if his own wife does not care enough about it to work?"

How different the case to-day. Not every wife, 'tis true, accompanies her husband on his tours, — as does Mrs. Hawes, — meeting the women and giving a demonstration of a perfect

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domestic partnership. Not many wives go on the stump making speeches for their husbands as did Mrs. Wheeler. Only a very few become National Committeewomen as did Mrs. Pattangall when her brilliant husband stood for Governor of Maine. There is only one Alice Roosevelt bringing a front-page newspaper value all in her own right, a rich personal acquaintance to further her husband's political fortunes. And there are not many Ruth McCormicks able to put an astute political mind and unique political experience at their husbands' service. But there are literally hundreds of candidates' wives capitalizing their charm or womanliness or neighborliness for their husbands' success at the polls.

"What has the vote to do with it?" some one may ask. Did not charming wives always use their charm to make friends for their husbands? One answer is to be found in the newspaper and magazine files of the nineties. One of the most gracious hostesses ever to preside in the White House, Frances Folsom Cleveland, with whom its present charming mistress is often compared, was the wife of a man seeking reelection to the Presidency. Although it was common report that she was beautiful, sweet, kindly, charming; although the papers were deeply concerned with her trousseau and her entertainments and all her public appearances, the election came and went without her tastes', her occupations', or her gifts' attaining political importance. Between them and a vote was a wide chasm fixed. In fact, when election time drew near, information about Mrs. Cleveland was scant. Neither her domesticity nor her grace was utilized as campaign material, nor pictured in campaign posters.

It must be acknowledged, however, that there is something to be said for a contrary policy as to the private life of the wife of the President. The white light of publicity beating on acts of wifely devotion and evidences of conjugal congeniality, as well as maternal activities and affections, doubtless does much to sterilize unpleasant rumors and unkind gossip such as those of which Mrs. Cleveland was the victim. While she hid her wifely and maternal virtues behind a screen of personal privacy, unkind critics could give out as facts the fictions of an aberrant imagination.

And yet Mrs. Roosevelt seemed able to avoid the latter evil as well as maintain the privacy of her personal life. It is well known that as soon as possible after her advent to the White

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House, she called the newspaper people together and told them that if they would respect her privacy and keep out of the papers all unauthorized stories about her children and her home life, she would see that they had complete news of every public function and activity. And even when her redoubtable husband was making his picturesque campaign, her face and name never became public property.

Some change in custom as to the publicity that showers upon a candidate's wife may be charged to intense competition for news between the newspapers, to the increase in the public's appetite for such news, and to different publicity methods. Since every and any excuse to get a candidate's name before the public, — his car, his golf, his books, his principles, his hobbies, — are used, his wife, too, may serve.

But this would account only for the newspaper pictures and magazine articles about the wives of candidates. It would not explain the participation of wives in campaigns as cocandidates. It would not explain Senator Reed's speech. It would not even explain the type of article that so frequently appears. For candidates' wives are not now described to readers as of historical interest, as they may once have been. They are presented in the same key as the candidates themselves, their virtues stressed as worthy of a vote, their weaknesses ignored.

Do I seem to exaggerate? Go back to the files again and read an account of Mrs. McKinley before the campaign of 1896, then an account of Mrs. Harding before the campaign of 1920. Pick up any magazine to-day. The contrast is striking, and the reason for it is plain. The editor, the article writer, the campaign manager, the candidate, and the wife herself feel that in some way candidates' wives to-day are in politics as those of yesteryear were not.

The reason for this assumption, — whether it is true or not remains to be proved by votes, — is easy to understand. Faced by the new woman electors, the campaign managers and candidates considered how they might gain their votes. In ignorance of how to go about it, the candidate turns to the partner of his hopes to set his case before her own sex. He has a confused idea that his status as a husband, as a family man, will count with women. And who but his wife can give best evidence of that, if only by the way she looks at him?

Some of the managers theorize further. They have a still more confused idea that women voters, not being informed on issues or

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interested in candidates, will vote according as they like or dislike the wife of the candidate. This is a rather naive idea when you come to think of it, women having been immemorably uninfluenced by the way a man appears to other women, but impressed rather by their ability to judge a man first-hand. And beyond both of these reasons, or as a substitute for them, is the very sufficient one given by the state woman leader. A candidate's wife should show some interest in his candidacy if she expects other women to do so. They will resent being asked to do more than she who is to profit most from his election.

Whatever the cause of this double-harness candidacy, the result shows an interesting effect on campaign tactics. During the last campaign, for instance, one of the most exclusive gentlewomen of the Old South accompanied her "wet organization" husband candidate on his entire tour. Whereas the predecessor of this candidate had set up a private bar in his hotel room and ended his evening's treat with a crap game, which he invariably lost, this candidate had to convey his intimates surreptitiously to the bathroom to sample the bottle, while his wife held court of women in the hotel parlor. It was more than amusing to see the men furtively wiping their mouths and the other women looking on, as the men answered her polite hope that the conference with her husband had been satisfactory.

Sometimes it means lunches for the candidates' wives while husbands are at conferences. Sometimes it means conferences with wives while candidates are shaking hands. Often it means pictures in kitchen aprons and holding babies. Very frequently it means only a demonstration of wifeliness. I know of one instance where all the wife did was to pack the bags, see that the candidate changed his wet clothes after his sweat-producing speech, and smile at him. She did not make a speech or even pretend to shake hands with the women. But no one could see her look at her husband, or catch his answering smile, and doubt their affection. This scotched a lie current in the campaign that he was unfaithful to her.

Sometimes it is more amusing. I recall one couple I watched campaigning in a hotel lobby. Before they left, one or the other had shaken hands with everybody in the room. As I stood by a post the candidate said to me: "Do you know the man my wife is speaking to?" I looked across the hall and recognized her in gushing conversation with a friend of mine whom I promptly named.

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The candidate excused himself and I walked across to my husband. In a few minutes I heard the candidate's voice saying indignantly: "Why, Mother, I am ashamed of you not to remember our good friend Blank." Always interested in such tactics, I watched and presently I saw her cross the hall to join her husband. Coming up behind her I was just in time to hear: "Why, Dad, you don't mean you don't remember our good friend Blink, where we ate the watermelon last year?" By that system they "remembered" every one by name.

The really important result of this double-harness candidacy is its effect on candidates. After all, it is the candidate who will take the office. If we vote for his charming, gentle, or tactful wife, we have really wasted our vote. She may be a cocandidate. She will not be a coofficial. Yet this very appeal of hers may be a smoke screen to conceal from us her husband's inadequacy. And after all, it is by his ability that his official success will be measured.

Pages could be written on the various implications. Once establish the practice of the cocandidacy and what may not happen! It requires but little imagination to picture the possibilities, love's young dream estopped, as men with political ambitions choose wives for vote-getting qualities; candidates chosen because of wife's dressmaker or hair arrangement, all sorts of men "put over" behind the campaigner-wife, homes wrecked because of the cocandidate's failure to deliver.

In all seriousness it may change styles both in wives and in candidates, and how it will handicap women in politics on their own! How shall these wifeless candidates like Judge Florence Allen and Mrs. Norton compete with these cocandidates? Might it not run women candidates "on their own" out of politics altogether? Indeed, why should women run in their own name if matrimony can open the door to candidacy? Undoubtedly, the way of the political wife is less arduous and more remunerative. Indeed, if wifeliness becomes a political virtue, can women enter politics "on their own"? There are thousands of votes for wives to one for a woman "on her own".

There have been charmers in control of governments. The history of monarchy is full of them. But it will remain for a democracy to elect them. An attractive wife is undoubtedly an asset in official as in private life; but consider a government run and officered by womanliness. A charming wife is, indeed, a luxury any

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candidate may deserve to enjoy. But consider making one a necessity of candidacy. The other day a possible nominee for the Presidency was suggested, — an able man, geographically "available" and valuable. "Ah, but his wife," said one of the politicians, "she is so queer that women will not like her. She has no charm."

Shades of Abraham Lincoln! Must we take the lesser men because they can not offer us cocandidates? Or are the managers, the candidates, and the wives mistaken in the voters? Do they want wives in politics?

ALFALFA SONG

ACROSS the blue alfalfa field
Your eyes of blue I see;
With dancing words in them concealed,
Your eyes are calling me.

A glimpse of Heaven to earth revealed,
A stray from Paradise;
Across the blue alfalfa field
You call me with your eyes.

— *Cora A. Matson Dolson*

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CHRISTIANITY VERSUS MISSIONS

EDWARD H. HUME

WILL China reject Christianity? No, says the former President of Yale-in-China, who gives us here a new interpretation of the present crisis. The signs which Dr. Hu Shih interpreted as the death rattle appear to Dr. Hume as birth throes of a naturalized Christian Church in China. He predicts that the crisis will be followed by a severing of the dependence which now binds the Chinese Church to its Western mother, and by the departure from the land of the mid-wifely missionary whose care has ended.

THERE can be no doubt in the minds of thoughtful observers that the Christian movement in China has come to a parting of the ways. The simultaneous rise of a nationalist spirit and the flight of hundreds of foreign missionaries from the land have already been made the basis of predictions that Christianity in China is at an end. But let us not go so fast. A physician may see that his patient has reached a crisis without predicting a necessarily fatal outcome, and so it is with the present crisis of Christianity in China. One's judgment in the matter depends upon the definition of Christianity he postulates for himself. We shall do well, therefore, to clarify our thinking at the outset by asking what Chinese understand when we use the term, "Christianity."

Chinese distinguish at least three elements in the term. First, they say, Christianity may be described as an expression of the dynamic spirit of the founder of the Christian religion. Here, too, we must distinguish between force that is catastrophic and explosive, on the one hand, and force that is quiet, persistent, unobtrusive, on the other, like the power in a trickling stream or a tiny rootlet. While Jesus frankly admitted that his teaching might frequently prove divisive, by reason of its innate challenge to adventurous spirits, his claim to leadership was often worded in such phrases as, "Come unto me; I am meek and lowly," "I am the light," "I am food," "I am the way, the truth, and the life." These are dynamic descriptions, but they describe power that is transforming rather than explosive.

In the second place, Christianity may be thought of in terms of its structure, as a formal organism built up of creeds, liturgies, and a complex administrative machinery. However valuable

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these elements may be, one wonders if it is not to them that Dr. Hu Shih refers (THE FORUM, July, 1927) when he asserts that in the new China "Christianity is facing opposition everywhere".

Finally, Christianity as seen by the average Chinese, may connote the philanthropic activities of its emissaries, — schools, hospitals, orphanages, and the like.

Bearing in mind these three elements, we find that the present activity of those who are responsible for spreading Christianity in China starts from certain basic purposes and moves toward certain objectives. In general, the aim of missions is to get men to become followers of Jesus, to organize groups known as churches, and to cooperate, as representatives of the foreign boards that sent them, with the local Chinese Christian forces in many constructive and benevolent enterprises. Up to the present, these enterprises have been set up by foreigners, manned by foreigners, and financed by foreign boards that operate from across the ocean. With the rising tide of nationalism in China to-day, we may question whether it is not these evidences of foreignism that are arousing opposition, rather than any inherent weakness in the Christian message and the Christian philanthropic spirit which brought them into being.

Indeed, this is precisely what the leaders of the Christian movement in China are now discovering. The old order has disappeared. There can not, in the old terminology, be any continuance of "foreign missions" in that land. Their very foreignness has been their undoing. Only recently an officer of one of the strongest American mission boards, just returned from China, said: "Let us be grateful that so much of the old structure we built has been pulled down. Let us hope that it will never be reerected!" The isolation of the foreign controlled Christian enterprise in China must end.

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No longer can the old "compound wall" remain, whether it enclose a church, a hospital, or an educational establishment, as a symbol of the seclusiveness of the foreigner.

But a recognition of the crisis does not imply a fear that Christianity will disappear. On the contrary, the great mass of the Chinese people are friendly to Christianity, — friendly, not only because many of its children are taught in Christian schools or treated in mission hospitals, but because the foreign representatives of Christianity, with all their weaknesses, have been friendly, neighborly folk. China knows and appreciates what the Christian movement has done to bring about a new social order. It is commonly recognized that the great social reforms of to-day, — the campaigns against foot-binding and concubinage, against child slavery and intemperance, — are largely the product of Christian impulse, initiated by the missionaries. More than that, the Christian movement rests upon large numbers of transformed individuals, who are a spiritual force in the land.

No, Christianity remains a vital force in China to-day. The very opposition to its foreign elements may be the needed factor in aiding its naturalization. This does not mean, however, that the Christian movement will emerge from the present crisis without radical modification. If the movement is to survive in China, it must be adapted to its environment. In its effort to bring about the regeneration of the Chinese individual, Christianity must bear in mind his intimate connection with the social group, — a social group far more powerful and conservative than any we know in the West, — and must see to it that the individual's relation to the group is made vital and helpful. Christianity must also be alert to recognize the ethical and spiritual values present in the local environment, particularly in the indigenous religions. And above all, it must never become stagnant; it must be a working force that goes forward to transform and purify.

For this new adjustment not compromise, but cooperation, is demanded. Probably the most potent cause of the uprooting of Nestorian Christianity in China during the ninth century was its tendency to compromise with the religions it found in the land. What is needed now is the realization that the quest for religious reality is a common quest, one which can be fully attained only when men of different races and of diverse temperaments make common cause and seek together.

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Up to the present time, the West has never fully comprehended the Oriental attitude toward religion. One of the most striking things in every-day China is the syncretism of religions visible everywhere. Religion as men of the West view it, — whether they be Roman Catholics or Protestants, — is exclusive, intolerant. The Chinese is hospitable to any religion, as he is to any guest. Again, religious emphasis is quite different in China and in the West. Ask a New Englander what he means by Christian qualities and he will name the Spartan traits of truth, discipline, courage, endurance. The Chinese religious soul will be responsive, on the contrary, to those elements in the Sermon on the Mount which the New Englander has scarcely thought of, — poverty in spirit, meekness, humility.

Once more, the militant spirit in religion is remote from Chinese thought. China was more readily won by the Buddhist pilgrim, who came without ostentation, who lived simply as one of the people, who identified himself with the spirit and traditions of China. No wonder an Oriental inquires whether the spirit of display so evident in a Billy Sunday or an Aimée McPherson typifies the Western attitude toward religion. One is tempted to wonder whether many of our Oriental visitors, who spent impressionable college years in our midst, may not have been emotionally stirred by some such pulpit orator, only to turn away on mature reflection, almost in disgust, from such conceptions of religion.

If Western Christianity is now to attempt to understand the Oriental mind, it must be prepared to ask itself how much of its imported religious forms it will require the Chinese to accept. There is little doubt that one of the major reasons for the disappearance of the work of the Franciscans from China in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was the extremely foreign character of the enterprise launched in 1294 by John of Monte Corvino. As a matter of fact, nothing is more refreshing to-day than to find an increasing readiness in Christian bodies to encourage the development of a thoroughly native form of organization in China.

It is safe to say, therefore, that the endurance of the Christian movement in China will depend upon its capacity to become naturalized. We may say that the extent to which Christians support and participate in the new nationalist movement will be one of the deciding factors in accelerating the process by which Christianity becomes naturalized there. Not on their party

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allegiance, but on their whole-hearted sharing in the larger movement that is working to build in China a free, modern state, — will Chinese Christians be judged in the present crisis; and as they are judged, so will Christianity be judged.

Already the Christian movement in China has passed through two stages. The first was when Western Christians still sang:

> Shall we whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we, to men benighted,
> The lamp of light deny?

This was the stage when the West directed the Christian movement in China. The second, and comparatively recent, stage has seen the growth of cooperation in Christian activity. The local church is becoming autonomous, although the mission has still functioned as the representative of the mother organization in the West.

Must we not now frankly admit that a third stage is at hand, — one in which the mission will wholly disappear? With this stage, the Christian movement will work in cooperation with the new national spirit, and in turn will receive recognition as a vitalizing force. The Christian Church of the West will offer men and women for such service as Chinese leaders may designate. They will be appointees-at-large, ready to take such posts and offer such cooperation as the developing situation may require. President Ernest Burton of Chicago said, shortly before his death: "Let us dare to put the leadership of the task into the hands of the Chinese. They may bungle it for a while. Very well. Better let them bungle it than keep it in our own hands, for it will always be bungled as long as we keep control of it."

How, then, is leadership to be vested in the Chinese? What will be the relationship between the mission and the Chinese Church? How is Christianity in China to be linked with that in other parts of the world?

Many plans are being formulated,

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many experiments made; and they all point to more constructive fellowship rather than more comprehensive organization. As from a new beginning, it is the evolution of a Chinese Christian movement, adjusted to local environment. In such a movement, neither liturgy nor creed, neither church organization nor Christian philanthropy, shall be the criterion of growth, but only an endeavor to understand and exemplify the inner spirit of Jesus.

To those accustomed to highly organized church government, particularly of the episcopal type, the Christian enterprise in China can not well become integrated with its Western allies unless it loses its amorphousness and takes very definite corporate form. To this condition the Eastern Christian, from China and India, replies: "If Christianity is a thing of form rather than of the spirit, I am not sure about committing myself to it." That is, he is skeptical about the extent to which he will be granted complete religious autonomy by the Western churches.

He fears, for example, that they may reserve to themselves the right to decide when full autonomy shall be granted, as well as the right to decide how the bonds of fellowship between Eastern and Western churches shall be maintained. He detects in some an unwillingness to dissociate the question of church autonomy from that of financial assistance during these days of the struggle for existence.

He discovers that "the mission" still persists in many cases even when the local church is released from foreign control; and this persistence of parallel organization makes him fear that Western churches are not fully confident of the ability of Chinese churches to function in a really independent way. And finally, when the local church tries to indicate which Western missionaries it really desires and which ones are not adapted to the new day in China, inadequate attention is paid to these wishes. In other words, the solution of the problem depends largely on the extent to which autonomy is sought and fostered, and on the character and attitude of the emissaries who come to China as representatives of Western Christianity.

When a Chinese philosopher asserts that rationalism is the great liberator of human thought, one is inclined to reply: "Yes, from the accretions that have gathered from time immemorial about the religious spirit of man. But not from religion itself, for in every land and in every age, however beset by human fallibility, the spirit of man reaches out to the realities of religion and

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finds in them, as he may in the teachings of science, an expression of the quest for eternal truth."

After all, the question is not wholly a Chinese question. Much of the issue depends, not upon what happens in China, but upon what happens in the West. If the West gives evidence that Christianity can continue and increase as a vital force in modern civilization, its course in China will be more sure. But if the West discards Christianity, as some Orientals believe it is doing, then it is scarcely likely that China will accept and develop it for herself.

If the Christian movement in China becomes truly a spiritual Chinese movement, in which the West cooperates but claims no control and asks for no recognition, nothing can retard its progress. If Christianity can lay emphasis on its power to interpret the spirit of Jesus, and if the Western missionary can remain in China in the spirit of Him who said: "I am among you as one that serveth," — conditions whose fulfilment seems both possible and likely, — we may say of its life in China: "It has only begun."

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THE SENATE AS CENSOR

SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH

THE Senate's right to investigate has been questioned. But in the opinion of Senator Walsh, — one of the most active Senatorial inquisitors, who personally took a very prominent part in the oil investigations, — the question has been answered with a triumphant affirmative. Not only have Senators the right to investigate themselves, but a lengthy tradition establishes their right to urge action against suspected officials even upon the President. The recent investigations, he asserts, are justified by their results.

IN view of the recent decision of the Supreme Court which asserted that the lease of the Elk Hills Naval Oil Reserve was effected "through collusion and corrupt conspiracy", there are probably few who will now question the wisdom of the effort made in the Senate, — eventually successful, — to drive Secretary Denby from the Cabinet for his part or lack of part in the transaction and in the leasing of Teapot Dome, denounced by the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth Circuit, on like grounds, and now under consideration by the tribunal of last resort.

The effort to establish through the proceedings in the courts that Denby was anything more than a passive agent in the malodorous business, proved a dismal failure. The conclusion of all the reviewing courts is expressed by Associate Justice Butler in this brief sentence: "The evidence sustains the finding (of Judge McCormick) that he (Denby) took no active part in the negotiations and that Fall, acting collusively with Doheny dominated the making of the contracts and leases."

In the course of the debate on the resolution calling upon the President to request the resignation of Denby, the exigencies of the occasion made it impossible to present as fully as its importance merits, the answer to the contention made in his behalf that the action thereby proposed was without the sanction and violated the Constitution, — being in fact a usurpation on the part of the Senate.

The event has made it quite unnecessary to vindicate the grant of authority to both branches of Congress to conduct investigations, to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to require them to testify. The railing at the Senate for its activities in that direction has been silenced. The court declared in effect in the Mally Daugherty Case that Congress may discharge the duties with which it is charged by the Constitution. The

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necessity for such authority is so urgent and obvious that the grant must be and is implied, though not expressly conferred.

It was argued that, the Constitution having reposed in the President the power to remove from public office an incumbent appointed by him, the duty to dismiss a recreant officer was his alone; and that for the Senate to make any recommendation to him to exercise this power in a particular case, would be an unwarrantable interference with the Executive and an encroachment upon his prerogatives. It was further contended, — perhaps with less insistence, — that as the power of impeachment is by the Constitution lodged in the House of Representatives, the Senate is impliedly forbidden to take the initiative in separating from the public service one who had in its opinion betrayed his trust or proved himself otherwise unworthy to continue in it.

The position thus taken, — supported as it was on either side of the chamber by an advocate of deserved repute for learning in the law, — acquired a certain dignity that led to intemperate assaults on the Senate in the partizan press. The Senate was accused of having "run wild", flouted the Constitution, usurped the functions of the Executive, and otherwise given evidence of "degeneracy". It is needless to say that the Senate resolution recognized the full authority of the President and that he, and he alone, had the power to remove. It simply urged him to exercise his power. Attention being called to this obvious feature, it was retorted that the manifest purpose was to oust the offending official by bringing to bear upon the President the pressure of public opinion; that, if successful, the precedent might be followed with such frequency as to result in the transfer, in effect, of the power of removal from the Executive to the Senate, which might exercise its new-found privilege to effect the removal of a member of the Cabinet or other officer on purely political grounds and so there would be accomplished a substantial change in our governmental system.

If any fears of such a result were, or are, entertained, it is to be remembered that the President is under no compulsion to comply with the recommendation of the Senate. He is clearly within his constitutional rights in ignoring or declining to observe the advice, and he is even at liberty to indulge in such asperity as he may care to exhibit in replying, — if he should reply, — either to the Senate or through the public press. If public opinion is favorably aroused by the action of the Senate, or if the Senate

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acts in response to an already existing public opinion, the President is at full liberty to brave the tide. Presidents have been known to withstand the pressure of public opinion and it is expected they will at times. The Senate is perfectly impotent in the matter: it can only arouse or accentuate popular acclaim. The press may urge the President to the pursuit of a particular policy or the performance of a particular act, public meetings may be held, addresses may be made, resolutions may be adopted by state legislatures and other representative assemblies, all the expedients of the propagandist may be resorted to for the development of a public opinion to force the hand of the Executive, speeches may be made in both branches of Congress to the same end; but, according to the argument, the Senate offends against the Constitution if by resolution it pursues a like purpose, or even in the most perfect good faith and friendly regard offers any advice to the President touching what seems to it a duty that lies before him.

Moreover, the humblest citizen in the land might, with entire propriety, in accordance with his sacred right of petition, have addressed a respectful communication to the President expressing it as his view that a due consideration of the public interest required that Secretary Denby resign or be dismissed. So any number of citizens might with equal right and propriety join in a petition praying that his resignation be demanded, or they might assemble and adopt and transmit appropriate resolutions of like import, giving them to the press, that their example might be an incentive to others to do likewise. All this would be open to no just criticism, nor would any one think of asserting that the Constitution was being violated or even disregarded. Without subjecting themselves to the accusation of having violated their oaths to support the Constitution, members of the Senate, — singly or in groups, — might tell the President he ought to remove Denby, as they told him a little later that in the interest of the party, — if not of the country, — he ought to dismiss Daugherty. But, if by formal resolution the Senate, as a body, should do the same thing, the pillars of the temple are shaken! Can unreason go farther? Were not the contention supported by the authority of great names, it might, without harshness, be spoken of as preposterous.

The President of the United States even indicated in his letter of April 11, 1924, — protesting against the Couzens committee's

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attempts to look into Treasury transactions involving Mr. Mellon's companies, contemplating possibly an outcome not unlike that in the case of Denby, — that such a course is an offensive invasion of the prerogatives of the Executive.

Expressed in general terms the question is, whether either house of Congress may consistently with the Constitution offer to the President, by resolution, any suggestion, or make any recommendation or prefer any request touching his discharge of the duties with which he is charged by law, and particularly by the organic law. More specifically, the question is whether it may recommend that he remove any official of the government believed by the Senate or the House to have been recreant to his trust, or whose continuance in office it deems inimical to the public welfare. If it is forbidden by the Constitution that either branch of Congress, by resolution or other appropriate expression, denounce an appointee of the President and request his removal from office, obviously it is equally forbidden to commend an appointee for exceptionally meritorious service and request his promotion or the bestowal of some other reward. If in the one case there be an unwarranted interference with the prerogatives of the Executive, there must be in the other. It is doubtful, however, if any one could be found so fatuous as to deny the right of the Senate thus to express its appreciation of some valorous exploit of an officer of the army or the navy, or some signal discovery or achievement of an obscure scientist in the civil service.

Undeniably both houses have, since the organization of the Government, been proceeding upon the theory that they may with entire propriety so act if, indeed, under certain circumstances they ought not freely to do so.

The general question was debated at great length and with signal ability at an early period in our history in connection with a resolution offered by John Randolph, a Representative from Virginia, as follows:

> Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause an inquiry to be made into the conduct of Brigadier-General Wilkinson, commander of the Army of the United States, in relation to his having at any time whilst in the service of the United States corruptly received money from the Government or agents of Spain.

It will be noted that though the removal of the officer was not requested, the President was urged to the discharge of an official

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function looking to his removal. Eventually the resolution referred to gave place to another by which a committee of the House was authorized and directed to inquire into the subject matter, — which it did, — uncovering evidence which gave Wilkinson a place in history along with Aaron Burr, whom he had accused of treason. In the course of the debate Timothy Pitkin, a Representative from Connecticut, said:

> If we have not the absolute power of removing the Commander-in-Chief, *we have a right to request the President of the United States that he would at once exercise the Constitutional power of removing him;* and, if he does not remove him, we have the power to say that there shall be no longer an army with a commander at its head. If the Executive did not do his duty in removing the officer, we should in such a case do ours by abolishing the office.

The "Annals of Congress" reports the following from a speech of Mr. Gardenier of New York:

> On a question of this kind, he could not condescend to reason. It was too plain, palpable almost to the sense, that this inquiry was within the limits of their Constitutional power. *There could be no question that the House possessed a right to lay a request before the President; a right which was possessed by the meanest individual in society.*

Mr. Elliott of Vermont contributed the following:

> But we shall be told that we are begging the question, and that the great difficulty which exists in the case still recurs upon us. "You propose to call upon the President to do his duty. One branch of the Government has no right to make such a call upon another." Upon this point alone I should be willing to rest the decision. Has not one branch of the Government a right to make a request to another? What forbids it? The right is certainly not expressly given. But if it be not forbidden by any part of the Constitution; if it be not reserved to the States, the people, or any power on earth; if it be naturally incident to the intelligent and proper exercise of the great powers actually vested; and if it has long been declared to exist by a practical construction of the Constitution; the exercise of such a right is at least harmless, and of course neither unconstitutional nor extra-constitutional.

Mr. Gholson of Virginia is reported as follows:

> To me it would seem most clear that the right to inquire into the conduct of any officer constitutionally inheres in and appertains to this House, as the immediate delegates and agents of the people, who expect from their Representatives a vigilant superintendence over all their public concern.

As impeachment is not a remedy that can be resorted to for the removal of an officer of the army or the navy, the right of

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inquiry in the particular case then before the House could be justified only on the broader ground mentioned by the speaker.

A direct precedent for the Denby resolution is found in the action of the House of Representatives in adopting the following, on March 27, 1867:

> Whereas in the opinion of the committee (on Public Expenditures) there is abundant affirmative testimony in the possession of the House of Henry A. Smythe's unfitness to hold the office of collector; therefore
>
> Resolved, That it is the sense of this House that Henry A. Smythe should be removed from the office of collector of the port of New York, and that a copy of this resolution and the testimony be transmitted to the President of the United States.

On March 24, 1870 the House formally requested the Secretary of the Navy to convene a court-martial looking to the disciplining of an officer of the navy for a flagrant offense. On the same day it adopted another resolution as follows:

> Whereas the testimony presented to the House of Representatives on the 16th instant, as taken by the Committee on Military Affairs in the case of R. R. Butler, clearly shows that General A. Schoepf, one of the examiners in the Patent Office, was engaged in lending himself as a medium through which money should pass for corrupt purposes; Therefore,
>
> Resolved, that the evidence in said case be placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, and that he be requested at once to remove said Schoepf from the position of Examiner of Patents, as an improper person to have or hold so responsible a position under the Government.

On January 6, 1873 the House agreed to a resolution requesting the President to cause the employment of two attorneys to prosecute suit against the Crédit Mobilier. On December 6, 1793 the House by resolution expressed approbation of the President's proclamation of neutrality in the then existing conflict in Europe. On April 30, 1862 the House agreed to a resolution censuring Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, for adopting "a policy highly injurious to the public service". His removal was not explicitly requested, but President Lincoln gave the resolution that effect, relieving the offending Cabinet member from further duties at the War Office and sending him as ambassador to Russia.

Obviously, if either House may, consistently with the Constitution, request the head of a department to remove a subordinate or to take steps looking to his removal, it may with equal right address such a request to the President.

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Innumerable instances might be cited in which one or the other House expressed by resolution its sense of the course that ought to be pursued or the attitude that ought to be taken with reference to our relations with some foreign country, or touching some international problem. It might be urged that action of that character on the part of the Senate rests upon a footing having relation to its right to advise and consent to treaties; but no such distinction can be made with respect to such action by the House. However, as precedents in abundance are available to which no such objection can lie, reference to those thus said to be inapt is avoided.

The power of the President of the United States as Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy to station and move the military forces as he may see fit, belongs peculiarly to the Executive office. Neither the Congress nor either House may exercise any control over them or give any direction with respect to their disposition. Yet the Senate has not refrained from expressing its views on that subject. By an almost unanimous vote it adopted on January 6, 1923, the following resolution:

> Resolved, That it is the sense of the Senate of the United States that the President should order the immediate return to the United States of all troops of the United States now stationed in Germany.
>
> In giving this expression of its opinion the Senate disavows any unfriendly or partisan attitude toward any nation or nations of Europe.

None of the half dozen Senators who are recorded as voting against the resolution questioned either the right of the Senate or the propriety of its giving expression to its views. They were opposed to the policy it represented. Nor was there a word heard in the course of the debate attendant upon the consideration of this resolution from those appealing to the Constitution in connection with the Denby resolution, that the former was an invasion of the prerogatives of the President.

In the discussion precipitated by the Denby resolution, reference was made to controversies between various Presidents and either the Senate or the House, the issue of which was represented as affording support for the view that the proceeding of the Senate in the Denby matter was unwarranted. Even the prosecution of investigations by either House, the purpose of which is, or an incidental result of which may be, — the disclosure of dereliction by officials of high station, was censured

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on various grounds, appeal being made to the Constitution. Thus in the letter of the President referred to, it was said:

> Under a procedure of this kind the constitutional guaranty against unwarranted search and seizure breaks down, the prohibition against what amounts to a Government charge of criminal action without the formal presentment of a grand jury is evaded, the rules of evidence which have been adopted for the protection of the innocent are ignored, the department becomes the victim of vague, unformulated, and indefinite charges, and instead of a government of law we have a government of lawlessness. Against the continuation of such a condition I enter my solemn protest and give notice that in my opinion the departments ought not to be required to participate in it.

The conception of the transaction thus voiced, offered by counsel for Mally Daugherty, drew the following comment from the Supreme Court:

> We think the resolution and proceedings give no warrant for thinking the Senate was attempting or intending to try the Attorney General at its bar or before its committee for any crime or wrong-doing. Nor do we think it a valid objection to the investigation that it might possibly disclose crime or wrong-doing on his part.

The right of either House to conduct such investigations, — challenged repeatedly since the practice was begun with an inquiry ordered during the Washington Administration into the failure of the campaign of General St Clair against the Indians, — has been definitely set at rest by the decision in the case last referred to, in the opinion in which the Court remarked:

> We are of the opinion that the power of inquiry, — with process to enforce it, — is an essential and appropriate auxiliary to the legislative function. . . . A legislative body can not legislate wisely or effectively in the absence of information respecting the conditions which the legislation is intended to affect or change; and where the legislative body does not itself possess the requisite information, — which not infrequently is true, — recourse must be had to others who do possess it.

Much was said of the same general character, — as witness the comment quoted above from the President's letter, — in opposition to the Denby resolution, and more about the sacred right guaranteed by Magna Charta not to be condemned unheard. If the principle were in any sense applicable, it had been fully met since Denby was three times called before the Committee and given every opportunity to explain, excuse, or vindicate his action or his failure to act. However lacking in acuteness he might be, he was not sufficiently obtuse not to know that his

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fidelity to his trust, if not his rectitude, was under suspicion and inquiry.

It is eminently proper that in any case involving the honor of an officer, high or low, he be given an opportunity to defend himself. But when the question is one of power or constitutional right, it is to be remembered that the President may, — at any time, for any cause, or without cause and without a hearing or notice to an officer appointed by him other than a Judge, — peremptorily remove him. And yet the Senate, it was said, is precluded by the Constitution from even recommending a removal except upon formal notice to the officer affected and full opportunity given to make his defense. It is scarcely necessary to say that the guaranty of the Great Charter has no applicability whatever to removals from public office.

As for the suggestion that before a congressional committee may inquire into how well or how poorly a public officer has discharged his duty, it is, or ought to be, necessary to frame a complaint against him in the nature of an indictment; or that before it may possess itself of documentary evidence in the custody of the officer involved, or some other, it must resort to a search-warrant, to argue its absurdity would be to dignify it.

If any other significance is to be given to the paragraph quoted, it must be that such an inquiry ought not to be undertaken at all, because, perchance, public opinion might condemn an officer, though he had not had the security afforded by the Constitution, were he put upon trial for a criminal offense; which means, of course, that neither house should look into the conduct of administrative or executive officers, but should confidingly trust to their being disciplined, should they prove recreant, by their superiors; unless, perhaps, impeachment proceedings were instituted, or possibly a preliminary inquiry were in progress looking to impeachment. Such a rule would exclude any inquiry by the Senate, and equally any inquiry by the House not ostensibly, at least, contemplating impeachment. It is needless to say that the practice since the institution of our government has been at war with any such theory of the impotency of the legislative branch, and happily so. Were it otherwise Harry Daugherty would probably still preside over the Department of Justice, Edwin Denby be nominally directing the naval policy of the Government in China, and Albert B. Fall, — recalled from his retirement to his ranch at Three Rivers, — be advising upon the

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delicate questions involved in the differences which have arisen between our Government and that of Mexico.

The wise framers of our system were not so unsophisticated as to entrust wholly to political associates the duty of scrutinizing the conduct of government officials or of exposing their delinquencies and misdeeds. They appreciated, — even if it is now decried, — that the chance that political opponents in either house of Congress might, through inquiry authorized by it, reveal any transgressions, would operate as a powerful incentive to keep the servants of the public in the path of righteousness. Nor have subsequent generations wavered in that conviction. George B. Galloway, in his book on *The Investigative Function of Congress*, records that through the sixty-eighth Congress there have been, all told, two hundred and eighty-five investigations by the select and standing committees of the House and Senate. He remarks that:

> Only three Congresses have been barren of legislative inquests, while no administration has been immune. The high-water mark was reached during Grant's turbulent years when incompetence and corruption ran riot through public life, leaving a trail without parallel in the nation's history. Between 1869 and 1877 Congress made 37 attempts to cleanse the administration.

And he continues:

> They were responsible for the impeachment of President Johnson and Secretary of War Belknap. They have examined the conduct of the Treasury Department 54 times and the Interior Department 41 times. This includes such frequent offenders as the Indian Bureau and the Pension and Patent Offices. The Government Printing Office has also submitted to frequent inspection. Likewise the Navy and the Post Office Departments. The President of the United States has incurred scrutiny 23 times, commencing with John Adams and ending with Woodrow Wilson.

The practice has been persevered in, in spite of protests from Presidents other than Calvin Coolidge. On the other hand, imputations concerning their official conduct or the administration of their offices have brought requests for congressional inquiries from Alexander Hamilton and Oliver Wolcott, Secretaries of the Treasury; from Postmaster General Gideon Granger, President Monroe, Vice-President Calhoun, from Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, and from Secretary of War Crawford.

In the same way reference is made to the attitude of various Presidents in controversies with either branch of Congress as

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having some bearing upon the authority or propriety of the action of the Senate, the truculent spirit manifested by the Executive being held up as worthy of imitation.

It appears to have been thought that the reply of President Washington to the resolution of the House asking for papers passing in the negotiation of the Jay treaty, has some relevancy. He declined, upon the theory that the House, — under the Constitution, — had no part in the making of treaties. The conflict between the Senate and President Jackson and between the Congress and President Johnson appertained to the right of the Executive to remove Cabinet members and other officers, — their position being vindicated by the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Myers versus the United States. Of the same nature was the controversy between President Cleveland and the Senate that demanded of him the documents and evidence leading him to the removal of federal officials, displaced obviously for political reasons. He replied acridly that the Constitution empowered him to effect removals at will, and that he was under no obligation to justify his action to the Senate.

None of the incidents thus adverted to shed any light upon the constitutional right of the Senate to recommend to the Executive the removal of a particular officer, such action, as heretofore stated, proceeding upon the assumption that the power is reposed in the President by the Constitution.

The contention that the Senate would, by the adoption of the Denby resolution, be invading the province of the House of Representatives, was not supported by the authority of such great names as gave character to the claim of trenching upon the domain of the Executive. It seemed a sufficient answer that no one was asserting that Denby had been guilty of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors" specified in the Constitution as the only grounds of impeachment. The head and front of his offending, — according to the proponents of the resolution directed against him, — was that he was intellectually unequal to the office he occupied, and that consequently the tremendous interests with which he was entrusted were unsafe in his hands. It follows from the argument on that line that the Senate must silently see the country "go to the dogs" through the venality or dereliction of public officers. It is tied hand and foot, the prerogatives of the Executive staying it in the one direction, those of the House in the other.

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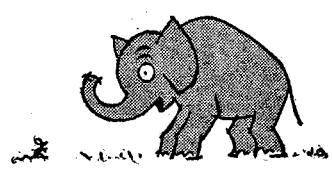
It is said, however, that the precedent is bad, and that if it were countenanced, officers could thus be removed for political reasons alone. It is quite likely that the President would defy, — as he would be within his constitutional rights in defying, —a resolution having no better basis than partizan malice. It is more than likely that in such case he would be upheld by a vigorous public sentiment. The effort would be successful only when, as in the case of Denby, it was approved by a well-informed popular view of the unfitness or unworthiness of the officer assailed. The procedure offers a convenient means of getting rid of a notoriously unfit public servant, whose conduct has been open to public reprehension, or whose official acts or inaction have been generally condemned, but who, because of political or other considerations, has escaped the disciplining authority of the President or the House. It was at one time contended that impeachment did not extend to officers subject to removal by the President.

There is no dissent from the rule that when appeal is made to the Constitution in denunciation of any act or course, the provisions which expressly or impliedly forbid it must be pointed out. Fortunately, the Senate reached the conclusion in the Denby case that none such could be found. It exercised its authority wholesomely on this occasion. Few will venture now to question the wisdom of the investigation giving rise to the controversy here canvassed or to cavil at the course of the Senate in connection with it.

Property valued at a billion dollars, — according to an estimate of Secretary Wilbur, based upon more recent study, — property of which the Government had been deprived "by means of collusion and corrupt conspiracy" has been restored or presently will be. What an absurdity it would be to confide it again to the care and custody of the officer who supinely allowed it to slip from his hands.



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PESSIMISM AND DEPRESSIMISM

A Critical Estimate of our Literary Spenglers

J. B. Priestley

WE are always being told that since the War there has been a great wave of pessimism in literature, a wave that has flooded Germany, set the boulevards awash, invaded England, and by no means left America untouched, in spite of the fact that there have been no ruins and short rations in the United States. If by pessimism we merely mean the complete absence of all optimistic views of this life, then the statement is true enough. Rose tinted spectacles are not the fashion among the new arrivals in literature. Many of them appear to have attended that school celebrated by the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, that school where reeling and writhing were taught. Even those brilliant young men, such as Paul Morand in France and Aldous Huxley in England, who have a fine sense of the comic and invite you to laugh with them, never give you the impression they are enjoying themselves. There is wormwood in their laughter and you feel that they would be genuinely relieved if they could only muster up sufficient courage to burst into tears. If the pessimist is simply the person who does not present a rosy view of things, then pessimism is certainly taking possession of literature at the moment.

But true pessimism needs to be more narrowly defined, and in the body of work so loosely labeled, there are really two very different attitudes of mind, working on two distinct levels, and the confusion between them is very mischievous. The difference between these two attitudes is a difference in kind and not merely a difference in degree. The man who can not distinguish between them is not merely confusing Kreisler and the fiddler from the nearest cinema, he is confusing Kreisler with the local dustman. On one level there is true pessimism, and on the other there is that lower spirited and far more disheartening attitude of mind that, — for want of a better name, — I can only call depressimism. If Hamlet, who mistook his genius, had taken at last to authorship instead of fencing matches, he would have been an admirable specimen of the pessimist. Old Timon, on the other hand, was rapidly moving toward depressimism, in which he

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would have had Thersites and one or two more for company, when the end came and removed him from the temptation of authorship. But so many new books are written in his mood that sometimes I fancy he must be still alive and scribbling hard under half a dozen different names.

If you are an incorrigibly sentimental optimist, you are, of course, in no position to tell the difference between true pessimism and depressimism. You will shrink back appalled from any view of life that is not covered by the rose-pink mist that is so familiar and comforting. If that mist is not present, then there is pessimism and all is horror. But if you are a sensible person, with a mind not reduced to such a disastrous condition, you will have noticed that this so called pessimistic literature affects your mind in two very different ways. The true pessimist does not dishearten his stout, sensible readers. Sometimes he leaves them exhilarated and at the worst he only leaves them somberly but not unpleasantly meditative.

But in this great body of work generally and loosely labeled as pessimism, there is a vast mass of writing that produces only one effect (unless it is so silly that it is wildly amusing), and that is the effect of acute depression. It leaves you with the impression, not that life is terribly dangerous, a voyage on a beautiful, doomed ship, but that life is simply not worth living, is a long crawling up a sewer. There is the hand of the depressimist. If he catches you when you are still young and tender, he depresses you by offering a crude libel of a world about which you have not yet made up your mind. If you are older and know his version for the foul libel it is, he still depresses because the company of a mean, little mind must always be damping to the spirit. It is as if you were being buttonholed for an hour or two by some moaning village idiot.

William James made a famous distinction, for philosophical purposes, between the tender minded, the idealists, and the tough minded, the realists. In literature, we might very well make a division into three: the tender minded, or the optimists; the tough minded, or the pessimists; and the mean minded, or the depressimists. They offer us respectively the literary equivalents of rose water, iron water, and ditch water. The optimists can look after themselves and need not concern us, being in no danger of being mistaken for anything but what they are. It is, however, high time that the depressimists were fenced off from the pessi-

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mists, for it is dangerous to the public health when no difference is observed between iron water and ditch water. Some will refuse the necessary tonic, and others will swallow the filthiest draughts because they imagine they are salutary. Let us examine, then, these two attitudes of mind and discover why there is a gulf between pessimism and depressimism.

The true pessimist in literature is one who believes that life is tragic because whatever is noble and beautiful in it is doomed by the very fact of its nobility and beauty. Life is a gaming table, heaped with glittering coin, but the dice are loaded. The universe in its march from an unknown starting point to an equally unknown destination is either indifferent or even hostile to the things we cherish. Our values are not the values of the universe, whatever these might be. It is here that the pessimist parts company with the optimist, who believes that there is some supreme power, — no matter what name may be given to it, — which loves where we love and is the guardian of that truth, goodness, and beauty which give significance to this life. To the optimist, evil is a kind of mischievous dream, flickering on for an hour or two, while good is the great reality. But to the pessimist evil itself is a terrific reality, and our values, our little notions of truth, goodness, and beauty, though supremely important to us, only a pitiful dream. They are, however, all that we have, all that gives significance to this life, and we can not but persist in clinging to them. The alternative is nothing but a lapse into mere comfortable swinishness. The pessimist has a stronger sense of the significance of our values than the easy optimist, but he is forever faced by a terrible dilemma, like a man who holds it intolerable that he should not go out and fight and yet knows in his heart that if he does he must inevitably lose. To pessimism, life is the lost battle of truth, beauty, and goodness.

I can not help suspecting that most pessimists began life as unusually radiant optimists, their hands almost grasping the rainbow, and then received a rude shock. They have nobler natures than the common run of men and therefore ask more of life. Existence in terms of little compromises with the flesh and the devil is repugnant to their proud and sensitive spirits. We can say of them what De Quincy, very finely, said of Coleridge and declare that they began by wanting better bread than can be made of wheat. Life is tragic because this bread alone is fit to eat, and all the wide cornfields of the world can not give us more

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than a mouthful of it, just sufficient to make us hunger for more and hunger in vain. Nearly all the pessimists, or those writers who, like Shakespeare in his tragic period, have passed through long moods of pessimism, come to see some active hostility in the universe to whatever is noble in humanity, as if a jealous and malevolent deity should forever make haste to crush the struggling little god in the clay of man.

Thus it comes about that the best must suffer most in this world. To be more finely tuned than the ordinary is to invite disaster. The pessimist sees all life as most of us have come to see such an immense catastrophe as the Great War, and during that War, it will be remembered, the finest young men on every side flung themselves at once into the trenches, to perish some morning among the barbed wire, or, if they held the belief that war was evil in any circumstances, they cried out against it and were promptly jailed for their opinions. There was nothing to choose between these two kinds of spirited and courageous youth. Both were the salt of the earth and both suffered more than the common run of men. None of these young men was responsible for the disaster, but they had to pay the price of other men's folly and their own great generosity of spirit, and so they were blown to pieces in No Man's Land or were left to eat out their hearts in prison. Meditating on these things, we all catch something of the pessimist's point of view.

His mode of expression in literature must necessarily be the tragic, even though it only takes the form of short lyrics as in *A Shropshire Lad*, in which we hear the voice of an unmistakable pessimist. He will probably reflect that grim irony which he finds in life itself, which is an ironic spectacle because, according to him, the greater your capacity for real happiness, the less you are likely to have and the more you will be compelled to suffer. He sees youth marching out magnificently under the colors of truth, beauty, and goodness, unaware of the fact that the battle is lost before it has begun. He sees the girl to whom love is either one long, happy dream of passion and constancy and loving-kindness or nothing, and he knows that already she has bared her breast for the stroke of the dagger. He sees the young man who puts all his trust in life and asks so much from it, who runs gaily on without any idea that disillusion and suffering are being prepared for him at every step. While these spectacles provoke a bitter irony, they also make us aware of the significance of all our actions.

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Seen so sharply poised against the black curtain of doom, all the little things of this life appear strangely bright and lovely. That is why the poets of pessimism can be more moving in their account of some common thing or experience than their fellows, as, for example, when A. E. Housman sings his exquisite little song in praise of the cherry-tree in Spring:

> Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
> Is hung with bloom along the bough.

That cherry blossom is so rosy white and lovely to the poet because he sees it against the dark background of our destiny. So too, the moments of happiness in the fiction of pessimism, a meeting of lovers, a return home, a night at sea under the stars, have an unusually poignant beauty just because their creator sees them as something precious snatched from miserly circumstance and knows that they will not last and that the tale has another and a bitter end.

This knowledge of the end, making for irony because that end is so grimly different from our happiest fancies, frequently gives the pessimist a certain wide charity in his outlook not always to be found in the optimist. The latter is so certain that all is well, that, as actors say, all be right on the night, that he is apt to be intolerant, just as some wild idealists, slaving away for their vision of human happiness, are apt to be murderous fanatics in their dealings with actual, as opposed to hypothetical, human beings. The optimist, having endless bliss in his pocket, so to speak, as a present for the whole species, can be markedly uncharitable towards individuals, whereas the pessimist, convinced that we are all in the same leaking boat, frequently touches his fiction and drama with a beautiful and boundless pity. That is one reason why his work is anything but depressing to persons not of the rose water habit of mind.

The other reasons are not far to seek. Our finest human values, battling as they are against a hostile universe, are immensely important to him, and his sense of their importance gives an unusual significance to his presentation of life. Frequently there is something tremendously exhilarating in his version of things as a battle against immense odds, in which something unconquered and unconquerable in man soars above the long disaster of his worldly existence. To defy the very stars themselves in their courses, to be uncrushed by the weight of suns, is, to say the

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least of it, a grand gesture, making something heroic out of each morning's waking. On the other hand, turning aside to a more subtle and possibly less theatrical pessimism, there is nothing immediately disheartening in the sense of mingled pity and irony he conveys in his presentation of life, which may be terrible but remains full and heroic and significant down to its last strange little detail of word and deed.

It may be said that the pessimist is too morbidly sensitive. No such charge can be leveled against the depressimist, whose failure to grasp the significance of things is due to insensitiveness. Instead of seeing life as a lost battle, he sees it as a dreary farce. Those values that the optimist believes to be the values of the whole universe itself and that the pessimist cherishes, seeing in them man's challenge to the empty or oppressive processes of matter, simply do not exist for the depressimist. The world to him is neither gay and splendid nor terrible and splendid, but simply dull and trivial. It is not merely that he has gone to the sewers to report on what he finds there, for after all that would be something because it is by no means unimportant to know what is going on there; but he has chosen to live in a sewer and to imagine that he is really living in the world outside. Thus the world he reports is a much smaller and duller and meaner world than the one most of us know, and its inhabitants are nothing but miserable, half-witted pigmies, a gross libel on the actual human beings we know.

It is true that a few really great writers, sliding for a little time out of a mood of true pessimism into these depths below, have come close to this monstrous point of view. Shakespeare in his tragic period was undoubtedly a pessimist of the type I have already described, and there was a brief time, during which he wrote *Troilus and Cressida*, when he was in danger of becoming a depressimist. One of our great modern pessimists, Hardy, has turned depressimist once or twice too, perhaps during periods when his enormous vitality has flagged. Conrad, however, who must also be accounted a pessimist, always contrived to escape this danger, or my memory is at fault. It may be that depressimism always menaces the real pessimist at those times when he is tired and dispirited, but a brief descent into this state of mind is one thing and a prolonged acceptance of it quite another thing. The turning out, year after year, of depressimist volumes seems to me one of the most fantastic of all man's queer activities.

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I can not see why the depressimist should want to write at all. If a man finds that life seems to him more exciting, more significant, more various and vivid and multicolored than it does to his neighbors, then whether he sees it as a gay comedy with a happy ending for everybody or a stark tragedy or an engrossing mixture of both, he is amply justified in communicating his vision of it to others. But why a man who finds life smaller and meaner and duller than ordinary people do should want to spend his time describing it is a mystery to me. There is no justification for his existence as an author. He should find some other, — and perhaps healthier, — means of earning a living, take exercise and remember his liver, take pains to know his neighbors and to discover what they have made of life, and keep silent for at least ten years.

At the end of that time, if he has come to the conclusion that life is sufficiently important to be worth writing about, if he has discovered that our existence is strange and beautiful and terrible and droll and tragic, let him take up his pen again. But if he is still under the impression that life is a poor, dull business and that human beings are poor, dull creatures, then let him still keep silent and not offer his libels to people who know more about the world than he does. Art has no use for persons who are half alive, deaf and dim sighted, or permanently soured, for reasons best known to themselves. It is sheer impudence for a man to make nothing of life, or at least less than his readers, and yet publish his account of it year after year. Instead of describing this world in terms of ditches, he would be better employed in digging them.

It is not the purpose of this essay to criticize individual writers, and there is enough depressimism in current literature for any reader to discover for himself. But merely to repel the charge of talking in the air, of describing authors who have no real existence, I will give a concrete example of what I mean by depressimism. There has lately been an attempt, in some literary circles in England, to persuade us that Mr. T. F. Powys is a considerable writer. Mr. Powys's first book, *The Left Leg*, was praised a good deal, chiefly because it was something distinctly new (though some of its tricks were borrowed), and rather amusing as a kind of quaint, obscene woodcut of rural life. It has been followed by other stories in the same manner, stories in which all the people are either half-witted or criminal, dreary catalogues of mean vice and lunacy. Even the obscene woodcut effect, always suggesting

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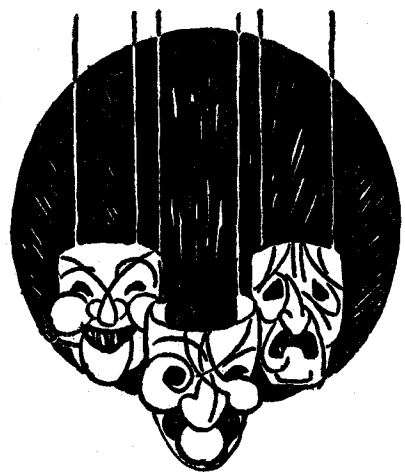
an absurd travesty, has no power to interest now, and the later books are as dull as the droning of a village idiot. Now Mr. Powys is, I understand, quite an estimable person and he is by no means without force as a writer. But if these stories represent his view of life (and if they do not, he should write some that do), I can not understand why he should go on producing them, seeing that his view is so much worse than that of practically all his readers. If he can write only such absurd travesties of country life, it is high time he asked himself either to leave the country and try life in a city for a change or to stop writing altogether.

In the same way, those other contemporary novelists who write about a certain set of people, insincere intellectuals of the type Mr. Aldous Huxley deals in, and so on and so forth, — and find such small pleasure in them that they produce the dreariest chronicles, — should also take themselves to task. They should either try some other and worthier sets of people or, if they are convinced that it is all humanity they have represented, they should lay aside their pens until they have made some further and more important discoveries about life and their fellow creatures. Meanwhile, it is our business to prevent their stealthily bottling and labeling their ditch water and asking us to believe that it is the genuine, curative iron water, to discover Thersites beneath the mask of Hamlet.



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WHAT IS TRUTH?

Forum Definitions — Seventeenth Series

HAVING disposed of Bunk last month, we now approach Truth in a spirit of cautious inquiry. But of the contributions as a whole, the Definitions Editor must confess his disappointment, — for which he was not wholly unprepared. Apparently, every one knew Bunk well enough to hail him by his first name and give him a dig in the ribs; but with Truth few seemed to have even a long distance nodding acquaintance. Many threw up their hands, invoking the spirit of Pontius Pilate. More still drew upon the dead letter of authority. All of which is said more in the tone of one who makes mental note of his observations than in the reproving voice of a lamenting Jeremiah, for assuredly, Truth is one of the most difficult of concepts to define.

Was Joseph Seidlin (Alfred, New York) banishing Truth to Never-Never Land when he wrote: "Truth you will find wherever scientists and theologians agree"? Apparently the answer is "Yes", for Hazel S. Schnitzer (Belleville, New Jersey) tells us: "We have the Senate to discover the Truth and the courts to define it."

The best statement of Truth's attributes was submitted by Elinor Lennen (Los Angeles, California): "Truth is that which we ask about, Pilate-wise, not expecting an answer, not daring to wait for it. Many investigate it, few invest in it. Truth would make us free to think, but obligated to act. It is the ideal which makes things real, the real which makes things ideal." If this brilliant enumeration of qualities had been accompanied by an adequate definition, it would have headed the list of prize winners which follows:

1 Truth is that which temporarily has the appearance of permanence. (*J. A. Spencer, Mt. Clemens, Michigan*).

2 "A myth is an untrue story embodying a universal Truth." In a flash that sentence reveals our contradictory uses of "Truth". Imagine brakeman or engineer using "red" to designate indiscriminately red or green! Truth may mean conformity to outer fact or conformity to the aspirations of the soul. Could two things be more different? Like the Russians, we should have separate words for them. We should revive "sooth" for matters of fact and keep "Truth" as an instigator of the soul. That Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic is *so*. That

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Lindbergh is a fine type of American youth is *true*. (*Harold Goddard, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania*).

3 Truth is that unique symbolism of experience or of phenomena that possesses a maximum of accuracy. (*W. W. Strong, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania*).

4 Man was created a stranger to himself and nature. Adaptation was incomplete; so empirical life appeared. Truth has two aspects, physical and mental. The physical aspect is found in natural phenomena. The mental is a fund of knowledge, the result of the development of reason. Intelligence is the vehicle for Truth. Truth is a term of discourse based on a psychic complex of memory, association, and expectation, but constituted in its ideal independence by the assertive energy of thought. The result of this accumulation of memory, association, and expectation that we find marching down through the ages, we call civilization. (*Mrs. Laura B. Cadwallader, Buffalo, New York*).

5 Truth is a will-o'-the-wisp pursued by the philosopher in the marshes of speculation; a dream enjoyed by the mystic in ecstasies of emotion; an insoluble, indestructible substance for which the scientist searches in a test-tube. (*Floyd F. Yeomans, Marne, Michigan*).

6 Truth is the statement of any universal law, discovered in nature or in the conduct of man, in terms which reveal the intellectual light of a given age, individually as well as racially. It is based on the observation of cause and effect and is reached by reasoning and by intuition. Lack of means for investigation, defective knowledge, emotional instability, and personal bias lead to faulty conclusions. Therefore, each succeeding age has to rediscover and restate its Truths by deletion and by accretion. Science culls Truths from natural phenomena, wisdom from human experience. (*William Schaffrath, Syracuse, New York*).

7 Truth at any moment consists of those mental or subjective generalizations which correspond with objective reality in relation to any given purpose; and just as objective reality changes, so does Truth change. (*Courtney Rowland, Alameda, California*).

8 Truth, — which is a concept conforming to reason, experience, and knowledge, — is the breath of the poet, the vision of the artist and prophet, the quarry of the scientist, the haunted house of the fundamentalist, the bone of contention between bone-headed contenders, the toy of the careless, the *bête noire* of the politician, the elixir of life to the sage, and the embalming fluid for fools. It is the weapon of offense against ignorance, and the offensive weapon of the prejudiced. Truth is the voice of God speaking to the inner ear of man. (*Reverend Myron Lewis Morley, Forrest City, Arkansas*).

Next word to be defined:—IDEALS. Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than October 25. Prizes of any book mentioned or advertised in the October issue (value not exceeding five dollars) or five dollars in cash for each winning definition.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

ON THE CONTRARY

WHEN the Fool, in the old play, *The Plow Boys, or Morris Dancers*, says, "As I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little, tiny bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me," — we recognize it as fooling and scarcely "excellent fooling" at that, though sufficiently so, perhaps, for the poor wits of Pickle Herring. It is a type of humor perpetuated in the more modern breakfast greeting: "I'm glad to see you're first at last; you've always been behind before; you must have been getting up early of late."

What strikes a Pedestrian mind, however, is that we have got into a way of dismissing *all* contradictions as absurd. Any one, we say, except possibly a Pickle Herring in the last stages of slap-stick debility, can see that a thing can not be big and little, hot and cold, wet and dry at the same time. Even in dull matters which have nothing to do with religion or politics and which therefore might reasonably engage our minds, we persist in reducing life to extremes, to alternatives. We can see, of course, that there are mixtures, that everything is not black or white; but, extending our *either . . . or* attitude to nearly everything, we are almost incapable of realizing that a thing can actually be both hot and cold, wet and dry, big and little; not indeed a lukewarm mixture; not moist, but both really wet and really dry; not middling, but both really big and really little.

I submit, therefore, not in a spirit of controversy, but just as plain indisputable fact, that the past Summer has been an almost perfect example of a hot-cold season, as well as a dry-wet one, and I wonder who has been so cloistered as never to have seen an ugly-pretty woman. This is not mere word quibbling, I insist: any one who has had any experience with health knows the difference between changeable and hot-cold weather; any one who is familiar with greenhouse seedlings or with fighting brown patch on lawns recognizes at once the difference between rain-sun-rain and a wet-dry plague. So a mugwump rascal I know

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insists that Mr. Coolidge is a "big-little man". Now you can't compound, you can't average these qualities and say justly that he is mediocre; it would be like multiplying large cows by small thermometers.

Of course we admit readily enough the figurative use of contradictions. We all see the validity of the ancient figure, oxymoron ("wanton heed and giddy cunning"), — when the teacher explains it to us. In more every-day speech we do not balk at the contradiction in "foolish wisdom". But my contention is that there is often a literal contradiction and that, when we dismiss it as absurd, we are what a rough-spoken neighbor calls "too damned logical". Possibly we are not logical enough, for in more than a fanciful sense

> We are children of splendor and flame,
> Of shuddering also, and tears;
> Magnificent out of the dust we came,
> And abject from the spheres.

Forgive such a long introduction, which might reasonably be mistaken for a venture in pinchbeck philosophy. What really interests me is the pass to which this *either . . . or* way of thinking has brought us. Indeed, what started me in this direction was the remark of a man recently about modern flappers and the new liberty. "It is my experience," he said, "that the really nice girls are nicer than they were under compulsion and that the bad girls are a great deal worse." Well, that sounds pretty good; it is probably a very shrewd analysis of one per cent of female youth. But how about the ninety and nine who have in them the capacity of both saint and sinner?

Pondering the alternative-mindedness of this philosopher, I find that we have got to thinking in terms of one extreme or the other in most aspects of life. Some months ago I had occasion to refer to this tendency in political thinking, but, without laboring the point again, it may be permissible to repeat that genuine liberalism is at a discount, that we are given to violent forms of reaction or revolt. In business we are quicker to respond to the essential nature of things, for income of course is very sensitive to hard fact. It simply doesn't pay to be a business bigot. But in religion bigotry just now seems to be the trump card and of course it is the breath of life to the journalist.

I wonder, in fact, if the journalist is not chiefly responsible for our present way of looking at things. He provides us with most

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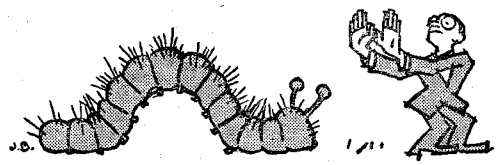
of our reading matter. Insensibly to us, his point of view "passes over into our flesh and blood". We forget that he is often just a showman. We come to think away the circus tent and to mistake the show for life itself. At breakfast we read of the most unusual, sensational happenings, — of murder and fraud, of feats of prowess and skill, of only amazing things, — until we repeat, like little philosophers, that "truth is stranger than fiction" or quite complacently accept the unusual as the true and feel defrauded if we have not breakfasted full of horrors!

Thus prepared for life, we go down to the office. Waiting for a traffic jam, we observe an old man, with a rather pathetic expression but withal somewhat sinister and furtive about the eyes, get out of a street car and enter a house. The house, we notice, is untenanted. What dark designs are forming in the old man's mind; what evil deeds may not go on behind that door which he closes so carefully *and furtively?* It is a busy world, so we haven't time to linger long enough to discover that he is



simply a caretaker on his rounds. Also, it would be false to our newspaper education to finish anything. Life, we have learned, consists of lurid dabs. On to the office, where we shall have the exhilaration of suspecting a harmless individual of trying to sell us a gold brick in exchange for our precious eye-teeth.

I wonder too if this flair for the lurid, or at least the different, is not the illness that attends our fiction. Critics nowadays admit the power of certain sociological treatises which masquerade as novels, but they assume, most of them, that the day of the novel is past. It is a curious conclusion, especially when we recall that the Victorian novel itself began to go on the rocks through harping on *one* extreme of life till people like William Dean Howells called it back to truth, which has a middle and also *two* extremes. The trouble then, observe, was that authors had got into the mistake of sentimentalizing about life, into the mistake of supposing that fiction was and of a right ought to be stranger than truth. So now, with a quite different and rather less attractive aberration, our novelists have fallen into a similar error. But

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their mistake is to imagine, not that fiction is stranger than truth, but that certain bizarre or extreme phases of life are the whole truth. It is as if they said one-half plus nothing equals one.

You turn instinctively to conspicuous novelists for support of this statement and come without much hunting on Mrs. Wharton's cynical picture of fashionable people, on Sinclair Lewis's conviction that American life is irrecoverably commonplace, on Sherwood Anderson's complicated scene of crime. Quite possibly these authors are half right, which gets us back to the mathematical equation. Or, to put it the Irish way, when you try to make two and two equal five, you make them equal nothing at all.

For, if these pictures are mainly true, the world is about to stop. We are literally *in extremis!* — But the novel, like the drama or poetry or any form of literary art, will be all right when some one who possesses the technical skill, as Sinclair Lewis does, also possesses the power to realize that the old man entering the empty house is quite as likely to be a caretaker as a body-snatcher, — or is perhaps both!

Well, it's a long way round to the starting point when you go afoot, but to the quiet wayfarer the defect in these novelists is identical with that in other fields. A striking characteristic of the pervasive mindedness to-day is its instinct for taking the thick *or* the thin, not both; its habit of shying off from this world of mystery and paradox, of seeing life as a mere pack of stacked cards. It's all right for a circus, but it won't do for novels any more than it will, permanently, for religion and politics. After all, truth *is* stranger than fiction. Well, then, —

As a stranger give it welcome.

—*Walter S. Hinchman*

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

The Future of Christianity in China

"Will China reject Christianity?" Dr. Timothy Tingfang Lew, lecturer at Yale, Union, and Hartford Theological Seminaries and Dean of the Theological Faculty in Peking National University, was asked. "It depends," Dr. Lew replied. "There are at least three factors involved, — the kind of Christianity, who presents it, how it is presented." Dr. Lew's views follow logically those of Dr. Hu Shih in the July FORUM *and those of Dean Inge in September.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Whether or not China will reject Christianity will depend first of all on what kind of Christianity is presented to China. China to-day stands before the world as one of the most enthusiastic learners. She is ready to learn from any nation or people or teacher who can teach her something that is worth learning. The Renaissance movement has in the last ten years trained the minds of the Chinese people to adopt a mental "open door policy". Ideas which have achieved success elsewhere in the world, if properly presented by the right sort of people in the right way will get a hearing. All kinds of thought and practices in the Western world have gained an audience in China. Anything that can adequately meet the need will have a hearing; and whether or not it will be accepted and adopted as a permanent part of the life of the people depends upon whether it can constantly meet the growing needs of that particular phase of life.

So it is with religion and so with Christianity. There are at least five distinct needs which must be met by religion. Christianity to-day stands before the tribunal of the Chinese people who are practically bent, fair-minded as well as enthusiastic and critical. Will this tribunal reject it? Let us see the needs which they expect Christianity to meet.

The greatest need which has been felt by the Chinese people in the last fifty years is a new nationhood. Through revolution, upheaval, civil war, suffering, and losses they are trying to attain it. The task is distinctly threefold: first, to get rid of unworthy and unpatriotic but powerful fellow-nationals to whom we give the distinct title "national thieves", because their selfishness prompts them to steal away the rights from the people and to barter them for their own profit; second, to resist pending aggressions, and to remove foreign domination already established on Chinese soil which has made national progress difficult and international friendship insecure; third, how to educate the masses and train them for democratic government. This threefold task is being taken up by this present generation with earnestness.

Can Christianity contribute anything to the Chinese people while they are engaged in this task?

The most apparent need of the life of the Chinese people is economic. Any one interested in China needs to be reminded

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again and again of the simple fact that there are four hundred million backs to be clothed, four hundred million mouths to be fed, and four hundred million people to be housed. Economic need is at the back of so many complicated problems. Chinese people are facing the task of economic revolution. This task is also at least threefold. How to train and organize the masses to produce more and how the product can be distributed so that it is possible to uplift millions from the borderland of starvation to a comparatively comfortable living; second, how to secure enough capital to develop natural resources and to build up adequate systems of transportation so as to make the developments possible and profitable; and, third, how to make capital and labor work with each other for the benefit of both without incurring mutually disastrous warfare. These are of course time-worn problems of the West. The great question before the Chinese to-day is: Can China start where the Westerner left off or does she have to go through all that which the Western nations have gone through in their industrial and economic change? Has Christianity anything to contribute to the solution of these economic problems, directly or indirectly?

There is also the need created by the social revolution. The old family system is changing. The authorities of seniority and of the parents are crumbling. Young people are asserting themselves. Women are demanding their rights. The institution of marriage is undergoing different changes. The old patriarchal family is broken up into smaller units of "modern families". The increasing facilities of travel and the growth of nation-wide character of students' life and of the life of many of the professions and business, make the people travel more and stay away from their native place. The old loyalty to the clan and to the ancestral land is passing and with it the restraining and regulating influence for good. The increasing contact with the outside world, the adoption of modern usages of modern conveniences is slowly but steadily transforming the social fabric of the people. China is confronted with the persistent need of guidance for wise adjustment. The task is manifold. At least we may mention the necessity of how to absorb that which is good without paying the exorbitant price for its concomitant evils, how to profit by the mistakes of other peoples, and how to conserve all that which is valuable in the social inheritance of the race accumulated and handed down throughout the generations.

The Chinese race with its long experience and many fine endowments should not only passively receive the result of the Western world's endeavor but also contribute their share in the reshaping of the pleasure seeking, extravagant, and thoughtless, mad rush of the modern social life.

Has Christianity anything to contribute to the Chinese people in this social revolution? Can it teach and train the present generation and develop for them a discerning social view, thinking socially and acting socially for the social good? Can its faith create a new social conscience to fight the social evils, new and old?

Back of the political, economic, and social revolution is the intellectual revolution which is the mother of all the other revolutions. Not until some substantial change was made in the thinking life of the people could the other revolutions make real headway. It was the definite right about face in the thinking of the younger generation of China on the rights of the people that made them willing martyrs of the political and nationalistic revolution. It is a new conviction that a better condition, a more abundant life not only is possible but is desirable and that the masses of China are turning their heads toward a new industrial revolution.

The resisting power of customs and conventionalities, traditions and standards which had been thousands of years in the making and which have dominated the people's life for so many generations is something which sometimes baffles the imagination of a modern man. It was the Renaissance movement which bored underground and set the dynamite to explode that hastened the rapid social transformation in a fundamental way. The commonly recognized platform of the intellectual revolution of the last ten years has been in a nutshell the revaluation of all the values. It calls for a fresh study, a systematic search of the nation's past, critically examining its value and its bearing upon the life of the present generation. Likewise, it urges the nation to learn with

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an open mind all that which the modern world can teach China, to import for examination and adoption widely and vigorously all ideas and methods and practices available to the Chinese; and, out of this study of her own past and of her neighbors' present, to reconstruct the new culture that will be more suitable to her race for efficient living in the modern world.

This intellectual revolution has electrified the youth throughout China, though it has necessarily worried the aged. It is making its imprint upon all that is going on in China to-day. Old religions have been dragged out of their cloisters and dingy temples and subjected to the blazing light. Widely accepted religious practices are going through the hands of scrutinizing discriminations. Iconoclasm fills the atmosphere, obscurantism and superstitions are fighting with gasping breath. The efforts whereby the Neo-Confucianists tried to make it a national religion and secure for it a place in the constitution have never achieved success. Buddhism and Taoism are being subjected to the insults and attacks of the young generation of the cleansers of the temple. For China's task of intellectual revolution is just beginning.

In the face of the desperate need of scientific knowledge, superstition and other enemies to free inquiry and to fearless experimentation in all things must be vanquished. The hands of the crusaders for science are merciless. The need is therefore doublefold. It is imperatively necessary to save the people from a life of crass superstition. It is equally imperative to save them from the life of possible crass materialism.

Can Christianity make any contribution to this intellectual revolution? Is it merely a system of obscurantism, superstition, prescientific and outworn priestcraft, or the bearer of torches, helpful in leading the Chinese people to a fuller revelation of all truth?

Most important of all there is a fundamental and constant need of moral character. This need is not peculiar to China. Strong moral character is the common need of all nations. During the period of nation-making which China is now going through she is in need of it perhaps more desperately than any other nation, — for example, America, which has underlying her prosperity and peace a well established order. China needs leaders of moral character who can weather the storm of changes and radical adjustments. She needs men whose moral character can stand against the temptation of misusing the growing power placed in their hands and manipulating it for selfish ends. The masses of China need the sustaining power of a spiritual life to help them bear the sufferings and sorrows in their daily life which will inevitably accompany the changes now going on. Constructive forces may not overtake destructive forces at work. The entire undertaking is so tremendous that it requires patience, perseverance, and unshaken confidence.

The moral need is too obvious. The question is: Can such moral need be met without religion? If religion has any place at all in a situation such as this, then the question is: Can Christianity meet the need? Can it make contributions which shall safely escort the struggling millions on this dangerous road, give them faith and hope to go on and love and charity to work together? Can Christianity furnish the leaders they need? Can Christianity inspire, uphold, sustain them until the task is done?

Will China reject Christianity? Ask Christianity itself. Has it in itself the vitality, the power, the life, which will meet these needs of China? If it has no more in it than the religion of Elmer Gantry and Sharon Falconer, China will heartily agree with my colleague and friend, Dr. Hu Shih. Then she will be ashamed of it and reject it. If it is no more than a religion which obscurantists, narrow-minded and superstitious, and crass literalists claim it to be, — incapable of meeting the challenges of science in the modern age in which China has to live and even to be the persecutors of science, — it will have no use for it and must sooner or later reject it. If it is no more than a religion of selfish individualists, unrelated to national salvation and social transformation, useless to a people which is struggling to attain a nationhood, having no definite contribution to make in their national struggles and incapable of meeting the challenge of international issues which make nationalism sane and helpful to humanity, then the nationalized youth

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of China will have no use for it and will reject it without question.

Will China reject Christianity? It depends. There are at least three factors involved, — the kind of Christianity, who presents it, how it is presented. I have only raised the question related to the first factor. Christians of America who have had longer experience with Christianity than the Chinese should answer them and then we Chinese Christians can answer the next two questions, — namely, who should present it to the Chinese and how it should be presented.

TIMOTHY TINGFANG LEW
Peking National University

Push or be Pushed?

A point of view fresh as a breeze from Lake Michigan or the Charles, — not from an electric fan.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Pedestrian's note of alarm over the prospect of too much leisure struck no responsive chord in this optimistic breast. The purveying of news, — my job, — holds out as yet no threat of any future two hour day. It can not be fulfilled by pressing a button; rather, I should say, we are the buttons that other people push. As the two hour working day approaches for other toilers, I expect we shall develop a formidable superiority complex, with our eight-to-twenty-four-hour day still in force.

As a mental exercise, however, may I follow the Pedestrian's theory to its logical conclusion? Not being a fundamentalist in sociology, I believe in logical conclusions. It seems to me there are two possible ones here.

First: as we become individually more and more helpless through push-button industry and machine made diversions, we may one fine day find ourselves swooped down upon and annihilated by some vigorous young race from another planet. It is a grave question whether golf, horseback riding, tennis, and swimming the Channel will be indulged in by enough people to offset the motor car and airplane tendency to render us a race of apods. Other physical activities are liable to share the fate of walking: we shall lose the impulse and the power of physical resistance. When some force descends upon us that we can not rout by pushing a button, we shall go under. That is possibility No. 1.

Second: a revolution may come within the race itself. Everything moves in cycles. Now, it is in the nature of youth to do things for itself. Babies, as soon as they can toddle, scream to be let out of their go-carts so they can push the handle themselves. It is only with adolescence that humankind grows indolent. In the future of which the Pedestrian writes, all useful human activity will be out of date. Little girls will no longer be brought up to perform humble household duties, or little boys to fetch fire-wood for pocket money.

Youth will, naturally, lose some of its now abounding energy, but I predict that it will not lose it all. And that is where the revolution will start.

A little girl some fine morning, bored with excess of beauty, indolence, and ease, will think it a novel diversion to make up her own bed, instead of pushing a button. Miles and miles away, a small boy, neurotic from unspent energies and tired of pushing buttons, will rig up some kind of blade on a stick and cut the lawn. Here, a blasé girl will find that it is more fun to make pies with flour, milk and so on, than with mud; there the electric apparatus will short-circuit in a blizzard and little Johnny will shovel a path by hand.

The movement will at first be sporadic.

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But by and by these rebels will discover each other, and when rebels discover each other there is organized action. The youth of the world, or that minority of it that will represent a throw-back to the self-reliant races, will discover the joy of achievement through effort. For a while, what we now class as labor will have the status of pastime. No doubt at the more exclusive dinners guests will be invited to wash the dishes, and stag parties will be given, whereat the host will place his cars at the disposal of guests to clean, grease, and polish.

As the movement for physical activity spreads, machinery will become more and more neglected. The reactionaries will strive furiously to offset the tendency of the rising generation, by making fresh inventions to render physical activity both useless and dangerous. This will have the effect reactionaries always have upon youth: the uselessness and the danger will appeal the more, and the fresh inventions will serve to make existing push-buttons seem clumsy and obsolete.

In other words, the tide will turn. The push-button will not die out, any more than the impulse toward physical energy died out; but it will be a long cycle before it comes again into the ascendent.

Meanwhile, we seekers after the defendant's own story, — by the way, do you know how we spend our leisure? Hanging around the office.

KATE SARGENT

Winchester, Mass.

Forum Fable

Dear Roast 'em:

A Chicago mouse once went on a visit to his Brahman cousin in Boston, and the Boston mouse, knowing where there was a rich bowl of cream, carried the Chicago mouse out to dinner. During the meal the Boston mouse discoursed learnedly on the transcendentalism of Emerson and became so engrossed in his subject that he lost his footing and slipped into the bowl. Whereupon the Chicago mouse jumped in to save him.

"I'm drowning," shouted the Boston mouse, "I can't swim."

"Never mind," said the Chicago mouse close beside him, "Hustle, hustle, hustle."

So they swam frantically round and round the bowl.

After an hour or so the Boston mouse again squeaked up: "I'm exhausted. I can't go any further."

"Oh, hustle, hustle, hustle," encouraged the Chicago mouse. And again they swam round and round the bowl.

In the morning the Boston mouse was lying belly up in the bottom of the bowl, while the Chicago mouse was floating safely on a pat of butter.

Moral: Blue blood may soak in the milk of learning to its own destruction, but red blood takes off the cream for present uses.

AESOP THE AMERICAN

Chicago, Ill.

Our Salvation in Science

Mr. Porter writes on "design in Nature with some of its implications". His paper is a provocative addition to the debate on Science and Religion in the September FORUM *between Professor Thomson and Professor Leuba.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

In their eagerness to see purpose in nature, the teleologists sometimes become blind to facts of fundamental significance. President Cutten says in *Mind: Its Origin and Goal*, "If there is any aim in evolution, any design in nature, what could be more rational, moral, or religious than that the fittest should survive?" Does he not overlook here the equally valid and implied conclusion that the unfit were designed not to survive? What then could be more irrational, immoral, and irreligious than that the weak should thus be made weak in order to be destroyed?

When nature is examined, the aim that the teleologists like to speak about can not be found. For example, the absence of back-pressure valves in our dorsal vein and their presence in our horizontal veins along our ribs, show a complete lack of aim. Valves were not needed in the dorsal vein of our four-footed ancestors, with their horizontal backs, but would be very useful to us in our present upright position, while the valves in our rib veins are now useless. Our upright position was therefore not foreseen.

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President Cutten further states, "If God is in his world working through nature, we should expect that he would ordain that the fittest should survive. Is not that also the Christian doctrine of immortality?" If we are to be led into expectations of what the deity might reasonably ordain, why not look to his handiwork for suggestions? What more reasonable deduction than to expect to find in his purposeful laws all the guidance necessary for the intelligent, moral, and successful conduct of our lives? What do we find however? A terrible struggle for existence with destruction lurking on all sides in the form of blind traps whose existence we are able to discover only through disastrous experience. What rational justification can we ascribe to such conditions? Can a purpose that develops in us standards of justice and morality and then disregards them in the treatment meted out to us, be regarded as moral? Is such a purpose desirable? And what do we find nature's idea of fitness to be? Is it beauty, is it spirituality, or morality, or meekness, or unselfishness, or cleverness, or strength? Are no individuals endowed with these qualities caught in the traps? And the ugly, the selfish, the immoral, the stupid, the ruthless, the dishonest, and the criminal, are they not to be found among those selected to survive among those pronounced by nature to be the fittest? Is it not evident then that fitness in the eyes of nature has nothing whatever to do with things spiritual, moral, or altruistic, except only as they accidentally possess survival values? It seems, then, that ability to survive and reproduce in any particular environment is nature's sole criterion of fitness.

With nature promulgating, as it does, the inequality of opportunity, of intelligence, of strength, of talent, of beauty, and of health, the punishment of the innocent and the destruction of the weak, it can hardly be said to set an example for us to follow nor can it be pointed to as the beautiful handiwork of a benevolent Creator. If we still insist upon purpose, however, then our only alternative will be to explain nature as the work of a malevolent being under whose evil influence we have unfortunately fallen. Why then insist upon purpose under these conditions?

How can it be seriously maintained that there is no conflict between Science and Religion? A few hundred years ago, religion told us that we were the *raison d'être* of the universe and its centre. To-day science shows us that our insignificance is infinite, that our earth is a mere atom hung to a minor star, one of billions of suns which together form a spiral nebula, and that this spiral universe is only one of countless such spiral universes. One of the functions of spiral nebulae seems to be to generate suns, as they revolve, but while doing this they resemble nothing so much as a hurricane of gas, dust, and fireballs, where collisions and explosions are the regular and common order of events. Does not this picture seriously conflict with the impression religion still tries to convey of our position and importance in nature?

Science further tells us that we are not made in the likeness of God but in that of the lower animals. That our bodies have sprung from the decaying earth of our planet and are simply chemical structures growing, evolving, and acting in purely mechanical ways. That our supremacy here is due entirely to our own wits which have given us might in the struggle for existence beyond the brute force of our fellow creatures.

The nature of the conflict between science and religion has been clearly expressed by Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his recent article, "The Modern Temper," where he says, "If then the world of poetry, mythology, and religion represents the world as man would like to have it, while science represents the world as he gradually comes to discover it, we need only compare the two to discover how irreconcilable they appear."

During ages devoted to accumulating knowledge, through disastrous experience, humanity has finally built up certain fairly dependable rules and standards of correct living. It is then this "systemized and cumulative experience called science" and not religion that has taught us how to protect ourselves from nature and how to use her more or less successfully to our advantage.

Religion, on the other hand, was born and bred from the fear of nature and has waxed great on the craven endeavor to offer propitiation. Its influence, wherever it granted the opportunity of shifting the

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responsibility, has evidently been to weaken our character. Our present apparent need for religion is therefore the inherited product of hundreds of thousands of years of blind belief in the efficacy of worship and peace offerings, instilled largely by fear and hope. How much better for us if we had been able to devote the energy wasted in fruitless efforts inspired by religion, to search after the scientific causes and cures of our troubles. To-day this is being done so successfully that it has become evident to most of us that our salvation lies wholly with science and not at all with religion.

JAMES F. PORTER

Chicago, Ill.

Hail and Fair Weather

Mr. Baxter writes us that he is a "devoted reader of THE FORUM*". He is evidently a particularly devoted and appreciative reader of The Pedestrian.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

The Pedestrian may be mysterious in the sense that Junius was mysterious, that celebrated political writer whose keen wit, broad observations, critical acumen, perfect knowledge, and pungent pen so exposed the follies and shortcomings of the government and throne of George the Third, yet so effectually concealed his name that even now Junius is almost as much of a mystery as ever. The Pedestrian resembles Junius in many respects. He hates wickedness. So did Junius. He hates and exposes the hypocrite and all manner of hypocrisy. So did Junius. He thrills his readers with his merciless slaughter of shams and fads but does it with such nicety of language and discriminating taste that no sane man can object. So did Junius. The Pedestrian is evidently a great lover of nature, has a wonderful sympathy with children, believes in the natural rights of parents, has a keen sense of the ridiculous, is quick to detect the false from the real, has a deeply cultured mind, a trained judgment, and is preeminently qualified to continue those brilliant and masterful articles that so delight and instruct the readers of THE FORUM from month to month. His mission is a great one.

All hail to The Pedestrian!

L. W. BAXTER

Philadelphia, Pa.

More about the same gentleman.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is true that most philosophers have only walked and sat, yet I have never known a cross-country hiker nor a flag pole sitter to evolve an original idea. Is it the combination that gives the Pedestrian so many of them?

Or is it rather, as I strongly suspect, the possession of a mind inherently brilliant, a perspective large enough to include a real sense of humor, and the ability to write?

My wish is that if his awful (?) prophecy that we will finish our day's work by ten in the morning come true, there will be enough Pedestrians working into the small hours of the night to keep the rest of us supplied with material to read during our leisure time.

ALICE WILDEY

Chicago, Ill.

Concerning Gophers

A gopher must
Stir up some dust
In going through his paces.
It must be hot
To dig a lot
Out in the open spaces.

You'd figure him
To stay in trim
From frequent exercising.
In spite of that
He still stays fat,—
It's really most surprizing.

This fact reveals
The gopher feels
No harm in surplus tissue.
He shows no tastes
For slender waists.
'Tis quite a minor issue.

It's evident
He's chiefly bent
On digging holes for shelter.
He jumps about,
Hops in and out,
And sometimes helter-skelter.

Which tricks displease
His enemies
Who often chance to meet him.
He has no mind,
The coyotes find,
To let them catch and eat him.

And so, my dears,
Reserve your sneers.
Be not, I pray you, scoffers.
'Tis plain enough
He knows his stuff
Which is,— preserving gophers.

PARKE CUMMINGS

Westport, Conn.

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Is There Conflict Between

"Are religion and science irreconcilable?" was the question asked Professor J. Arthur Thomson, editor of The Outline of Science, *and Professor James Henry Leuba, author of* The Psychology of Mysticism. *Their answers, in the form of debate, appeared in the September* FORUM.

The distinguished gentlemen whom you introduce have shown how one may argue and not dispute. Confronted with the question so frankly propounded by you, both give exhibitions of "sidestepping" that might arouse wild enthusiasm in a less intellectual arena. Dr. Leuba says he is not talking about religion in the abstract, and Professor Leuba talks about nothing else. So perhaps within the limitations of this particular discussion one may say how he feels while admitting that he does not know. For me, my early conception of religion, which saw a friendly intervention of Providence in the mishap of a good man that caused him to miss a train which subsequently was wrecked, is as dead as the proverbial doornail. Laid low with it are early conceptions of harmony, humor, literature, education, and the food values of green apples. Replacing them is by no means a complete understanding but at least, I hope, a greater capacity to comprehend as the great scheme of things slowly unfolds. In the human longing to know the truth and adapt one's self to it is found, for me, a spirituality far more satisfying than the religion of my earlier conception. This can conceive of no conflict between a Creator and what He has created.

I do not see how we can reconcile science with many early conceptions, among them that the earth was flat. It would seem to me that Dr. Leuba has won the debate with himself. On the other hand, while we know relatively little we do know that man is born with a conscience and, as the whole progress of the human race attests, with an aspiration for higher things. . . . I think this would be a sorry old world without the spiritual, and I agree with Professor Thomson that there can be no conflict between spirituality and any truth that may be revealed to us by science or anything else.

EDWARD MCKERNON
(*Supt. Eastern Division Associated Press*)
New York City

The words "religion" and "science" have for me absolutely identical meaning.

HERBERT NICHOLS
Pine Point, Me.

It seems to me that the answer to the question which you raise hinges on the definition of the word "religion". If it is held to mean the blind acceptance of the entire Bible or similar sacred books as the whole repository of the literal truth, there is an irreconcilable conflict between religion and science; if predigested dogma is to be swallowed without mental mastication, there is a conflict; if man is not to be allowed to think for himself, there is a conflict; if religion is to beget a narrow-minded intolerance and bigotry which attempt to stifle the thought and regulate the action of others, there is a conflict. If the basic principles of religion divested of myth and ecclesiastical embellishments are to be followed as a guide through life, there is no conflict. If religion is to be allowed to progress just as science is required to progress, there is no conflict. Science broadens the conception of divinity; if religion does this, their purposes are not in conflict.

W. C. RUCKER
(*Surgeon, U. S. Public Health Service*)
New Orleans, La.

The conflict between science and religion is, it seems to me, a futile argument between debaters, neither of whom knows what he is talking about. Attempts to shake the faith of others apparently spring from the jealousy of those who have no faith themselves. Why not live and let live? It is a beautiful world. Let others enjoy it as they see fit.

GEORGE T. RICHARDSON
(*Editor, "Worcester Evening Post"*)
Worcester, Mass.

I am of the opinion that there is vital conflict between the historic Christian religion and so called science. It can not be denied that there is an apparent conflict. Some may be of the opinion that the conflict is only apparent and not real, but I have discovered no method of reaching any such conclusion except by giving plain words a meaning forced upon them for the occasion and a meaning not given such language in any other connection.

B. F. SPALDING
(*Attorney*)
Fargo, N. D.

The answer depends upon one's definition of religion. If religion means creeds and dogma formulated by fallible men in ecclesiastical councils, every discovery of science will probably precipitate a new conflict. But if it means, as it does to me, a simple faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, — a faith that expresses itself in the Golden Rule, — then religion can accept with tranquility any facts which science puts forth with authority, and can discard with equal tranquility any belief which science can prove no longer credible.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

No conflict, as far as I know.

DR. RICHARD V. MATTISON
Ambler, Pa.

I can not think of an irreconcilable conflict between religion and science. I believe harmony will come when we have better definitions of the two words and when we have reached a better understanding of the purpose and scope of religion and science.

JOSEPH S. MYERS
(*Director, School of Journalism, Ohio State University*)
Columbus, Ohio.

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Religion and Science?

Scores of letters from our readers have been received, reflecting a divergence of opinion. In almost every case the views of each reader were qualified by an "if" or a "that depends". The majority, however, feel that there is no conflict and are agreed that science and religion may coexist and cooperate.

Science and religion can not possibly conflict. Men who call themselves scientists and fatheads who *know* what the Creator meant to reveal may be in a lively scrap. I am very well satisfied that there is a Creator; that interpretation of His work is science; that interpretation of or guessing at His relation to His creatures is religion. The belief of fact (as I take it) that there is a Creator is religion; the method of the how of creation is science. The fact that God created the waters may be dogmatic belief. That he used two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen is a matter of science.

W. Banks Meacham, D. O.
Asheville, N. C.

It is impossible for religion and science to be in conflict since they occupy entirely different fields. The one is determined by emotional and spiritual perceptions; the other is essentially empirical. The greatest scientist in the world may be an ignoramus as to religious matters. An altogether uninformed person may be profoundly wise in affairs of the spirit. Professor Thomson is, in my opinion, wholly right.

Deets Pickett
(*Board of Public Morals Methodist Episcopal Church*)
Washington, D. C.

It is the function of science to study and investigate and discover truth; it is the function of religion to serve and help and live the truth. There can, therefore, be no conflict between true science and true religion.

Walter Miller
(*Dean of the Graduate School University of Missouri*)
Columbia, Mo.

As in most conflicts of opinion, a good deal depends in your debate on what is meant by the word religion. If the definition of the word given by St James, and that implied in the often quoted requirement proclaimed by the Hebrew prophet, Micah, be accepted, then there is no conflict and can be none between advancing knowledge and the way of living which such religion points out. If the word religion is made to bear the burden of those beliefs of mankind which rest upon an authority that declines to reexamine its foundation in the light of advancing knowledge, then there is an irrepressible conflict between science and religion so defined.

Edwin Linton
(*Zoological Laboratory, University of Pennsylvania*)
Philadelphia, Pa.

Science has not yet told us what life is, much less its meaning and that of the world. Religion has large significance in the latter particular, and may give to science its final reason. We need both as collaborators with many other factors in furthering human relations toward a better social order in which all factors shall work together harmoniously in building "the great stairway up to God".

Gaylard H. Patterson
(*Department of Sociology, Dickinson College*)
Carlisle, Pa.

The divergence between science and the Christian religion is, I think, fundamental and irreconcilable. The Christian religion, while divided into a multitude of sects, has this common ground,—that it is based upon a belief in the supernatural origin and control of the universe; while science without dogmatically asserting a knowledge of the origin, assumes that there is no such thing as the supernatural. If this diagnosis of the two theories is correct, then necessarily there must be an irreconcilable conflict.

T. A. McMede
("*The Kansas Farmer*")
Topeka, Kas.

Religion and science occupy such widely different fields and are so distinctly separated that they can never meet or occupy the same ground, hence there can be no conflict between them. They can not be opposed to one another. Science deals with material things or facts; religion deals with the non-material things called spiritual, and sentiments and emotions.

John M. Stahl
Chicago, Ill.

I do not claim to be particularly religious or particularly scientific, but I disagree with Professor Thomson when he says a man can not be both scientific and religious with the accepted meaning of the latter word. Quite a few years ago astronomers thought that with the telescopes then in use they had seen the limits of the universe. Now, even with the marvelous advances made and being made, every one must admit that the end is not yet; and I believe it will never be found until we see "face to face" the Supreme Being whom we call "God", and who must control everything.

Edwin T. Pollock
(*Capt. U. S. Navy (Ret.) Supt. U. S. Naval Observatory*)
Washington, D. C.

If religion be that sacred feeling of solemn reverence, gentle humility, and hopeful trust which one feels in the face of the unknowable, then it has no conflict with science for science is simply formulated human experience. If religion be that state of mind induced by a literal acceptance of the Bible stories, then it is in hopeless conflict with science, for no candid scientific mind, in the light of present knowledge, can accept the theory of special creation, physical miracles, or the record of partizan participation by a thoroughly mundane Jehovah in the affairs of man.

W. Lee Lewis
Chicago, Ill.

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A Summer Bouquet

Editor of THE FORUM:

I just had a feast in your magazine for August. "Doing Right by Our Nell" should get the consideration of every progressive educator. Sails up! Publish pro and con, for we, the unbiased readers want to know all of it. The fact that some one wrote it does not make it so. But we can adjust ourselves to face the issue. Mr. Editor, take this flower. I like you. Keep on going. Pray give us more sociology, psychology, and religious subjects.

W. E. LUEDEKE

Tulsa, Okla.

A Strong Argument

Bishop Francis presents a good case for Christianity in China.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Dr. Hu Shih is very generous and fair-minded in his recognition of the benefits accruing to China from missionary efforts in the past. Those of us who have been engaged in the missionary work in the Orient, and others, — a vast body, — who have been unselfishly interested in that work, recognize and confess that at times serious blunders have been made in missionary administration and in methods of approach, but we rejoice that on the whole great results have been obtained and much permanent good accomplished.

Our faith in the future of Christianity in China, and our hope for it, reside in the Christian Chinese, — as splendid, devoted, and loyal a body of people as the world has ever seen. They have been tested and tried to the uttermost, again and again. The story of their fidelity and steadfastness under persecution during the Boxer Rebellion, — an account too hideous, often, to be written, — presents one of the most marvelous recitals of the centuries. During the present upheaval the same characteristics have been manifested by clergy and lay people alike. The old sneering appellation of Chinese converts as "Rice Christians" has been abundantly disproved and rebuked. It is on the Native Christian Church that, under God's guidance, our hope rests.

I am confident that I speak at least for our own missionaries, — those of the Church of England and of the Episcopal Church of the United States, — and without doubt the entire missionary body, when I say that our chief desire and the chief aim in all our work is the building of a native Church. We recognize that the evangelization of a nation must be accomplished by its own people. The foreign missionary is in China to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of Christ, to teach, to help, to encourage, to build, and then, when conditions justify the act, to transfer the entire work to the Chinese and to withdraw.

Dr. Hu Shih in my opinion fails to take into consideration that unique character of Christianity which has caused it to persist through nineteen centuries and to make its way among the nations. It is not political but spiritual. It upholds all proper national ideals and is in full sympathy with national consciousness. It is not "alien" because it is universal. That "Christianity is facing opposition everywhere" is a truism which causes no surprize and engenders no fear. Christianity has always been opposed and its glory is that it has progressed in the face of opposition and is increasingly fulfiling the command of its divine head to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature".

JOSEPH M. FRANCIS

Indianapolis, Ind.

Advice to Young Girls

Don't rankle your taxicab guide with a sneer.
He may be a prosperous banker, my dear.
And smile on your ash man. It may be that he
Is really a duke who'll invite you to tea.

PARKE CUMMINGS

Westport, Conn.

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G. B. S. on Birth Control

Dr. Bissell quotes from Bernard Shaw.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Those last-ditch defenders of morality and civilization who are so gallantly resisting the rising tide of birth control, sometimes pick strange allies. Fancy one of these embattled heroes, whose thinking is based on the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, quoting Bernard Shaw as an authority to be respected! It would be interesting to know in just what connection Shaw made the statement quoted by Dr. Sutherland as an indictment of birth control. Isolated sentences can often be made to do strange tricks. Shaw, as a matter of fact, has clearly stated that he is in sympathy with the birth control movement. On the occasion of the Sixth International Birth Control Conference in New York in 1925, he sent a message of approval and good will, from which I quote the following:

"Birth control should be advocated for its own sake, on the general ground that the difference between voluntary, rational, controlled activity and any sort of involuntary, irrational, uncontrolled activity is the difference between an ameba and a man; and if we really believe that the more highly evolved creature is the better we may as well act accordingly."

In view of these words, Dr. Sutherland's attempt to picture the eminent Irishman as a hater of Neomalthusianism is a bit odd. But then, one rather expects oddities from the opponents of birth control.

MALCOLM H. BISSELL

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

More Fallacies

Dr. Mudd points out "the fallacies of 'The Fallacies of Birth Control'" by Dr. Halliday Sutherland in the June issue of the magazine.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The reading of Dr. Sutherland's article was begun with some trepidation. Had some serious objection to the effort to secure better distribution of birth control information been overlooked? Reading was continued with genuine relief, — if opposition is driven to such faulty logic as this, the case for birth control is indeed strong.

Dr. Sutherland devotes much of his article to deploring excessively small families. With this most of the advocates of birth control are in hearty agreement. But in America at least, the struggle is rather against restrictive legislation that does not and never will restrict the well-to-do and influential, but only the miserable and unenterprising; it is against the outlawing of birth control information which suppresses only proper and scientific application of the newer knowledge of contraception, permitting the spread of faulty information through underground channels.

Dr. Sutherland would have us believe that contraception causes vague physiological deficiencies, sterility, neurasthenia, and fibroid tumors of women. Fortunately such a statement is sufficiently ludicrous to carry its own refutation. Were it not, the many eminent physicians who are avowedly champions of birth control, the thousands of doctors who use it in their practice as needed, and the satisfied patients so helped in clinics and private practice are abundant disproof. No one will deny the damage done by ignorant and pitiful attempts at contraception. But it is precisely these misinformed attempts and the even more disastrous practice of abortion that must be done away with by the establishment of clinics where modern scientific methods of contraception may be given those who need it under medical supervision.

Dr. Sutherland seems to feel that overpopulation does not exist in any country in the world. Has Dr. Sutherland never heard of China or of India? Or does he regard recurring plagues and famine as the "natural" and "ethical" means of reducing population?

Dr. Sutherland does not feel that birth control will benefit the race. What does he imagine will be the outcome of our present system of forcing by law the unfit to multiply excessively and disproportionately whether they will or no?

Despite the imprecations and laments of dogmatists and reactionaries, we do not live on a flat earth or in a geocentric universe; heretics are no longer burned at the stake. The history of mankind has been a

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struggle upward, not a plunge downward from primal perfection in Eden.

STUART MUDD

New York

A Moot Point

Editor of THE FORUM:

Don't you think the poem "No Images" by Waring Cuney in the June FORUM is tainted with race prejudice, the poet being partial to brown? Or is brown a compromise? Would he have been put in jail as a Red if he exalted all women in their relation to dish water, or would exaltation of the white woman by a Negro poet "spill the beans"?

We believe the sole motive and authentic note is exalting the brown girl whose main virtue is being brown. Don't you think that prompt action on part of Federal authorities could check the dish water evil in relation to brown? Passing laws prohibiting the shadow of a brown girl falling over dish water; building crystal palaces and hidden pools for the brown; boiling in oil all white men who exalt white women. To be called "The Great God Black Act".

FRED W. DREXEL

Sacramento, Calif.

Collects No Dust

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am a constant reader of your magazine. I can frankly say that it is the best magazine of its type that I have ever found to read. I am a professor of Social Sciences in the High School at Tontogany, Ohio. I have often used the articles in THE FORUM for current topics and for class debates. My pupils enjoy reading the magazine. I have several magazines of various kinds on my desk. THE FORUM seems to be in constant use while others collect dust. When boys and girls of the high school age will pick THE FORUM in preference to other magazines I feel that it is a credit to that magazine.

L. R. PUGH

Custar, O.

Meditations of an Old Chinese Philosopher

The great mountains are black clouds
That move across the sky, slowly,
Like weary elephants, heavily loaded.
The black clouds opposite
Are great mountains, solid and immovable,
Like giant bears, nailed to the sky. . . .
O wise and mighty Kong-Fu-Tse,
How shall weak-eyed and deluded man,
Distinguish the true from the false?

—PAUL ELDRIDGE

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of The Forum Book Review Board, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Take Your Choice

IN France everybody loves to explain. Explanations, with wine, are one of the most natural and abundant products of the soil. One could say that the great difference between French people and Americans is that the former crave explanations, the latter worship facts. A French newspaper publishes few facts, if any, — indeed, has no space to print them, — but all sorts of explanations of these facts. French political life and the French Parliament are one big whirlwind of explanations. And proportionately, there is more explanation, — more criticism, — in French literature than in any other. French people are great at explaining a difficult subject or a mysterious book because, if they can understand it, they make it very clear, if they can not, they make it very sprightly.

To educate and test the judgment of the American public, Harcourt, Brace and Company have very kindly chosen in the field of contemporary French literature two books of explanations, the best that could be found, and the worst. It makes a fine contrast and constitutes a very valuable lesson. The American reader has the pleasure of finding himself in the same situation as Heracles when he had to choose between good and evil. I do not want to spoil his pleasure or influence his free choice. I shall simply introduce the two performers.

M. Paul Valéry in his sixties, having been received at the French Academy, felt it his duty to explain what he had said previously in a mysterious and beautiful poetry. M. Ramon Fernandez in his thirties, having married a school teacher, felt it his right to explain what a lot of other people had said before him in clear and well known books. The task of M. Valéry was easy. It was not possible to write a page of prose that would be more incomprehensible to the general public than his poems. The task of M. Fernandez was difficult. Every cultivated Frenchman before him had understood the books he was going to explain: Stendhal, Balzac, Conrad, Newman, Maritain, etc.

The two critics worked hard, both having a great gift at finding words and using them more or less after the fashion of Humpty Dumpty. Consequently, they built great masses of explanation which are at the same time creations and express not only what they had to say about the

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subject, the book, or the man they treated, but also about themselves and their ideas of the world. The whole personality of M. Valéry appears in VARIETY ($3.00), and the whole personality of M. Fernandez in MESSAGES ($2.50). As M. Valéry is a poet who meditated for twenty years in retirement and peace, and M. Fernandez a fashionable young man who is equally superior at driving a car, playing tennis, dancing the Charleston, and taking the centre of a drawing-room, their outlook is different and they do not treat words and ideas in the same way, although they belong broadly to the same school.

Each of them has been successful. Starting from a deep and abstract meditation, M. Valéry has been able to make his esoteric genius bloom in flowers real and colored. He has transposed his serene and haughty poetry into the realm of political and social life, without spoiling its dignity or its disinterestedness. M. Fernandez, starting from well known and clear ideas, has succeeded in making them blossom in extravagant sentences and delirious paragraphs. If you have read Balzac, you probably believe you understand him somewhat; just read M. Fernandez's essays on Balzac and you will find at last that you understand nothing. Neither does he. But of course, he does it with great *maestria* and such a sonorous orchestra of sentences that, at any rate, he has convinced you.

Read both books, but remember that Valéry is probably the greatest living poet in Europe (with Stephan Georg), and that M. Ramon Fernandez is the most brilliant young man in Europe. Admire their translators, who had courage. Malcolm Cowley in translating Valéry has done an excellent and exceptionally good piece of work. M. Belgion in translating Fernandez has proved himself capable of great faith and devotion.

But do not forget that you have to choose.

BERNARD FAŸ

A Novel of Industry

SIX years ago Charles Rumford Walker wrote *Steel*, — a grand piece of reporting based on hand-to-shovel work in the Pittsburgh district. But the American public likes its sociology best in fictional form; and I suspect that Walker presents the fruits of his later wrestling with brass in a novel, partly because his straight report on steel never won the wide reading it deserved.

In vivid painting of mill men and machines, Walker is a master hand with a seeing eye; the action and atmosphere of factory toil have rarely been done better than in BREAD AND FIRE (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Male characterizations throughout are sharp as dagger points; his molders and stickers are not merely types, but individuals who will lie heavy on the reader's memory for months. Often enough this solid effect is obtained with so few words that one is tempted to say that here is a truly great novelist in the making. The subtler natures who compose that extraordinary society which is to run the white-hot emotionalism of the post-war period into Socialistic molds, are almost as neatly turned as the factory hands. At least, the men are, and the woman who bear age and burdens.

But when Mr. Walker faces a young and beautiful woman for the purpose of snaring her soul in the net of his story, he falters. His heroine, — oozy from the first, — escapes the toiling hero in the end; but she escaped the author's control even earlier. I suspect that Mr. Walker's future as a novelist depends upon his cultivating women henceforth as earnestly as he has cultivated machines in the past.

Bread and Fire is weak in plot, but so rich in material that any reader who is eager to know how dividends are earned in industrial America will excuse lapses from conventional standards, both in structure and diction. All in all, the novel is full of authentic fragments from the shifting American scene, and its vigor and veracity bear the promise of better things to come from the same pen.

ARTHUR POUND

Squaring the Round Table

HARD on the heels of *The Road to Xanadu* comes another important book revealing the sources of poetic imagination. CELTIC MYTH AND ARTHURIAN ROMANCE by Roger Sherman Loomis (Columbia University Press, $6.00) can also claim distinction as a blend of fundamental research with that poetic instinct and artistry of style which is as essential

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to the valuation of ancient folk-lore as to the criticism of contemporary poetry.

Mr. Loomis's courage alone justifies a notice of his book in THE FORUM, "a magazine of controversy," for he steers his eery engine of medieval criticism into the teeth of a stiff gale of trouble. During the past half century the rationalists have been ridiculing the early nineteenth century romantic critics of the Arthurian romances with their folk-lore fairies lurking behind the brave figures of Arthur and his knights and ladies, and behind them again godlike shadows of a vanished Celtic Pantheon. The rationalists have preferred to interpret these legends as the literary coinage of the French imagination of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Now Mr. Loomis braves the rationalists, goes back with renewed zeal to the early Irish sagas and to the Latin inscriptions to Celtic gods in Gaul, and establishes new equations that prove the unknown *x* behind a given mysterious Arthurian knight or lady to be a solar god or a goddess of the seasons. The Greeks had their Pantheon which, as recent scholars prove, reappeared in folk-lore and romances. The Scandinavians also had theirs and were lucky to write down on sheepskin a poetic record of their Thors and Odins before Christianity rationalized them out of memory. Why deny Irish divine antecedents for the Celtic-French romances?

No one need read Mr. Loomis's book who does not love Arthurian romance and has not the curiosity to look further with him through its magic casements into the faerie night beyond. And no student of the Round Table can henceforth reckon without Mr. Loomis. Every child who has read his Malory has been puzzled by mysterious events which seem to have no relation to the story. These same unrelated anecdotes were equally baffling to the thirteenth-century scholar who annotated them. Mr. Loomis's explanation of the last two generations of human imagination behind the authors of the romances, — their father folk-lore and their grandfather mythology, — offers at least a clue to many apparently unmotivated scenes which were taken over by poetic minstrels who did not understand their significance.

Mr. Loomis's point of departure is his frontispiece, a photograph of the sculptured archivolt of Modena Cathedral carved about the year 1096, a generation before the reputed father of Arthurian legend, Geoffrey of Monmouth, wrote his famous *History of Britain*. The carving depicts the attack of Gawain and Arthur on the Castle of Mardoc, Lord of Hades. All the characters are labeled with names except one, — a knight who rides anonymous to the rescue of Arthur's abducted queen. The possible identification of this unknown knight with a hero in early Irish saga is but one of Mr. Loomis's fascinating discoveries in the mythological background of medieval romance.

Gawain, according to Mr. Loomis, was originally a Celtic sun god, and the abduction of Guinevere is reminiscent of the Rape of the Flower Maiden in Old Irish Story. "The battle for her possession lasted from the great Irish seasonal festival of November 1 to the middle of Spring." When St Patrick came to Ireland as a Christian missionary among sun worshipers, he designated Christ as *Sol verus*, — "the true Sun." Arthur, languishing of his wounds on the island of Avalon, is also related to a solar myth, thinks Mr. Loomis, although Arthur himself, in contrast to many of his knights, the author believes to have been originally not a god but a historic character. In general the islands off the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as Brittany, were associated with pagan sanctuaries and abodes of divine beings, and pleasant fairy queens and princesses.

Mr. Loomis marshals so much evidence in new formation that he seems at times unnecessarily apologetic to scholars, and leads the uninitiated, time and again captivated by his literary treatment, into some rather intricate by-paths that wrinkle the brow and break the spell. A few years hence, when scholars have been allowed a reasonable time in which to cavil at the evidence and conclusions of Mr. Loomis, it is to be hoped that the author will give us a new book wherein he will take his proofs for granted. Then he will reverse his method and begin not by tracing the genealogy of the Arthurian characters backwards, but by reconstructing bravely a few of the Celtic gods and goddesses and following their descent, with the legends attached to them, down

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through the centuries. Then we shall see them buffeted by Christian missionaries, cherished in dark corners of islands and forests, converted into mere human beings by the Breton minstrels, and finally rounded up by the medieval Latin historians and French romancers to sit at the Round Table and do knightly service in Arthur's court.

H. G. LEACH

Cervantes Soufflé

DEMOCRACY, the modern spirit, or whatever inspires the undisciplined curiosity of modern letters, has not only enlarged man's vision of the heights: it has reduced the heights. To know that Shakespeare occasionally violated the police regulations and that Milton was, at times, less the author of the English "Inferno", more the boorish exponent of misogyny, may make them seem more beast than god, — more democratic, — but it does little to establish their true eminence.

Although Han Ryner has entered the brazen company of post-mortem interviewers with his biographical novel of Cervantes, — THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), — yet he has done more than justice to the corpse. He has a real affection for the creator of Don Quixote, — such a keen affection, indeed, that he often indulges in rhapsody at the expense of taste.

It seems there was one hidalgo who loved freedom enough to starve for his faith in an age when Spain lay shrouded in the dusty folds of an ungenerous orthodoxy. That hidalgo was Miguel Cervantes, hero of Lepanto, now an aged free-lance with a sense of the eternal fitness of things and its current violation, — a man, who, like the master of Sancho, kept Rocinante to the most difficult of roads. For, alone, he dared to utter, smiling, "the choked up, subterranean speech of a century of silence."

His picture Han Ryner draws with the skill of a scholar avid of popularizing what to him is greatness, — the divine calm of this Castilian who could labor at his *Persiles and Sigismunda* while the king's confessor was issuing the spurious *Second Volume of the Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha*, while friends were more than careless of his welfare, and while the church was extremely dubious of the value of heterodoxy. The sketch is vivid, almost too colorful. Those few who still believe with Lessing that there should be *genres tranchés* in literature, that only Polonius could do justice to a literary-biographical-historical-novel, will resent Han Ryner's work. Others will be glad that a scholar has helped them to see in the form of a man the epic greatness of Cervantes. And, perhaps, thus quickened, they will turn a few pages of the work which the ingenious hidalgo thought far from his best, which depict the ultra-romantic adventures of Don Quixote.

DONALD GIBBS

Everybody His Own Prophet

MR. J. W. DUNNE dreamed about a fire and a runaway horse. The curious thing was that the dreams came first, the events later. For many men that would have been excuse enough to set up in business as a prophet. Mr. Dunne put the temptation behind him. His prophetic runaway induced him merely to inquire whether he had not chanced on some new law of the mind. The result is his recent book, AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME (Macmillan, $2.25), a volume which is either a piece of complete foolishness or a most important contribution to psychology. I shall not be surprized if it turns out to be the latter.

Mr. Dunne's thesis is that the materials of dreams may be drawn in part from our future experience, as well as from the past. Both sets of dream images are equally distorted. As with dreams of past events, the picture is seldom either clear or reasonable. Mr. Dunne is no monopolist of his power. He insists, on the contrary, that every one possesses it. One of his friends was enormously surprized when Mr. Dunne induced him to remember that a ladder encountered in reality was one out of a previous dream. Well known facts of psychology, including the speed with which dream images are forgotten on awakening, explain why these dim, distorted dreams of things to come have gone unnoticed by sixty centuries of psychology. One wonders, however, whether they *have* gone quite unnoticed, for if Mr. Dunne's psychology is right, it perhaps explains

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that persistent popular belief, always unprovable, that dreams mean something about events to come.

As all philosophers are duty-bound to do, Mr. Dunne attempts a "reasonable" theory of his facts. The time sense of mankind involves, he believes, a set of "serial observers". It is as though the first trackwalker rode along on his stomach on a hand car, seeing only that tiny portion of the ribbon of rail unrolling each instant beneath his downcast eye. Atop of this observer sits observer number two, able to see a little of the track both behind and to come. Observer number three and his successors pile up still higher, to an apex of time vision which Mr. Dunne does not try to understand.

The chief fault of this theory is that it is based entirely on perfectly sound logic. Anything really true about so intimate a human attribute as a sense of time would be expected to be utterly illogical, in keeping with everything else about man that is thoroughly human. If Mr. Dunne's suggested explanations were utterly unbelievable, I would feel much more optimistic about its truth. But after all, it is Mr. Dunne's facts that count, not his theory, — if they are facts. Everybody who is interested ought to keep a daily dream book, like Mr. Dunne, comparing each dream image with later events. The statistics would be humanly interesting.

E. E. Free

Greatness and Charm

TCHEKHOV was a charming man, and several charming books about him are now available in English. The latest and most charming is Anton Tchekhov: Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences (Doran, $5.00), translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. Tchekhov's charm was of a rare quality because it was coupled with greatness; and this volume, full of tributes of contemporaries including the great Tolstoy, serves as a witness to the lovableness of the man and his work.

The symposium is well arranged, and the result is not, as might be supposed, a patchwork of haphazard impressions. A complete portrait of the man does ultimately emerge; there is not a stroke of the brush that goes to its making but gives its own pleasure. It is all the more fitting, because his own art was like that: a series of living fragments, each complete, a world in itself, yet the total composed a larger world, which has come to be called "the world of Tchekhov".

It is quite evident from the materials collected by Mr. Koteliansky that Tchekhov, unlike most Russian writers, was first and foremost an artist. A physician by profession, a circumstance of which he was inordinately proud, — perhaps the only thing the modest man *was* proud of, — he attributed to it the greatest importance as a directing influence in his art. That is, he deemed it his duty to observe his characters in their environment dispassionately, objectively, as a doctor observes his patients.

In its way, this is admirable. One understands why Tchekhov considered Dostoyefsky pretentious and grandiose. Yet one may agree with Tolstoy, who loved Tchekhov dearly, when he says: "His medicine gets in his way; if he were not a doctor, he would be a still better writer." There were a number of contradictions in Tchekhov. His great ambition was to write a long novel; his attempts invariably ended in a series of sketches or stories, each living its own integral life. Yet, to the question of what he would do if he became rich, he would answer: "I would write the tiniest possible stories."

John Cournos

Sargent Revalued

WHETHER or not one considers John S. Sargent a so called great artist, it is impossible to survey his career with indifference. Two outstanding things have happened since the April morning Sargent was discovered dead, as though quietly sleeping, in his Tite Street home, a copy of Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique* lying open beside him. One is the fantastic figures his paintings have been fetching at public and private sale. The other is the vigorous onslaughts upon his artistic standing by various modernist critics here and abroad. It is between such radically divergent extremes that the real Sargent may be discerned, and the present sympathetic, discriminative memoir, — John Sargent, by the Honorable

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Evan Charteris (Scribner's, $6.00), — offers welcome assistance toward this end.

Too much praise can not be accorded the Honorable Evan Charteris for the patient, thorough manner in which he traces Sargent's development from the early Florence days, through his Paris apprenticeship, to his last phase in post-war London when he seemed, despite his professional preeminence, not a little out of step with his time. Yet, while biographical material is profuse, there is lacking any sort of critical estimate of the man and his achievement. This, in brief, is the defect of the current comely volume.

The pro-French high priests of modernism who proclaim that John Sargent should have remained in Paris and pursued the pathway of Manet, or joined forces with the neo-impressionists with whom he displayed certain incipient affinities, are beside the mark. From the outset the man did what he was predestined to do. Possessing phenomenal gifts of eye and hand, he became the typical chronicler of his class and time. No one was better equipped for the task than the *distingué* young expatriate with his mental detachment, his dazzling technical dexterity, his highly developed sense of the actual and the objective. Although he was successful from his début, it was not, however, the restless, questing kingdom of the spirit to which this Fortunatus of brush and palet dedicated his abundant talents. It was the more solidly circumstanced world about him. His milieu was the milieu of London rank and fashion, the America of industrial magnate, college president, and society leader. Small wonder that he now and then rebelled against the species of artistic slavery known as portraiture. Yet, once he had committed himself, there was no escape.

As is not infrequently the case, things might, at certain intervals, have turned out differently. There is sensitive, tremulous poetry in the "Luxembourg Gardens at Twilight". There is flame, albeit of the footlights, in "El Jaleo", and piquant characterization in the attenuated "Stevenson" slinking across his study floor. But such qualities, such capacities, were swamped amid the plethora of portrait commissions and the uninspired drudgery of the Boston Library decorations.

The trouble was not solely because Sargent was a confirmed traditionalist, a purely academic, atelier product. It lay also in the fact that, alike in his portraits, murals, and water colors, he reveals himself a devotee of the external appearance of things instead of sensing as well their inner significance. This son of a physician was a masterly diagnostician of what he actually saw. That which lay beneath the surface was withheld from him. His entire production is wanting in mystery, in evocation, in creative passion. It reveals observation without organization. Sargent's case was precisely the opposite of that of sun steeped Vincent, or of Gauguin who, out of simple, tropical scene, evolved a vivid, elemental synthesis of nature and life. His aim was visual accuracy, — theirs visual ecstasy.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Ecstasy Lost or Strayed

ON page thirty-nine of LOST ECSTASY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran $2.00), Tom, — swaggering, violent, hell-riding, proud, honest cowboy, — stops saying "feller"; and Kay, — fastidious daughter of the Eastern millionaire ranch owner, on a visit West, with personal maid and gold toilet articles, — sews a button on his coat. From this one expects the worst. But this reviewer, afflicted with the habit of reading loyally to the end, set her teeth, and proceeded. To her surprize, the cowboy shed no other of his crudities, (except, after a while, his drinking sprees) and even acquired a new one, — a gold front tooth, together with great pride in it.

The story really begins when Kay, after some months back East, trying to forget the crude cowhand, and on the verge of a fashionable marriage, learns that Tom, now a rodeo rider with the circus, has come to her city. At the mercy of her passion, — and this is quite sincerely portrayed, — she goes to him and they are married forthwith. From this point the tale improves, — the third quarter is the best. It becomes chiefly the story of the incapacity for adjustment of two natures, — held together by their love through a realistically described poverty, — back again on the Western plains. Realistic, despite the paper thinness of the stock villain, — this time an Indian, — and of "the other

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woman", an unconvincing villainess. The villainess, however, keeps the tale going, by arousing Kay's jealousy.

When Kay's mother falls mortally ill and Kay is called home, a series of misunderstandings makes it seem likely that this marriage of love and quarrels and jealousies has come to an end. But no, things come to pass, and Kay once more joins her fortunes to her husband's. But although the author says "there was love and peace and understanding in the air", we predict that it will not be long before jealous storms blow up, and that the course of true love will only now and then run smooth.

The fact that such a prediction can be made means that the book is better than the best seller it was brought out to be. The two chief characters remain loyal to their author's original hypothesis. We are grateful, too, that she refrains from contributing a new generation as the instrument of reconciliation. And the description of one-man ranching through poverty and drought and loneliness is really good.

VIOLA PARADISE

Harding The Man

WHAT Samuel Hopkins Adams did for the public life of the late lamented Warren G. Harding in *Revelry*, Nan Britton has now done for his private life in THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER (Elizabeth Ann Guild, $5.00). But while Adams's medium was a thinly disguised fiction, Miss Britton's is an openly proclaimed confession of fact, — at least, so we are assured. The book is a lengthy record of Harding's love relations with the authoress, which bore fruit in a child now seven and a half years old. In spite of lapses in style and taste, in spite of her many interpolations of maudlin philosophy, Miss Britton shows an astonishing power of organizing facts and tells a tragic love story that is at once tearfully pathetic and convincing.

Already attempts have been made to suppress the book. But we take it, the putrid matter which was so offensive to the nostrils of our vice hounds was not, *per se*, the salacious details of which there is certainly a full quota. The real objection is based on something far more subversive in character, for the book shatters one of the pet idols of the market place in portraying the unlovely humanness of a sacrosanct Chosen One of the American populace.

The purpose of the writer is to demonstrate the social injustice visited upon the innocent child of an unconventional love union. But her story will have a deeper meaning for the thoughtful reader, who will be more ready to condone the indulgence of an irregular passion than to pardon such wholesale attempts to evade its responsibilities as are amply shown by the soft spined father, his money hardened family, and no less, by the authoress herself.

In the early pages, which tell of the repressed home life of the girl who literally flung herself into the willing arms of Mrs. Harding's husband, there is double case material for Freudian speculation. Its later pages paint with an artless, love-blinded eye, a new portrait of Harding the man. The Senator who wrote sixty-page love letters within ear-shot of Senatorial debate, who sired an illegitimate child in the Senate Office Building, who later, as President, purchased immunity from the responsibilities he had thereby incurred, and, without making any provision for his only child, was hastened to his death by fear of detection, — this is the man a lenient public opinion has considered "good and honest enough, but unfortunate in the choice of his associates."

Thus Miss Britton's simple-hearted and simple-minded idolatry, coupled with a Rousseauistic delight in self-damning confession, performs for the Harding of sacred memory the last rites of an ironical justice, dissipating the last hazes of the halo that sat so ill upon his brow. Moral for ambitious cowards: "Don't take foolish virgins for mistresses."

E. C. A.

Aiken to Joyceward

IF Carlyle is right in saying that evil comes with consciousness, then the modern novel is traveling an evil way. For every year there are published more novels which consciously strive, often through trivialities, to portray, in the less obvious crises of human nature, the conflicts of mind and spirit. Conrad Aiken's BLUE VOYAGE (Scribner's, $2.50) must be

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classed with these subjective novels, and like them it is addressed to the reader who concerns himself with the inner drama of life. Whatever judgment may be pronounced on other novels of this type, in the hands of the insincere both cheap and false, the most critical will be quick to acknowledge the sound purpose and skilful rendering of *Blue Voyage*.

Mr. Aiken sets out to portray through the mind of his protagonist a little world of barely a dozen characters, products of widely differing environments, who meet on the decks of an ocean liner. They are essentially dull people whose conversation on a prolonged voyage might well produce a fiercer nausea than that of the sea. William Demarest, about whom the book centres, is in his own eyes a being of perhaps potential, although little actual, significance. Yet in the explorations of his mind, this mid-oceanic Bloom takes on a passion inspired intensity. Faced with an emotion which has become the central fact of his life, Demarest is by his very emotion rendered inarticulate and impotent. His love for Cynthia, an almost dehumanized passion, is in the tradition of courtly love, but Demarest's love dwells not in a dehumanized breast, for his common humanity can not be denied.

As Demarest, through the opening chapters, emerges from the commonplace to become a tragic figure, the book rises with him from the claptrap table conversation of the exposition, through the day-by-day record of events, to the feverish night of Demarest's self-communing, and finally to his vision of himself and his shipmates. From this culmination, the book descends both structurally and emotionally to an easily foreseen conclusion.

An achievement rare in modern art, *Blue Voyage* is not without faults. It must be criticized on the score of the far too realistic record of the dinner table, the confused introduction and conversation of the characters in the vision, and the too obvious implication of the last sentence. In every case Mr. Aiken's sins are those of commission rather than of omission. He need not have dragged the unreal Cynthia in person into the story, nor shown Faubion in the practice of her trade.

But when one puts side by side with these defects the concise and nervous style, the artfully graduated sequence of emotion, and the consistent treatment of the characters, its faults fade before its merits. It would be difficult to find a better example of the "stream of consciousness" than Demarest's reverie, or a more skilful gradation of mood than the series of letters in which he tries to take leave of Cynthia.

Blue Voyage deals with a subject which lends itself only too readily to the chaotic in art, — the internal warfare of man with himself. Yet just as from a rough hewn block the figures of Rodin emerge clear and sharp, so the figure of Demarest becomes more and more apparent through obscurity. The fact that the technical means by which this is accomplished are hidden from all but the most penetrating reader is another proof of the author's capacity. Esthetically almost impeccable, in feeling the book exemplifies the "strange mixture of the soaring melody" that is the preoccupation of all literature.

EVELYN PAGE

Our Benighted States

MAYNARD SHIPLEY, President of the Science League of America, has recently issued a volume, THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE, (Knopf, $3.00) which puts the whole country in his debt, although darkest America will not admit it. This highly documented and illuminating book reveals what has been going on for the last five years in the attempt, — disguised as an attack on evolution, — to prevent the teaching of science in all our public schools and colleges which receive state aid. That it should be possible to write such a book seems incredible; but here are the facts, and we can only rub our eyes in amazement.

Mr. Shipley details the losing fight of the intelligent citizens of Tennessee and Mississippi to prevent the censorship of knowledge by legislative statutes conceived in crass credulity and spawned in purblind ignorance. He also shows that no state is free from this menace. Everywhere the most unintelligent masses are spurred on by sectarian bigots to set up such an Inquisition over ideas as belongs only to a repudiated past.

Many have questioned the Elmer Gantry type of professional evangelist as a gross caricature; but after reading this

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account of modern medievalism, marked as it is by book burnings and pleas for judicial murder reminiscent of the good old days when heretics and witches were burned, one sees the truth behind the satire. Compared with these actual charlatans who, in print and in the pulpit, have advocated putting "Hell in the High Schools" and boasted that they have "killed their man", it can be easily demonstrated that Elmer Gantry is too mild a caricature.

Billy Sunday, for instance, restrains himself to say, "Old Darwin is in Hell. If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk and a liar and the consensus of scholarship can go to Hell for all I care." By allowing such obscurantists to speak their minds freely, this book pillories the opponents of science in their own words. Mr. Shipley's language is simple and lucid without rhetorical flourishes. He did not need to go to burning words for his effects. The enemies of "science in the schools" supply all the flub-dub of humbug, and only needed the scalpel of a lover of truth to expose their activities as a cancerous growth threatening the whole country.

The book is needed, and if it could be placed in the hands of every superintendent of schools, every president of local school boards, nothing more useful could be accomplished for the good of the nation. Mr. Shipley shows that no part of the country is safe from an opposition which is highly organized, and has millions of money as well as millions of fanatics behind it. No recent book dealing with matters of education has presented a menacing situation more clearly, and its timeliness is only one of its many virtues.

HARVEY M. WATTS

Three English Poets

WE do not know whether Muriel Stuart is "the greatest English woman poet living to-day", as asserted on the enthusiastic jacket of her book, NEW POEMS AND OLD (Edwin Valentine Mitchell, $2.00). But having great reverence for Thomas Hardy's opinions, we are impressed by his declaration that her poetry is "superlatively good". That is warm praise.

For ourselves, we find that her work possesses a haunting melodic quality, a dramatic intensity, a pagan spirit which is fine and fervent and memorable. There has been much mythological resurrection of late, but it has often smacked of depleted singing resources. Miss Stuart is not a mere juggler with the joyous nomenclature of the gods. She is pagan only because she is a poet of pristine freshness and wholeness of sight. And that is all we can ever expect of any pagan.

She is as validly a poet of modern ecstasies as Swinburne, and as authentically and passionately English as she is Greek. Indeed, her landscapes are as English as Norbury, — and no less Arcadian. Her harebells and her cloudberries are as indigenous as the Arcadian love chapter in Meredith's *Richard Feverel*. She is her own Poet Pedlar in "Pedlar's Pack". She enumerates with all the delicacy of a fern's shadow her enchanting bundle of natural delights.

Nevertheless, it is to the mellow and almost savage maturity of her woman-stuff, poignant with fierce comprehension and bitter awareness, that we turn for what we feel is richest and best, — in poems like "Lady Hamilton" and "The Fools" and "Mrs. Effingham's Swan Song". I wish I could quote this last in full:

I am growing old. I have kept youth too long,
But I dare not let them know it now.
I have done the heart of youth a grievous wrong,
Danced it to death and drugged it with the rose,
Forced its reluctant lips to one more vow.
I have denied the lawful grey,
So kind, so wise, to settle in my hair,
I belong no more to April, but September has
not taught me her repose.
I wish I had let myself grow old in the quiet way
That is so gracious . . . I wish I did not care.
My faded mouth will never flower again,
Under the paint the wrinkles fret my eyes,
My hair is dull beneath the henna stain,
I have come to the last ramparts of disguise,
And now draws on the day of my defeat.
I shall not meet
The swift, male glance across the crowded room,
I shall sit there in the corner, looking on
With the older women, withered, overblown,
Who have grown old more graciously than I,
In a sort of safe and comfortable tomb,
Knitting myself into Eternity.

Edward Davison, a young English poet and critic, sometime associate of Mr. Jack Squire on "The London Mercury", has published a collection of his

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poems under the title, HARVEST OF YOUTH (Harper's, $2.00). The result is unperturbed, scrupulous, measured, and musical, swinging on the swell and wash of the Victorian tradition, — nostalgic, noble, neglected in these feverish days.

What must strike the reader of this book at once is its unmistakably British flavor, as distinct from everything we call American. The ardors, — and there is a species of ardor in the volume, — are subdued; the vexations of flesh and spirit are veiled. There is no shout in the poems, no Western hullabaloo. Instead there is a quiet and conscious mind at work upon the vast versatility of pain, the visits of beauty, the bright and brief stratagems of English sky and English wind.

The poet is often hurt but never bewildered. He is occasionally happy but never buoyant. The fire has no tumult. It burns with a straight and steady point of flame. It gives more light than heat. The form is as fraught with caution as the imagery is uneventful and calmed. Even a poem like "The Vigil", with all its tragic and frustrated intimations, permits no liberty to passion. We lean on the verge of the lover's nocturnal despair, we touch the very edge of outcry; but nothing happens beyond the cerebrated silence, the resolved philosophy, the terse promise, "I'll count the time." Another such poem, "In This Dark House," despite raven's shadow and the ritual of desolation, ends as it begins with a precise and sober acceptance of solitude.

We do not mean for a moment that Mr. Davison can not feel. Assuredly he can and does. But he thinks too much, clapping a pensive bridle on the winged horse. And yet, though the brain is arrogant, — rare enough in one so young among poets, — the melodious breath now and again puts up a banner. Then it is the poet sings.

When Naomi Mitchison's last historical novel, *Cloud Cuckoo Land*, came out, critics said, "she is a poet turned to prose," and much else like that. Now, in THE LABURNUM BRANCH (Harcourt, Brace, $1.75), we have the visual and emotional record of a richly observant and eager personality. But that record is rather like an artist's sketch-book or a novelist's note-book or, what is most probable, a poet's diary. That is why, with rare exceptions, the poems are free and flung down and fragmentary. And that also is why they have an immediate present-tensity, an unguarded conversational tone which is lacking in both her more adept countrymen.

She has traveled and seen many things. There are swift glimpses of kodak crudity and naturalness. She abounds in vitality and color and enthusiasm. She loves her England as much as Miss Stuart or Mr. Davison. Fresh, damp English air pervades an entire section of her book, all strangely and nicely mixed with the smell of schoolrooms and history books.

She writes buoyantly about places, — Serajevo, Tunisia, Ravenna. She makes quick, light washes from a juicy brush. Her "Late Spring: Holland" is a tiny Vermeer. She goes swimming in the Thames, off Hammersmith, with Isobel Powys and can not help singing about it. She has a whole flock of pixies in her mind like chattering little silver birds. And always her love of history soaks through if it can.

But most of all she delights in her friends. Here is Stella Benson in a flash:

> For seven years,
> Oh, seven years, princess!
> I have thought about you — pictured you.
> And now you are here:
> Green cloak and silver flowers.
> Oh you pale fairy,
> Have I no power to bind you to me now?

Her poems about people bubble more radiantly out of her heart than any in the book, making one think, "What a lovely and shrewd and lively little person to know!"

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Readers may order through THE FORUM *any books mentioned in this issue of the magazine, or obtain through it information regarding current literary publications. Address* FORUM *Book Service, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York.*

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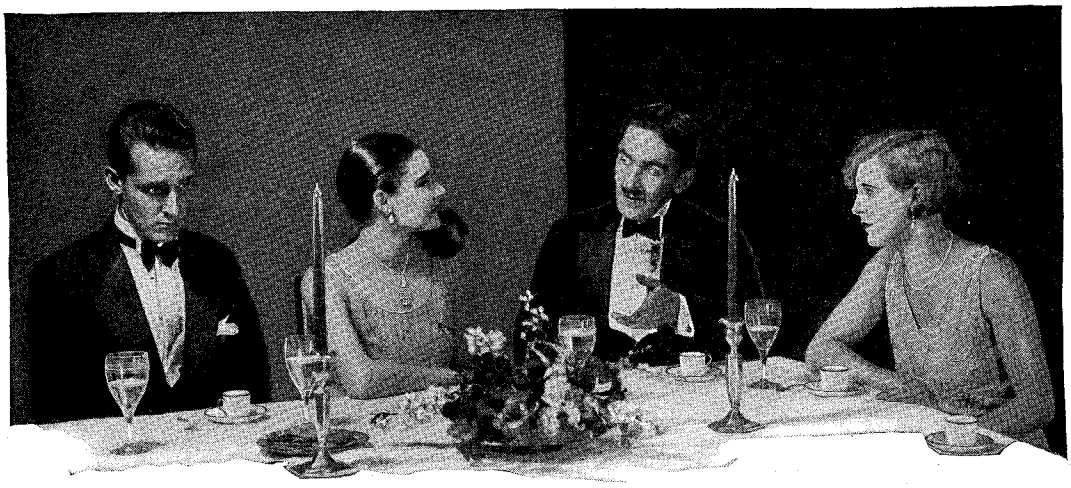

I felt like a fool when they began to talk in French

— but to my surprise my wife answered without a moment's hesitation!

"HAVE you been to the American opera?" Mr. Hartley asked his young French guest.

"Not as yet," Jean Bouret answered. "*Nous trouvons qu 'il sera impossible de faire tout ce que nous voudrons.*"

"*Vraiment!*" Mr. Hartley replied.

They had broken into French! I sat in awkward silence, wondering what it was all about, not understanding a word . . . completely out of things.

All at once someone directed a question at me in French. I faltered for a moment, wondering what to say — and suddenly my wife came to the rescue. To my complete astonishment *she answered for me in French!*

Calmly, as if she had known French for years — she chatted with Mr. Hartley and the guest of honor. They were enchanted. And I was positively amazed. Where had she learned French — how had she found the time — what was her secret? I was mighty proud of her that evening. She was certainly the shining light.

"Where did you ever learn to speak French so well?" I asked her when we arrived home.

My Wife Tells Me About the Hugo "French-At-Sight" Method

"When we first began being invited to important dinners and receptions, I realized the value of being able to speak French," my wife said. "I noticed that cultured people brought occasional French phrases into their conversation; and I realized it would be embarrassing not to know and understand such expressions. So I decided to learn French."

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"Angry! I'd have given anything to have been able to speak French tonight!"

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PHILIP GUEDALLA

Eminent English historian, writer, and barrister, whose own genius as well as method in recreating historical backgrounds for brilliant studies like "The Second Empire" and "Fathers of the Revolution" proclaim him Clio's most consistent votary

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ROARK BRADFORD

A Southern writer on the staff of the New Orleans "Times-Picayune", who, in "River Witch", the first short story he has contributed to this magazine, portrays the more primitive type of Negro as he knows him

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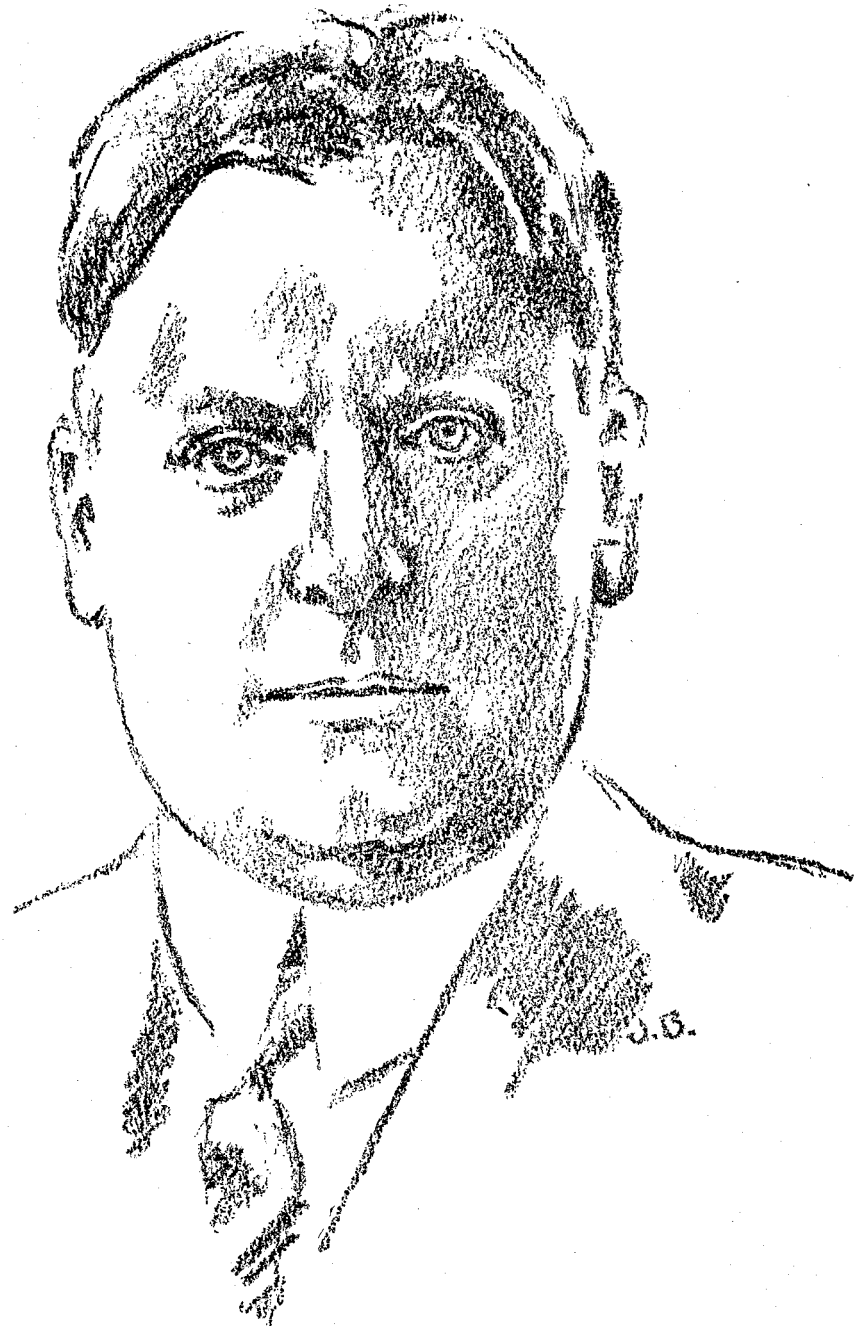

ROLAND S. MORRIS

Lawyer and professor of international law, United States Ambassador to Japan during the Wilson Administration, whose faith in the force of tradition and in democratic ideals leads him to believe that the Democratic party will not split on sectional differences

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